



**DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. O:2 J96x

A-3

Ac. No. 19698

Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
SHIRLEY.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED;

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY
AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

THE BALL.

THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.

THE GAMESTER.

THE EXAMPLE.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

THE CORONATION.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXIII.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. NICOL, CLEVELAND ROW, ST. JAMES S.

THE BAILL.

VOL. III.

B

THE BALL.] This Comedy, which was licensed in November, 1632, and first printed in 1639, is the joint production of Chapman and Shirley ; the largest portion of it seems to be from the pen of the former. Jonson's Puntarvolo, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, probably furnished the hint for Jack Freshwater, and his notable scheme of foreign travel.

The title of the old quarto is, “*The Ball, a Comedy, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley.*”

From some incidental notices which occur in our old dramas, it should seem that there really was, about this time, a party of ladies and gentlemen who met, in private, at stated periods for the purpose of amusing themselves with masques, dances, &c. Scandalous reports of improper conduct at these assemblies were in circulation, and evidently called forth this comedy, the object of which is to repel them. The gilded or golden *Ball*, from which the piece takes its name, was probably worn as an ornament, and mark of authority, by the presiding beauty of the entertainment.

We have here the first rude specimen of what are now termed Subscription Balls.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Rainbow.

Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Sir Marmaduke Travers.

Colonel Winfield.

Bostock, cousin to lord Rainbow.

Jack Freshwater, a pretended traveller.

Barker, a cynic.

Monsieur Le Frisk, a dancing master.

Gudgeon, servant to Freshwater.

Solomon, servant to Lucina.

Confectioner.

Servants.

Lady Lucina,¹ a young rich widow.

Lady Rosamond.

Lady Honoria.

Scutilla, an attendant on Lucina.

Venus.

Cupid.

Diana, &c. characters of the Masque.

SCENE, London.

¹ Shirley takes strange liberties with this name; and lengthens or shortens the penultimate at will. The reader must be guided by its position in the verse.

THE BALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS, and BOSTOCK.

Bos. Whither so fast, sir Marmaduke ? a word.

Trav. My honourable blood ; would I could stay
To give thee twenty ! I am now engag'd
To meet a noble gentleman.

Bos. Or rather
A gentlewoman ; let her alone, and go
With me ?

Trav. Whither ?

Bos. I'll shew thee a Lady of fire.

Trav. A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

Bos. I mean o' spirit : in few words, because
I love thee, I'll be open ; I am going
To see my mistress.

Trav. I'll dispense with my
Occasion, to see a handsome lady ;
I know you'll choose a rare one.

Bos. She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides ; thou canst not choose
But know her name, the lady Lucina.

Trav. Is she your mistress ?

Bos. Mine! whose but mine?
Am I not nobly born? does not my blood
Deserve her?

Trav. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A complement from one that is your rival.

Bos. Does she love any body else?

Trav. I know not,
But she has half a score, upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.

Bos. Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coats—

Trav. He thinks he has good cards for her, and
likes
His game well.

Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning; if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry—

Trav. I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.

Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin? else
He must be taught to know he has presumed,
To stand in competition with me.

Trav. You will not kill him?

Bos. You shall pardon me,
I have that within me must not be provok'd;
There be some living now, that have been kill'd
For lesser matters.

Trav. Some living that have been kill'd!

Bos. I mean, some living that have been examples,
Not to confront nobility; and I
Am sensible of my honour.

Trav. His name is
Sir Ambrose—

Bos. Lamount, a knight of yesterday!
And he shall die to morrow; name another.

Trav. Not so fast, sir, you must take some breath.

B. I care no more for killing half a dozen
Knights of the lower house, I mean that are not
Descended from nobility, than I do
To kick my footman :¹ an sir Ambrose were
Knight of the sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

Enter sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Trav. Unluckily he's here, sir.

Bos. Sir Ambrose,
How does thy knighthood, ha?

Lam. My imp of honour! well; I joy to see
thee.

Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.

Lam. I have ambition
To be her servant.

Bos. Hast?
Thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend thy judg-
ment.

Lam. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bos. Why did'st conceal it? come, the more the
merrier;
But I could never see you there.

Trav. I hope,
Sir, we may live?

Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen, First Act.
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too, you understand me,
But who shall carry her, the Fates determine;
I could be knighted too.

Lam. That would be no addition to your blood.

Bos. I think it would not; so my lord told me.

¹ To kick my footman:] Old copy reads, "any footman." Just below, we have "nymph of honour," for what I have ventured to print "imp of honour."

Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my t'other cousin? there's a spark!—his predecessors
 Have match'd into the blood; you understand:
 He put me upon this lady, I proclaim
 No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;—
 If she be wise,—I say no more; she shall not
 Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
 To draw a sword, I have vow'd that.

Trav. You did
 But jest before.

Lam. 'Twere pity that one drop
 Of your heroic blood should fall to the ground:
 Who knows but all your cousin lords may die?

Bos. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

Lam. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all;—
 May marry some queen yourself, and get princes,
 To furnish the barren parts of christendom.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Sir Marmaduke, in private. [*Whispers him.*] My lady would speak with you.

Lam. 'Tis her servant, what's the matter?

Bos. I hope he is not sent for.

Sol. But come alone; I shall be troubled with their enquiries; but I'll answer 'em.

Lam. Solomon!

Sol. My lady would speak with you, sir.

Lam. Me?

Sol. Not too loud; I was troubled with sir Marmaduke.

Lam. This is good news.

Bos. I do not like this whispering.

Sol. Forget not the time, and to come alone.

Lam. This is excellent.

Bos. Solomon, dost not know me?

Sol. My business is to you, sir;
 These kept me off; my lady Lucina

Has a great mind to speak with you ;
Little do these imagine how she honours you.

Bos. If I fail, may the surgeon, when he opens
The next vein, let out all my honourable blood !
There's for thy pains, [gives him money.]—what
thou shalt be hereafter
Time shall declare ; but this must be conceal'd.

[Exit Sol.

Lam. You look pleasant.

Trav. No, no ; I have no cause ; you smile, sir
Ambrose.

Lam. Who, I ?—The colonel.

Enter colonel WINFIELD.

Trav. But of our file, another of her suitors.

Lam. Noble colonel.

Win. My honoured knights, and men of lusty
kindred.

Bos. Good Morrow.

Win. Morrow to all. Gentlemen, I'll tell you
Who is return'd.

Lam. From whence ?

Win. A friend of our's, that went to travel.

Trav. Who, who ?

Win. I saw him within these three minutes, and
know not how I lost him again ; he's not far off : do
you keep a catalogue of your debts ?

Bos. What debts ?

Win. Such dulness in your memory ! there was,
About six months ago, a gentleman
That was persuaded to sell all his land,
And [then] to put the money out most wisely,
To have [five] for one,* at his return from Venice.
The shotten herring is hard by.

* To have [five] for one, &c.] It appears from p. 20, that
this is the word which was lost at the press.

Lam. Jack Freshwater ?

I will not see him yet.

Bos. Must we pay him ?

Win. It will be for your honour ; marry, we,
Without much stain, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing.—

Enter FRESHWATER fantastically dressed, monsieur LE FRISK, and GUDGEON.

Here comes the thing.

With what formality he treads, and talks,
And manageth a toothpick like a statesman !

Lam. How he's transform'd !

Trav. Is not his soul Italian ?

Bos. I'll not bid him welcome home.

Lam. Nor I.

Trav. What's the t'other rat that's with him ?

Win. Do you not know him ? 'tis the court
dancing weazel.

Trav. A dancer, and so gay ?

Win. A mere French footman, sir : does he not
look

Like a thing come off o' the salt-cellar ? ²

Trav. A dancer !

I would allow him gay about the legs ;
But why his body should exceed decorum,
Is a sin o' the state.

Fresh. That's all

I can inform you of their dance in Italy ;
Marry, that very morning I left Venice,
I had intelligence of a new device.

Frisk. For the dance, monsieur ?

Fresh. *Si, signor.* I know not
What countryman invented ['em], but they say

² The salt-cellars of our ancestors were both large and high. They were usually placed in the middle of the table, and the hole which held the salt was supported by ornamented figures, whose awkward and extravagant attitudes are here ridiculed.

There be chopinos made with such rare art,
 That, worn by a lady when she means to dance,
 Shall, with their very motion, sound forth music,
 And by a secret sympathy, with their tread
 Strike any tune that, without other instrument,
 Their feet both dance and play.

Frisk. Your lodging, monsieur,
 That, when I have leisure, I may dare present
 An humble servitor ?

Fresh. I do lie at the sign of *donna Margareta de Pia*, in the Strand.

Gudg. At the Maggot-a-Pie in the Strand, sir.

Frisk. At *de Magdepie*; *bon ! adieu, serviteur.*

[Exit.]

Lam. He will not know us.

Gudg. Do you see those gentlemen ?

Fresh. Thou pantalone, be silent.

Win. I'll speak to him.—

You are welcome home, sir.

Fresh. Signior. [Exit with *Gudgeon*.]

Win. He will not know me; this is excellent :
 He shall be acquainted better ere I part
 With any sumis.

Lam. Next time we'll not know him.

Bos. Would all my creditors had this blessed
 ignorance !

Trav. Now, colonel, I'll take my leave.

[Exeunt *Lam.* and *Trav.*]

Bos. I am engag'd too.

Win. Well.

Bos. I shall meet you anon.

I am to wait upon a cousin of mine.

Win. A countess.

Bos. My lord !

Enter lord RAINBOW, and BARKER.

Lord R. Cousin.

Bos. Your lordship honours me in this acknowledgment.

Lord R. Colonel.

Bos. Do you not know me, sir?

Bar. You are not a proclamation,
That every man is bound to take notice on you,
And I cannot tell who you are by instinct.

Lord R. A kinsman of mine, Frank.

Win. Good Morrow to your lordship.

Lord R. Colonel, your humble servant.—Hark you, Frank.

Bos. You are acquainted with my lord, then?
Is he not a complete gentleman? his family
Came in with the conqueror.

Win. You had not else been kin to him.

Bos. A poor slip,
A scion from that honourable tree.

Win. He is the ladies' idol; they have not
leisure

To say their prayers for him; a great advancer
Of the new Ball.

Bos. Nay, he's right, right as my leg, colonel.

Win. But t' other gentleman, you do not know
his inside?

Bos. I have seen him; he looks philosophical.

Win. Who? he's the wit, whom your nobility
Are much oblig'd to for his company;
He has a railing genius, and they cherish it,
Flings dirt in every face when he's in the humour,
And they must laugh, and thank him; he is dead
else.

Bos. Will the lords suffer him?

Win. Or lose their mirth; he's known in every
science,
And can abuse 'em all; some have suppos'd
He has a worm in's brain, which at some time
O' the moon doth ravish him into perfect madness,

And then he prophesies, and will depose
The Emperor, and set up Bethlem Gabor.³

Bos. He's dead ; I hope he will not conjure for
him.

Win. His father shall not 'scape him, nor his
ghost,

Nor heaven, nor hell ; his jest must have free passage :
He's gone, and I lose time to talk on him ;
Farewell, your countess may expect too long.

Lord R. Farewell, colonel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in lady Honoria's House.

Enter lady ROSAMOND, and lady HONORIA.

Ros. Why do you so commend him ?

Hon. Does he not

Deserve it ? name a gentleman in the kingdom,
So affable, so moving in his language,
So pleasant, witty, indeed every thing
A lady can desire.

Ros. Sure thou dost love him ;
I'll tell his lordship, when I see him again,
How zealous you are in his commendation.

Hon. If I be not mistaken, I have heard
Your tongue reach higher in his praises, madam,
Howe'er you now seem cold ; but, if you tell him
My opinion, as you shall do him no pleasure,
You can do me no injury : I know
His lordship has the constitution
Of other courtiers ; they can endure
To be commended.

Ros. But, I prithee, tell me,

³ set up Bethlem Gabor.] See vol. ii. p. 427. Beth. Gabor died about three years before this play was written.

Is [it] not love whence this proceeds ? I have,
I must confess, discours'd of his good parts,
Desir'd his company—

Hon. And had it ?

Ros. Yes, and had it.

Hon. All night ?

Ros. You are not, I hope, jealous ?

If I should say all night, I need not blush.

It was but at a ball ; but what of this ?

Hon. E'en what you will.

Ros. I hope you have no patent
To dance alone with him ? if he have privilege
To kiss another lady, she may say
He does salute her, and return a curtsey,
To shew her breeding, but I'll now be plainer,
Although you love this lord, it may [be] possible
He may dispose his thoughts another way.

Hon. He may so.

Ros. Who can help it ? he has eyes
To look on more than one, and understand[ing],
Perhaps, to guide, and place his love upon
The most deserving object.

Hon. *Most deserving !*

This language is not level with that friendship
You have profess'd ; this touches a comparison.

Ros. Why, do you think all excellence is throng'd
Within your beauty ?

Hon. You are angry, lady ;
How much does this concern you, to be thus
Officious in his cause ! if you be not
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection,
I must interpret this no kind respect
To me.

Ros. Angry ! ha, ha !

Hon. You then transgress against civility.

Ros. Good madam, why ? because,
I think, and tell you, that another lady
May be as handsome in some man's opinion :

Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold
Proportion with you, on some entreaty.

Enter lord RAINBOW behind.

Lord R. They're loud, I'll not be seen yet.

Ros. What is it that exalts you above all
Comparison? my father was as good
A gentleman, and my mother has as great
A spirit.

Hon. Then you love him too?

Ros. 'Twill appear
No greater miracle in me, I take it,
Yet difference will be;—perhaps, I may
Affect him with a better consequence.

Hon. Your consequence, perhaps, may be de-
nied too.

Why, there are no such wonders in your eye,
Which other compositions do not boast of;
My lord, no doubt, hath in his travels clapp'd
As modest cheeks, and kiss'd as melting lips.

Ros. And yet mine are not pale.

Hon. It may be they
Blush for the teeth behind them.

Ros. I have read
No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath.

Hon. 'Tis not perfum'd.

Ros. But I have heard your tongue exalted much,
Highly commended.

Hon. Not above your forehead,
When you have brush'd away the hairy penthouse,*
And made it visible.

* *The hairy penthouse,*] The old copy has *pentebrush*, by a mistake of the printer in repeating the word just before it. The splenetic allusion is to the profusion of hair with which Rosamond contrived to conceal a part of her forehead. A small, or low forehead, it should be remembered, was at this period reckoned a beauty.

Lord R. I'll now interrupt 'em,
They'll fall by the ears else presently.

[Comes forward.]

Hon. My lord !

Lord R. What, in contention, ladies ?

Ros. Oh, my lord, you're welcome.

Lord R. Express it in discovery of that
Made you so earnest ; I am confident
You were not practising a dialogue
To entertain me.

Hon. Yet it did concern you.

Ros. Do not you blush ? fie, madam !

Lord R. Nay, an you come to *blush* once, and
fie, madam,
I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,
And this.

[Kisses them.]

Hon. You were kiss'd first, discover now,
At your discretion.

Ros. My lord, we were in jest.

Hon. It might have turn'd to earnest, if your
lordship
Had not interpos'd.

Lord R. Come, out with it.

Ros. We had a difference—

Lord R. Well said.

Ros. About a man i' the world,—you were best
name him.

Hon. You have the better gift at telling secrets.

Lord R. Yet again ! come, I'll help it out :
there is

A gentleman i' the world, some call a lord—

Ros. Did your lordship overhear us ?

Lord R. Nay, nay, you must stand to't—one
whom you love.

It will appear no greater miracle

In you, I take it ; one, no doubt, that hath

*Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd
As melting lips :—thus far I'm right ; but what*

Name this most happy man doth answer to,
Is not within my circle.

Hon. Yet you know him.

Ros. Not to retain your lordship in the dark,
Confident you'll not accuse my modesty
For giving you a truth, you shall not travel
Beyond yourself to find his name ; but do not
Triumph, my lord.

Lord R. Am I so fortunate ?

Then, Love, I do forgive thee, and will cherish
The flame I did suspect would ruin me.
You two divide my love, only you two ;
Be gentle in your empire, heavenly ladies.
No enemy abroad can threaten you ;
Be careful then, that you maintain at home
No civil wars.

Hon. How do you mean, my lord ?

Lord R. You are pleas'd to smile upon me,
gentle lady,

And I have took [into] my heart⁵ more than
Imaginary blessings : With what pleasure
Could I behold this beauty, and consume
My understanding, to know nothing else !
My memory, to preserve no other figure !

Ros. My lord, I am not worth your flattery.

Lord R. I flatter you ! Venus herself be judge,
To whom you are so like in all that's fair,
'Twere sin but to be modest—

Ros. How, my lord ?

Lord R. Do not mistake me, 'twere
A sin but to be modest in your praises ;
Here's a hand ! Nature, shew me such another,
A brow, a cheek, a lip, and every thing ;
Happy am I that Cupid's blind !

Ros. Why happy ?

⁵ And I have took [into] my heart, &c.] This speech was
absolutely unintelligible in the old copy : it is now, I trust,
restored to some meaning.

Lord R. If he could see, he would forsake his
mistress
To be my rival, and for your embraces
Be banish'd heaven.

Hon. My lord, I'll take my leave.

Lord R. If you did know how great a part of me
Will wither in your absence, you would have
More charity ; one accent of unkind
Language from you doth wound me more than all
The malice of my Destinies. Oh, dear madam,
You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant ;
Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,
And let me stay and gaze
Upon your heavenly form.

Hon. I can be patient
To hear your lordship mock me ; these are but
A coarse reward for my good thoughts.

Lord R. This 'tis to use
Plain dealing, and betray the inside of
Our hearts to women ! did you think well of me
So late, and am I forfeited already ?
Am I a christian ?

Hon. Yes, I hope, my lord.

Lord R. Make me not miserable then, dear
madam,
With your suspicion, I dissemble with you ;
But you know too well what
Command your beauty has upon me.

Hon. Give
Me leave, my lord, to wonder you can love me,
With such a flame you have express'd, yet she
Your mistress.

Lord R. You are both my mistresses.

Ros. I like not this so well. [Aside.]

Lord R. There is no way but one to make me
happy,

Hon. I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect
What you desire.

Ros. Or I.

Lord R. It is within
Your powers.

Hon. Speak it, my lord.

Lord R. Since it is so,
That I'm not able to determine which
My heart, so equal unto both, would choose,
My suit is to your virtues, to agree
Between yourselves, whose creature I shall be ;
You can judge better of your worths than I.
My allegiance shall be ready if you can
Conclude which shall have the supremacy ;
Take pity on your servant, gentle ladies,
And reconcile a heart too much divided :
So with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetest,
Of you two, when I next present a lover,
I take distracted leave.

[*Exit.*

Hon. Why, this is worse than all the rest.

Ros. He's gone,
And has referr'd himself to us.

Hon. This will
Ask counsel.

Rol. And some time ; I would be loth
To yield.

Hon. And I. Cupid instruct us both. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter BARKER, FRESHWATER with a roll of paper, and GUDGEON.

Bar. And what made you to undertake this
voyage,
Sweet signior Freshwater ?

Fresh. An affection
I had to be acquainted with some countries.

Gudg. Give him good words.
Bar. And you return home fraught with rich
devices,
Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel.
What price are oats in Venice ?

Fresh. Signior,
I kept no horses there ; my man and I—

Bar. Were asses.

Fresh. How, signior ?

Gudg. Give him good words ; a pox take him !

Bar. Had not you land once ?

Fresh. I had some dirty acres.

Gudg. I am his witness.

Fresh. Which I reduced into a narrow compass,
Some call it selling.

Gudg. He would sell bargains of a child.

Fresh. And 'twas a thriving policy.

Bar. As how ?

Fresh. 'Twas but two hundred pound per annum, sir,

A lean revenue.

Bar. And did you sell it all ?

Fresh. I did not leave an acre, rod, or perch ;
That had been no discretion ; when I was selling,
I would sell to purpose : do you see this roll ?
I have good security for my money, sir ;
Not an egg here but has five chickens in't.
I did most politely disburse my sums,
To have five for one at my return from Venice ;
And now, I thank my stars, I am at home.

Bar. And so,
By consequence, in three months your estate
Will be five times as much, or quintupled !

Fresh. Yes, signior, quintupled.
I will not purchase yet, I mean to use
This trick seven years together ; first,
I'll still put out, and quintuple, as you call it,
And when I can, in my exchequer, tell
Two or three millions, I will fall a purchasing.

Bar. Kingdoms, I warrant.
Fresh. I have a mind to buy
Constantinople from the Turk, and give it
The Emperor.

Bar. What think you of Jerusalem ?
If you would purchase that, and bring it nearer,
The Christian pilgrims would be much obliged to
you.

When did you wash your socks ?

Fresh. I wear none, signior.
Bar. Then 'tis your breath ; to your lodging,
and perfume it ;
You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to ask about your travel.
You will not sell your debts ?

Fresh. Sell them ? no, signior.
Bar. Have you as much left, in ready cash, as
will
Keep you and this old trou'l-a fortnight longer ?
Die, and forgive the world ; thou mayst be buried,
And have the church-cloth, if you can put in

Security, the parish shall be put
To no more charge. Dost thou hope to have a
penny

Of thy own money back ? is this an age
Of five for one ? die, ere the town takes notice.
There is a hideous woman carries ballads,
And has a singing in her head, take heed
And hang thyself, thou mayst not hear the tune ;
You remember Coriat ?

Fresh. Honest Tom Odcomb [‘]

Bar. We'll have more verses of thy travels,
coxcomb ;

Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheapside,
And come in like the peascods, wain-loads full,
Of thee, and thy man Apple-John, that looks
As he had been a se'nnight in the straw,
A ripening for the market.—Farewell, russeting,
Thou art not worth my spleen : do not forget
My counsel ; hang thyself, an thou goest off
Without a sessions.

[Exit.]

Fresh. Fine ! I'm glad he's gone.—

Gudgeon, what dost thou think ?

Gudg. I think you are well rid of [a] railing
madcap.

Fresh. Nay, nay, he'll not spare a lord ;
But were not I best call in my monies, Gudgeon ?
My estate will not hold out ; I must be more
Familiar with my gentlemen.

Enter lord RAINBOW.

Lord R. Jack Freshwater, welcome from Venice.

Fresh. I thank your honour.

Lord R. Was it not Frank Barker
That parted from you ?

Fresh. Yes, my lord.

[Opens his roll.]

⁶ See Jonson, vol. iv. p 447. There are many sly allusions in this play to honest Tom.

Lord R. What's the matter?

Fresh. There is a sum, my lord.

Lord R. Where is it, signior?

Fresh. There was a sum, my lord, delivered
From your poor servant, Freshwater—

Lord R. I remember,
But I have business now; come home to me,
The money's safe; you were to give me five
For one, at your return.

Fresh. I five? your lordship has forgot the
cinquepace.

Lord R. Something it is; but when I am at
leisure,
We will discourse of that, and of your travel.

Farewell, signior. [*Exit.*

Fresh. Is't come to this? if lords play fast-and-
loose,
What shall poor knights and gentlemen?—Hum!
'Tis he.

Enter colonel WINFIELD.

Win. A pox upon him! what makes he in my
way?

Fresh. Noble colonel.

Win. Que dites vous, monsieur?

Fresh. Que dites vous?

Win. Ah! oui—je ne puis' parler Anglais.

Fresh. There were five English pieces—

Win. Je ne parle Anglans. Me speak no word
English; votre serviteur. [*Exit*

Fresh. Adieu, five pieces!—Gudgeon, gape;
is't not he? they will not use me o' this fashion.
Did he not speak to me in the morning?

* Ah! oui, &c.] The French, as in all the plays of that period, is most ridiculously printed. I have attempted to make it out by the sound, as well as I could.

Gudg. Yes, sir.

Fresh. I think so.

Gudg. But then you would not know him in Italian, and now he will not know you in French.

Fresh. Call you this selling of land, and putting out money to multiply estate?

Gudg. To quintuple five for one! large interest.

Fresh. Five for one! 'tis ten to one, if I get my principal.

Gudg. Your roll is not at the bottom yet; try the rest.⁸

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Lucina's House.

Enter SCUTILLA and SOLOMON.

Scut. Didst speak with the colonel?

Sol. I met him opportunely after all the rest, and told him how much it would concern his livelihood to make haste.

Scut. He must not be seen yet; you know where to attend for him; give him access by the garden to my chamber, and bring me nimbly knowledge when he is there.

Sol. I shall, forsooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Room in the Same,

Enter monsieur LE FRISK, lady ROSAMOND, lady LUCINA, lady HONORIA, and SCUTILLA; lady ROSAMOND dances.

Frisk. Very well! ah! dat be skirvy; [to *lady Ros.*]—you run trot, trot, trot; psha! follow me,

⁸ After this follows “I ha, signor, farewell.” It seems to be shuffled out of its place, and I cannot reinstate it.

f—, madame! can you not tell, so often learning.—Madam, you foot it now, *plait-il!* [Lucina dances.]—Excellent! better den excellent! pshaw! —you be laughed when you come to de ball; I teach tree hundred never forgot so much, me sweat taking pain, and fiddling, ladies.

Luc. *Fiddling ladies*, you molecatcher!

[*Strikes him.*

Frisk. *Pourquoy?* for telling you dancē not well? you commit fat, and beat me for my diligence: begar you dance your pleasure.

Hon. No, monsieur Le Frisk, put not up your pipe; my lady was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.

Frisk. I veare no favours in dat place; should any gentleman of England give me blow, diable! me teach him French passage.

Ros. Nay, you shall not be so angry, I must have a coranto.—Pray, madam, be reconcil'd.

Luc. Come, monsieur, I am sorry.

Frisk. Sorre! tat is too much, *par ma foy*; I kiss tat white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets.—*Allez, allez*; look up your countenance, your English man spoil you, he no teach you look up; pshaw! carry your body in the swimming fashion, and—*allez, mademoiselle*, ha, ha, ha! So, *fort bon!* excellent, begar! [They dance.]

Luc. Nay, a country dance. Scutilla, you are idle, You know we must be at the ball anon; come.

Frisk. A here is the ball this night?

Luc. At my lord Rainbow's.

Frisk: Oh, he dance finely, begar, he deserve the Ball of de world; fine, fine, gentleman! your oder men dance lop, lop, with de lame leg as they want crushes, begore, and look for *l'argent* in the ground, pshaw!

They dance a new country dance.

—Hah, hah, *fort bon!*

Ros. Now, madam, we take our leave.

Luc. I'll recompense this kind visit : does your coach stay ?

Hon. Yes, madam ;

Your ladyship will be too much troubled.

Luc. I owe more service.

Scut. Monsieur, you'll be gone too ?

Frisk. I have more lady, my scholars.

[*Hiding his kit under his coat.*

Scut. Is that the way of your instrument ?

Frisk. *A la mode de France* ; vite ! vite !⁹ adieu, madame ! votre serviteur.

Luc. Adieu, demy monsieur.

[*Exeunt all but Scutilla.*

Enter SOLOMON and colonel WINFIELD.

Scut. Sir, you are welcome.

Win. I thank you, lady. [*Exit Solomon.*

Scut. The time's too narrow to discourse at large, But I intend you a service ; you have deserv'd it, In your nobleness to one I call a kinsman, Whose life, without your charity, had been Forfeit to his general's anger, it was not Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

Win. He was my friend ; forget it.

Scut. You were sent for
By the lady Lucina.

Win. Whose command I wait.

Scut. 'Twas my desire to prepare you for The entertainment, be but pleas'd to obscure Yourself behind these hangings a few minutes : I hear her, you may trust me.

* *A la mode de France, vite ! vite ! &c.*] The old copy reads, "All a mordu, France, fit, &c." The reader must look with candour upon these attempts to reduce the jargon of this coxcomb (who was probably meant to be very amusing) into something like meaning. I have given the last words to Lucina. It may be observed once for all, that scarcely one word of the French is correctly printed in the old copy.

Win. Without dispute, I obey you, lady.

[*Retires.*

Re-enter lady LUCINA.

Luc. Now, Scutilla we are ripe, and ready
To entertain my gamesters ; my man said
They promised all to come. I was afraid
These ladies, in their kind departure, would not
Bequeath me opportunity, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,
I would not willingly have lost it for
A jewel of some value

Scut. Then your purpose holds.

Luc. If they hold their affections, and keep touch,
We'll have some sport.

Re-enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Sir Marmaduke Travers.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Away, Scutilla, and
Laugh not [too] loud between our acts ; we'll meet
Again like music, and make ourselves merry.

Scut. I wait near you.

[*Exit.*

Enter sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS.

Luc. Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had
Your visit without a summons.

Trav. Lady, you gave
One feather to the wings I had before ;
Can there be at last a service to employ
Your creature ?

Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your
absence.

Trav. Oh, let me dwell upon your hand ! my stars
Have then remembered me again.

Luc. How do the fens ?
Goes the draining forward, and your iron mills ?

Trav. *Draining*, and *iron mills*? I know not, madam.

Luc. Come, you conceal your industry, and care To thrive ; you need not be so close to me.

Trav. By this hand, lady, have I any iron mills?

Luc. I am abus'd else ; nay, I do love One that has windmills in his head.

Trav. How, madam ?

Luc. Projects, and proclamations ; did not you Travel to Yarmouth, to learn how to cast Brass buttons? nay, I like it, 'tis an age For men to look about them ; shall I trust My estate to one that has no thrift ? a fellow But with one face ? my husband shall be a Janus, He cannot look too many ways. And is Your patent for making vinegar confirm'd ? What a face you put upon't ! nay, ne'er dissemble ; Come, I know all, you'll thank that friend of yours, That satisfied my enquiry of your worth With such a welcome character ; but why Do I betray myself so fast ? beshrew His commendations !

Trav. How is this ? somebody, That meant me well, and knew her appetite To wealth, hath told this of me, I'll make use on't.—

[*Aside.*]

Well, madam, I desir'd these things more private, Till something worth a mine, which I am now Promoving, had been perfect to salute you : But I perceive you hold intelligence In my affairs, which I interpret love, And I'll requite it ; will you be content [to] Be a countess for the present ?

Luc. I shall want No honour in your love.

Trav. When shall we marry ?

Luc. Something must be prepar'd.

Trav. A license!—say no more.

How blest am I! do not blush,
I will not kiss your lip, till I have brought it. [Exit.

Luc. Ha, ha!—Scutilla.

Scut. [to *Winfield.*] Be secret still.

Re-enter Scutilla.

Luc. Canst thou not laugh?

Scut. Yes, madam.

You have kept your word; the knight's transported,
gone

To prepare things for the wedding.

Luc. How didst thou like the iron mills?

Scut. And the brass buttons, rarely; have you
devices

To jeer the rest?

Luc. All the regiment of them, or I'll break my
bowstrings.

Re-enter Solomon.

Sol. Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Luc. Away, and let the swallow enter.

[*Exeunt Scut. and Sol.*

Re-enter Solomon, and sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Luc. Why, sirrah,

Did I command you give access to none
But sir Ambrose Lamount, whom, you know, I
sent for?

Audacious groom!

Sol. It is sir [Ambrose,] madam.

Luc. It is sir Ambrose Coxcomb, is it not?—

[*Exit Sol.*

Cry mercy, noble sir, I took you, muffled,
For one that every day solicits me

To bestow my little dog upon him ; but you're welcome.

I think I sent for you.

Lam. It is my happiness
To wait your service, lady.

Luc. I hear say
You have vow'd to die a bachelor, I hope
It is not true, sir ?

Lam. I die a bachelor !

Luc. And that you'll turn religious knight.

Lam. I turn religious knight ! who has abus'd me ?

Luc. I would only know the truth, it were great
pity,—

For my own part, I ever wish'd you well,
Although, in modesty, I have been silent.

Pray what's o'clock ?

Lam. How is this ?

Luc. I had a dream last night, methought I saw
you

Dance so exceeding rarely, that I fell
In love—

Lam. In love with me !

Luc. With your legs, sir.

Lam. My leg is at your service, to come over.

Luc. I wondered at myself, but I considered,
That many have been caught with handsome faces ;
So my love grew—

Lam. Upwards.

Luc. What followed in my dream
I have forgot.

Lam. Leave that to finish waking.

Luc. Since the morning

I find some alteration ; you know
I have told you twenty times, I could not love you,
But whether 'twere your wisdom or your fate,
You would not be satisfied ; now I know not,
If something were procur'd, what I should answer.

Lam. A license ! say no more.

Luc. Would my estate were doubled !

Lam. For my sake ?

Luc. You have not purchas'd since you fell in love ?

Lam. Not much land.

Luc. Revels have been some charge to you, you
were ever

A friend to ladies : pity but he should rise
By one, has fallen with so many ! Had you not
A head once ?—

Lam. A head ? I have one still.

Luc. Of hair, I mean ;

Favours have glean'd too much :¹ pray pardon me,
If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,
Or stay till the next crop ; but I blush, sir,
To hold you in this discourse : you will, perhaps,
Construe me in a wrong sense ; but you may use
Your own discretion till you know me better,
Which is my soul's ambition.

Lam. I am blest.

Win. [aside.]—Cunning gipsy, she'll use me
thus too,

When I come to't.

Lam. Lady, I know your mind : when I see you
next— [Exit.]

Luc. You will see me again. Ha, ha, ha !—
Scutilla.

Scut. [within]—Here, madam, almost dead with
stifling my laughter. Why, he's gone for a license ;
you did enjoin him no silence.

Luc. I would have them all meet, and brag o'
their several hopes, they will not else be sensible,
and quit me of their tedious visitation.—Who's
next ? I would the colonel were come, I long to
have a bout with him.

¹ Favours have glean'd too much] See Jonson, vol. iii. p. 463.

Re-enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Master Bostock, madam.

Luc. Retire, and give the jay admittance.

[*Exit Sol.*]

Enter BOSTOCK.

Bos. Madam, I kiss your fair hand.

Luc. Oh, master Bostock.

Bos. The humblest of your servants.

Luc. 'Twill not become your birth, and blood,
to stoop

To such a title.

Bos. I must confess, dear lady,
I carry in my veins more precious honour
Than other men, blood of a deeper crimson ;
But you shall call me any thing.

Luc. Not I, sir ;
It would not become me to change your title,
Although I must confess I could desire
You were less honourable.

Bos. Why, I prithee ?
Is it a fault to spring from the nobility ?
There be some men have sold well-favour'd
lordships,
To be ill-favoured noblemen, and though
I wear no title of the state, I can
Adorn a lady.

Luc. That is my misfortune ;
I would you could not, sir.

Bos. Are you the worse
For that ? consider, lady.

Luc. I have consider'd,
And I could wish, with all my heart, you were
Not half so noble, nay, indeed, no gentleman.

Bos. How, lady ?

Luc. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts,
I would you were a fellow of two degrees
Beneath a footman ; one that had no kindred,
But knights o' the post ;² nay, worse, pardon me, sir,

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a son o' the people, rather than—

Bos. Good madam, give me your reason.

Luc. Because I love you.

Bos. Few women wish so ill, to whom they love.

Luc. They do not love like me then.

Bos. Say you so ?

Luc. My wealth's a beggar ; nay, the title of
A lady, which my husband left, is a shadow
Compar'd to what you bring to enoble me,
And all the children you will get ; but I,
Out of my love, desire you such a one,
That I might add to you, that you might be
Created by my wealth, made great by me ;
Then should my love appear : but, as you are,
I must receive addition from you.

Bos. No body hears. [Aside.] Why, hark you, lady, could
You love me, if I were less honourable ?

Luc. Honourable ? why, you cannot be so base
As I would have you, that the world might say,
My marriage gave you somewhat.

Bos. Say you so ?
Under the rose, if that will do you a pleasure,
The lords do call me cousin, but I am—

Luc. What ?

Bos. Suspected.

Luc. How ?

Bos. Not to be lawful ; I came in at the wicket,
Some call it the window.

* *knights o' the post* ;] i. e. highwaymen. See vol. i. p. 9
VOL. III. D

Luc. Can you prove it?

Bos. Say no more.

Luc. Then I prefer you before all my suitors.

Sir Ambrose Lamount and sir Marmaduke Travers
Are mountebanks.

Bos. What say [you] to the colonel?

Luc. A lansepresado.³ How my joy transports me!
But shall I trust to this? do not you flatter?
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate
When we are married? You men are too cunning
With simple ladies.

Bos. Do but marry me,
I'll bring the midwife.

Luc. Say no more; provide
What you think necessary, and all shall be
Dispatch'd.

Bos. I guess your meaning, and thus seal
My best devotion. [*Kisses her hand, and exit.*

Re-enter SCUTILLA.

Scut. Away now, and present yourself.

[*Aside to Winsfield, who slips from behind
the hangings, and exit.*

Luc. Oh, Scutilla!

Hold me, I shall fall in pieces else;—Ha, ha, ha!

Scut. Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder at you;
You wound him rarely up!

Luc. Have not I choice of precious husbands?
now,

An the colonel were here, the task were over.

Scut. Then you might go play.—

Enter colonel WINSFIELD.

Madam, the colonel.

³ lansepresado.] See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 52.

Luc. Is he come once more? withdraw; bid him march hither.

Win. Now is my turn. [aside.]—Madam.

Luc. You are welcome, sir; I thought you would have gone,

And not graced me so much as with a poor Salute at parting.

Win. Gone! whither?

Luc. To the wars.

Win. She jeers me already. [aside.]—No, lady, I'm already Engaged to a siege at home, and till that service Be over, I enquire no new employments.

Luc. For honour's sake, what siege?

Win. A citadel, That several forces are set down before, And all entrench'd.

Luc. What citadel?

Win. A woman.

Luc. She cannot hold out long.

Win. Ostend was sooner taken than her fort Is like to be, for any thing I perceive.

Luc. Is she so well provided?

Win. Her provision May fail her, but she is devilish obstinate, She fears nor fire, nor famine.

Luc. What's her name?

Win. Lucina.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! alas, poor colonel! If you'll take my advice, remove your siege, A province will be sooner won in the Low Countries; ha, ha, ha!

Win. Lady, you sent for me.

Luc. 'Twas but To tell you my opinion in this business. You'll sooner circumcise the Turk's dominions, Than take this toy you talk of, I do know it; Farewell, good soldier! ha, ha, ha! and yet 'tis pity.—

Is there no stratagem, no trick, no under-mine ?
 If she be given so desperate, your body
 Had need to be well victuall'd ; there's a city
 And suburbs in your belly, and you must
 Lay in betimes, to prevent mutiny
 Among the small guts, which, with wind of venge-
 ance else,
 Will break your guard of buttons ; ha, ha, ha !—
 Come we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room,
 Scutilla. [Exit with Scut.]

Win. So, so ! I did expect no good.—
 Why did not I strike her ? but I will do something,
 And be with you [again] before you think on't.⁴
 Malice and Mercury assist me ! [Exit]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in lord Rainbow's House.**Enter lord RAINBOW and BARKER.**Bar.* So, so ; you have a precious time on't.*Lord R.* Who can help it, Frank ? if ladies will
 Be wild, repentance tame 'em ! for my part
 I court them not, till they provoke me to it.*Bar.* And do they both affect you ?*Lord B.* So they say, and
 Did justify it to my face.*Bar.* And you
 Did praise their modesty ?⁴ *And be with you [again] &c.]* The old copy reads,

“ And be with you to bring before you think on't.”

Unless something has dropt out at the press after *bring*, I can
 think of nothing more likely to be genuine than the word
 inserted.

Lord R. I confess I prais'd 'em
Both, when I saw no remedy.

Bar. You did! and they believ'd?

Lord R. Religiously.

Bar. Do not,

Do not believe it, my young lord; they'll make
Fools of a thousand such; they do not love you.

Lord R. Why, an't shall please your wisdom?

Bar. They are women;
That is a reason, and may satisfy you;
They cannot love a man.

Lord R. What then?

Bar. Themselves,
And all little enough; they have a trick
To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise
A masculine spirit, but lay none.

Lord R. Good Cato,
Be not over-wise now: what is the reason
That women are not sainted in your calendar?
You have no frosty constitution?

Bar. Would you were half so honest!

Lord R. Why, a woman
May love thee one day.

Bar. Yes, when I make legs
And faces, like such fellows as you are.

Enter monsieur LE FRISK.

Lord R. Monsieur Le Frisk.

Frisk. Serviteur.

Lord R. Nay, Frank, thou shalt not go.

Bar. I'll come again, when you have done your
jig.

Frisk. Ah, monsieur.

Lord R. Come, you shall sit down; this fellow
will make thee laugh.

Bar. I shall laugh at you both, an I stay.

Lord R. Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has
a great mind to learn to dance.

Frisk. He command my service ; please your lordship begin, tat he may see your profit—*allez*—
[*Lord R. dances.*]—Hah !

Lord R. How like you this, Frank ?

Bar. Well enough for the dog-days ; but have you no other dancing for the winter ? a man may freeze, and walk thus.

Frisk. It be all your grace, monsieur ; your dance be horse-play, begar, for de stable, not de chamber ; your ground passage, hah ! never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble de legs mush ; hah, *plait-il* you learn, monsieur ?

Lord R. For mirth's sake, an thou lovest me.

Frisk. Begar, I teach you presently dance with all de grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

Bar. Pardon me, my lord.

Frisk. Oh, no *pardonnez moi*.

Lord R. Do but observe his method.

Bar. I shall never endure it ; pox upon him !

Frisk. 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four, five, the cinquepace ; *allez, monsieur !* stand upright, ah ! begar.

Lord R. Let him set you into the posture.

Frisk. My broder, my lord, know well for de little kit, de fiddle, and me for de posture of de body ; begar de king has no two sush subjects ; hah ! dere be one foot, two foot,—have you tree foot ? begar you have more den I have den.

Bar. I shall break his fiddle.

Lord R. Thou art so humorous. [*Bar. dances.*]

Frisk. One, *bien !* two ;—hah, you go too fast ! you be at Dover, begar, and me be at Greenwich ; tree,—toder leg, pshaw !

Bar. A pox upon your legs ! I'll no more.

Frisk. *Pourquoi ?*

Lord R. Ha, ha, ha ! I would some ladies were here to laugh at thee now. You will not be

so rude to meddle with the monsieur in my lodg-ing?
[*Holds Bos.*

Bar. I'll kick him to death, and bury him in a bass-viol, jackalent!

Frisk. Jack-a-lent! begar, you be Jackanape; if I had my weapon you durst no affront me; I be as good gentleman, an for all my fiddle, as you: call me a Jack a de lent!

Lord R. Rail upon him, monsieur, I'll secure thee; ha, ha, ha!

Frisk. Because your leg have de poc, or some-thing dat make 'em no vell, and frisk, you make a fool of a monsieur. My lord use me like gentle-man, an I care no rush for you; be desperate, kill me, and me complain to de king, and teach [you] new dance, galliard to de gibbet; you be hang'd in English fashion.

Bar. Go, you're an impertinent lord, and I will be revenged.
[*Exit.*

Lord R. Ha, ha! good Diogenes.—Come, mon-sieur, you and I will not part yet.

Frisk. My lord, if you had not been here, me wod have broken his head with my fiddle.

Lord R. You might sooner have broke your fiddle; but strike up.

Frisk. *Allez, hah! bon!* [They dance in.

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter Bostock.

Bos. I spy sir Marmaduke coming after me. This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions, He'll interrupt me, and I have not finish'd Things fit for my design.
[*Walks aside.*

Enter sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Lam. 'Tis master Bostock ; little does he think
What I am going upon ; I fear I shall not
Contain my joys.

Bos. [coming forward.]—Good fortune to sir
Ambrose !

Lam. Sir, you must pardon [me], I cannot wait
Upon you now, I have business of much conse-
quence.

Bos. I thought to have made the same excuse
to you,
For, at this present, I am so engag'd—

Lam. We shall meet shortly.

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

Bos. Poor gentleman, how is he beguil'd!
[*Going.*]

Lam. Your nose is wiped. [*aside.*]—Hum, 'tis
sir Marmaduke ;

Enter sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS.

I must salute him.

Bos. The colonel ? there's no going back.

Enter colonel WINFIELD.

Trav. What a misfortune's this ? but 'tis no mat-
ter.— [*Aside.*]

Noble sir, how is't ?

Lam. As you see, sir.

Win. As I could wish ; noble master Bostock.

Bos. Your humble servant, colonel.

Win. Nay, nay, a word.

Trav. I shall not forbear jeering these poor
things,

They shall be mirth.

Win. What, all met so happily !
And how, my sparks of honour ?

Lam. Things so tickle me,
I shall break out.

[*Aside.*

Win. When saw you our mistress, lady Lucina?

Lam. My suit is cold there; master Bostock
carries

The lady clean before him.

Bos. No, no, not [I]; it is sir Marmaduke.

Trav. I glean by[e]-smiles¹ after sir Ambrose.

Win. None of you see her to day?

I may as soon marry the moon, and get children
on her; I saw her not this three days; 'tis very
strange, I was to present my service this morning.

Trav. You'll march away with all.

Win. I cannot tell, but there's small sign of
victory;

And yet methinks you should not be neglected,
If the fens go forward, and your iron mills.

Trav. Has she betrayed me?

Win. Some are industrious,
And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons.

Trav. Colonel, softly.

Win. How will you sell your vinegar a pint?
The patent[s] something saucy.

Lam. The colonel jeers him.

Bos. Excellent, ha, ha!

Win. Had not you a head once?—

Of hair, I mean—favours have glean'd too much;
If ladies will have bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next crop.

Lam. Hum! the very language

She us'd to me. [*Aside.*

Bos. Does he jeer him too? nay, nay, prithee
spare him; ha, ha!

Win. You may do much, and yet I could desire
You were less honourable, for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady,

¹ 'I glean by[e]-smiles] i. e. merely a few accidental ones.
The 4to. reads, " I glean by smiles."

*Out of her love, could wish you were a thing
Beneath a footman, and that you had no kindred
But knights of the post.*

Bos. Good colonel—

Win. Nay, pardon me ;
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a son o' the people.

Bos. Colonel ;—

How the devil came he by this? [Aside.]

Win. Under the rose, there was a gentleman
Came in at the wicket ; these are tales of which
The Greeks have store. Fair hopes, gentlemen !

Trav. How came you by this intelligence ?

Win. Nay, I'll no whispering, what I say to one
Will concern every man ; she has made you cox-
combs.

Lam. It does appear.

Win. And more than does appear yet ;
I had my share.

Bos. That's some comfort ; I was afraid—

Win. But you shall pardon me, I'll conceal the
particulars of her bountiful abuses to me ;
Let it suffice, I know we are all
Jeer'd most abominably : I stood behind
The hangings, when she sign'd your several passes,
And had my own at last, worse than the constable's ;
That this is true, you shall have more than oath,
I'll join wi' ye in revenge, and if you will not,
I will do it alone.

Trav. She is a devil.

Lam. Damn her then ! till we think on some-
thing else,

Let's all go back, and rail upon her.

Bos. Agreed ; a pox upon her !

Trav. We cannot be too bitter, she's a hell-cat.

Lam. Do you hear ? listen to me : our shames
are equal,

Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,

We shall but make confusion, and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh ; let us choose one
To curse her for us all.

Win. 'Tis the best way,
And if you love me, gentlemen, engage me ;
I deserve this favour for my discovery :
I'll swear her into hell

Trav. Troth, I have no good vein, I am content.

Bos. Gentlemen, noble colonel, as you respect
A wounded branch of the nobility,
Make it my office, she abus'd me most ;
And if the devil do not furnish me
With language, I will say he has no malice.

Win. If they consent.

Trav. *Lam.* With all our hearts.

Bos. I thank you, gentlemen.

Win. But let us all together ; I'll not be
Barr'd, now and then, to interpose an oath,
As I shall find occasion.

Bos. You'll believe me :
When I take breath, then you may help, or you.
Or any, to confound her.

Win. Let's away.

Bos. Never was witch so tortur'd. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Room in lady Lucina's House.

Enter FRESHWATER, GUDGEON, and SOLOMON.

Sol. Noble master Freshwater, welcome from
travel.

Fresh. Where be the ladies ?

Sol. In the next room, sir ;
My lady Rosamond is sitting for her picture ;
I presume you will be welcome.

Fresh. An English painter?

Sol. Yes, sir.

Fresh. Prithee let me see him.

[*He gives Freshwater access to the chamber, and returns.*

Sol. This way, honest Gudgeon,
How stand matters abroad?¹ a touch of thy travel :
what news?

Gudg. First, let me understand the state of
things at home.

Sol. We have little alteration since thou went'st,
the same news are in fashion, only gentlemen are
fain to ramble, and stumble for their flesh, since
the breach on the Bank-side.

Gudg. Is my aunt defunct?

Sol. Yet the viragos have not lost their spirit ;
some of them have challeng'd the field, every day,
where gentlemen have met them ; oh, the dog-days
bit shrewdly, 'twas a villainous dead vacation.

Gudg. Is Paul's alive still?

Sol. Yes, yes ; a little sick of the stone ; she
voids some every day, but she is now in physic,²
and may in time recover.

Gudg. The Exchange stands ?

Sol. Longer than a church ; there is no fear,
while the merchants have faith. A little of thy
travels, for the time is precious ; what things have
you seen or done, since you left England ?

¹ *How stand matters abroad?*] The 4to. reads, and points,
“ How, and the matters abroad, a touch, &c.” Perhaps some-
thing is lost after *How*.

² *is now in physic, and may in time recover.*] The recovery
began in the following year, 1633, when Laud laid the first
stone of the additions, and repairs carried on under the direc-
tion of Inigo Jones. There is an allusion in the preceding
speeches to shutting up the brothels on the Surrey side of the
river : a temporary visitation to which they were subject, and
which reduced their inmates to wander in the fields till the
vigilance of the magistrates relaxed.

Gudg. I have not leisure to discourse of particulars, but, first, my master and I have run France through and through.

Sol. Through and through ! how is that, man ?

Gudg. Why, once forward, and once backward, that's through and through.

Sol. 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through, backward.

Gudg. Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses.

[*Exit Sol.*]

Re-enter FRESHWATER, with lady ROSAMOND.

Fresh. Madam, I did not think your ladyship had so little judgment.

Ros. As how, signior ?

Fresh. As to let an Englishman draw your picture, and such rare monsieurs in town.

Ros. Why not English ?

Fresh. Oh, by no means, madam, they have not active pencils.

Ros. Think you so ?

Fresh. You must encourage strangers, while you live ; it is the character of our nation, we are famous for dejecting our own countrymen.

Ros. Is that a principle ?

Fresh. Who teaches you to dance ?

Ros. A Frenchman, signior.

Fresh. Why so, 'tis necessary ; trust, while you live, the Frenchman with your legs, your face with the Dutch.—If you mislike your face, I mean, if it be not sufficiently painted, let me commend, upon my credit, a precious workman to your ladyship.

Ros. What is he ?

Fresh. Not an Englishman, I warrant you, One that can please the ladies every way ; You shall not sit with him all day for shadows.

He has regalios, and can present you with
 Suckets of fourteen-pence a pound, Canary
 Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmesan
 Sugars, Bologna sausages, all from Antwerp ;
 But he will make ollapodridas most incomparably.

Ros. I have heard of him by—a noble lady
 Told me the t' other day, that sitting for
 Her picture, she was stifled with a strange
 Perfume of horns.

Fresh. A butcher told me of 'em ; very likely.

Ros. When I have need
 Of this rare artist, I will trouble you
 For your directions. Leaving this discourse,
 How thrives your catalogue of debtors, signior ?

Fresh. All have paid me, but—

Ros. You shall not name me in the list of any
 That are behind : beside my debt, a purse
 For clearing the account. [Gives him money.]

Fresh. You are just, madam,
 And bountiful, though I came hither with
 Simple intention to present my service.
 It shall be cross'd.—Gudgeon, remember to [cross]
 Her ladyship's name.

Ros. My cousin has the same provision for you.

Enter BARKER, and lady HONORIA.

Gudg. Sir, master Barker.

Fresh. Madam, I'll take my leave, I'll find another
 time to attend my lady ; there's no light.—I cannot
 abide this fellow. [Aside, and exit with Gudgeon.]

Hon. Madam, master Barker hath some design,
 Which he pretends concerns us both.

Ros. He's welcome.

What is't ?

Bar. My lord commends him to you.

Ros. Which lord, sir ?

Bar. The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing
 lord ;

The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings,
Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himself commended.

Ros. So, sir.

Bar. He loves you both, he told me so,
And laughs behind a vizard at your frailty;
He cannot love [you] that way you imagine,
And ladies of the game are now no miracles.

Hon. Although he use to rail thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue
Has been too liberal. [Aside to Ros.]

Ros. I find it too, and blush within to think
How much we are deceived. I may be even
With this May lord. [Exit.]

Hon. But does his lordship think
We were so taken with his person?

Bar. You would not, an you knew as much as I.

Hon. How, sir?

Bar. I have been acquainted with his body,
Have known his baths and physic.

Hon. Is't possible? I am sorry now at heart
I had a good thought on him; he shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge,
And presently, if any gentleman
Have but the grace to smile, and court me up to't.

Bar. Hum!

Hon. A bubble of nobility! a giddy
Fantastic lord! I want none of his titles.
Now, in my imagination, he appears
Ill-favoured, and not any part about him
Worth half a commendation; would he were here!

Bar. You'd make more on him.

Hon. That I might examine,
And do my judgment right between you two now,
How much he would come short; you have an eye
Worth forty of his, nose of another making:
I saw your teeth e'en now, compar'd to which,
His are of the complexion of his comb,
I mean his box, and will in time be yellower,

**And ask more making clean ; you have a shew
Of something on your upper lip, a witch
Has a philosopher's beard to him ; his chin
Has just as many hounds as hairs, that ever
My eyes distinguished yet : you have a body**

* * * * * * *

And unpromising in his slashes—

And unpromising in his slashes, one
May see through him ; and for his legs, they both
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking ;
They're a lord's, I will be sworn.—I doat upon
him !

I could wish somewhat, but I'm sorry, sir,
To trouble you so much; all happy thoughts
Possess you! [Exit.]

Bar. How is this? if I have wit
To apprehend, this lady does not hate me.
I have profess'd a cynic openly:
This language melts, I'll visit her again.

Re-enter HONORIA.

Hon. Sir, I have a small request to you:

Bar. Lady, command.

Hun. If you think I have power
Or will to deserve from you any courtesy,
Pray learn to dance.

Bar. To dance?

Hon. At my entreaty, sir,—to dance,
It was the first thing took me with his lordship,
You know not what may follow ; fare you well.

[Exit.]

Bar. What portends this? to dance! there's
something in't.
I've reveng'd myself already upon my lord;
Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter:
Something must be resolv'd. [Exit.]

* A line or more has dropped out here. As there is but one edition of this comedy, the loss is irretrievable.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter lady LUCINA and SCUTILLA, laughing.

Luc. Enough, enough, of conscience! let's
reserve

Part of the mirth to another time; I shall
Meet some o' their hot worships at the Ball,
Unless their apprehension prompt 'em, earlier
To know their folly in pursuing me.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Madam, the gentlemen that were here this
morning,
In single visits, are come all together,
And pray to speak with you.

Luc. They've met already.—
Give 'em access. [*Exit Solomon.*

Scut. I wonder what they'll say.

*Enter BOSTOCK, sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT, colonel
WINFIELD, and sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS.*

Win. Be confident, she shall endure it.

Luc. So, so;
How do you, gentlemen? you're very welcome.
Lam. 'Tis no matter for that; we do not come
to be welcome, neither will we be welcome.—
Speak, master Bostock.

Bos. We come to mortify you.

Luc. You will use no violence?

Bos. But of our tongues; and in the names of
these

Abused gentlemen, and myself, I spit
Defiance: stand further off, and be attentive,

Weep, or do worse ; repentance wet thy linen,
And leave no vein for the doctor !

Luc. They are mad.

Scut. There is nodanger, madam ; let us hear 'em ;
If they scold, we two shall be hard enough for 'em,
An they were twenty..

Bos. Thou basilisk !

Luc. At first sight ?

Bos. Whose eyes shoot fire, and poison !

Malicious as a witch, and much more cunning ;
Thou that dost ride men—

Luc. I ride men ?

Bos. Worse than the night mare ! let thy tongue
be silent,

And take our scourges patiently ; thou hast,
In thy own self, all the ingredients
Of wickedness in thy sex ; able to furnish
Hell, if't were insufficiently provided,
With falsehood, and she-fiends of thy own making !
Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not
So much a Jew as thou art ; thou hast made
Us asses, dost thou hear ?

Lam. He speaks for us all.

Bos. But it is better we be all made such,
Than any one of us be monster'd worse,
To be an ox, thy husband.

Scut. *Luc.* Ha, ha, ha !

Bos. Dost thou laugh, crocodile ?

Win. That was well said.

Bos. Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,
And let the devil lay thee on thy back,
I care not.

Trav. Admirable Bostock !

Win. That spirit of flesh and blood was well
enforced.

Bos. You thought us animals, insensible
Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine ?

Lam. Ay, come to that.

Bos. And that we loved,—loved, with a pox, your physnomy !
 Know, we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art Thyself a son o' the earth.

Lam. How ! she a son ?

Bos. 'Twas a mistake, [that] ; but she knows my meaning.—
 I 'gin to be weary, gentlemen,
 I'll breathe awhile.

Win. [coming forward.]—"Tis time ; and that you may
 Not want encouragement, take that.

[*Strikes Bostock.*]

Bos. Gentlemen, colonel, what do you mean ?
Win. You shall know presently ; dare but lift thy voice
 To fright this lady, or but ask thy pardon,
 My sword shall rip thy body for thy heart,^{*}
 And nail it on her threshold :—or if you,
 The proudest, offer but in looks to justify
 The baseness of this wretch, your souls shall answer it.

Trav. How's this ?

Win. Oh, impudence unheard [of] !—Pardon, madam,
 My tedious silence ; the affront grew up
 So fast, I durst not trust my understanding
 That any gentleman could attempt so much
 Dishonour to a lady of your goodness.—
 Was this your project, to make me appear
 Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrilege ?
 Was it for this you pray'd my company,
 You tadpoles ? 'Tis your presence charms my sword,
 Or they should quickly pay their forfeit lives ;
 No altar [should] protect 'em.

Lam. We are betray'd.

Trav. Was it not his plot, to have us rail ?

^{*} for thy heart,) The old copy reads, for thy part."

Win. Say, shall I yet be active ?

Luc. By no means ;

This is no place for blood, nor shall my cause
Engage to such a danger.

Win. Live to be

Your own vexations, then, till you be mad,
And then remove yourself with your own garters.
You shall not go, [Stopping them.]
Before I know from whose brain this proceeded,
[Of which] you—[to *Bos.*]—are the mouth.¹

Was ever civil lady so abus'd
In her own house by ingrateful horse-leeches ?
Could your corrupted natures find no way
But this to recompense her noble favours,
Her courteous entertainments ? would any heathens
[Have e'er] done like to you ? Admit she was
So just to say she could see nothing in you
Worthy her dearer thoughts, (as, to say truth,
How could a creature of her wit and judgment
Not see how poor and miserable things
You are at best ?) must you, [O,] impuden[ce !]
In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling ?
Gentlemen ! rather hinds, scarce fit to mix,
Unless you mend your² manners, with her drudges.

Luc. This shews a nobleness, does it not, Scutilla ?

Bos. Why, sir, did not you tell us ?—

Win. What did I tell you ?

Bos. Nothing.

Win. Begone, least I forget myself.

Bos. I have a token to remember you.

A palsy upon your fingers, noble colonel !

¹ [Of which] you are the mouth.] The old copy reads,
— “ from whose

“ Brain this proceeded, you are the mirth.”

I have already requested indulgence for the frequent attempts
to restore the text of this strangely misprinted play.

² your] Old copy, her. Just above we have any for my.

Trav. Was this his stratagem ! we must be gone.
[*Exeunt Lam. Trav. and Bos.*

Luc. Sir, I must thank you, and desire your
pardon,

For what has past to your particular.

Win. You've more than satisfied my service in
Th' acknowledgment : disdain cannot provoke me
To be so insolent.

Luc. Again I thank you.

Win. I can forget your last neglect, if you
Think me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.

Luc. How do you mean ?

Win. Why, as
A servant should, that is ambitious
To call you mistress, till the happier title
Of wife crown his desires.

Luc. I must confess,
This has won much upon me : but two words
To such a bargain ; you're a gentleman,
I'm confident, would adventure for me.

Win. As far as a poor life could speak my service.

Luc. That's fair, and far enough : I make not any
Exception to your person.

Win. Body enough,
I hope, to please a lady.

Luc. But—

Win. To my fortune ?

Luc. To that the least ; I have estate for both.

Win. Though it hold no comparison with your's,
It keeps me like a gentleman.

Luc. I have a scruple.

Win. You honour me in this ;
There's hope, if I can take away that care,
You may be mine.

Luc. Sir, can you put me in security
That you have been honest ?

Win. Honest ! how do you mean ?

Luc. Been honest of your body ; you are gentlemen,

Out of the wars live lazy, and feed high,
Drink the rich grape, and in Canary may
Do strange things, when the wine has wash'd away
Discretion.

Win. What is your meaning, lady ?

Luc. I do not urge you for the time to come :
Pray understand, have you been honest hitherto ?
And yet, because you shall not trouble friends
To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied,
If you will take your own oath that you are.—

Win. Honest of my body ?

Luc. Yes, sir ; it will become me to be careful
Of my health ; I'll take your own assurance :
If you can clear your body by an oath,
I'll marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.

Luc. Your reason why you use me thus ?

Luc. I wonder you will ask ; do not I hear
How desperate some have been, what pain, what
physic !—

Win. This is a tale of a tub, lady.

Luc. You rid no match without a shirt, to shew
The complexion of your body : I have done, sir.
When you resolve to swear you are honest, I
Vow to be your's, your wife : I am not hasty,
Think on't, and tell me, when we meet again,
Anon, to night, to morrow, when you please ;
So farewell, noble colonel.—Come, Scutilla.

[Exeunt *Luc.* and *Scut.*]

Win. Is't come to this ? I am jeer'd again.—
Is't possible to be honest at these years ?
A man of my complexion, and acquaintance !
Was ever a gentleman put to this oath before,
O' this fashion ?

If I have the grace now to forswear myself,
Something may [still] be done,—and yet 'tis
doubtful,

She'll have more tricks ; if widows be thus coltish,
The devil will have a task that goes a wooing.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in lord Rainbow's House.

Enter lord RAINBOW and BOSTOCK.

Bos. Such an affront, my lord, I was ashamed on't !
A mere conspiracy to betray our fames ;
But had you seen how poorly they behav'd
Themselves, such craven^{*} knights ! a pair of drone
bees !

I' the midst of my vexation, if I could
Forbear to laugh, I have no blood in me :
They were so far from striking, that they stood
Like images, things without life and motion,
Fear could not make so much as their tongue
tremble ;

Left all to me.

Lord R. So, so ; what then did you ?

Bos. The lady laugh'd too, and the colonel
Increas'd his noise, to see how she derided
The poor knights.

Lord R. Leave their character, and proceed
To what you did.

Bos. You shall pardon me, my lord,
I am not willing to report myself ;
They, and the lady, and the colonel,
Can witness I came on.

* craven knights [?] Old copy, "carven knights :" but Bostock is not intended for a Slip-slop. After all, it is just possible that carven or wooden knights may be meant.

Bos. But how came you off, cousin ? that must commend you.

Bos. I have my limbs, my lord, no sign of loss
Of blood, you see ; but this was fortune : how
The colonel came off's uncertain.

Lord R. Do not you know ?

Bos. No, I left him ; I think 'twas time.

Lord R. You did not kill him ?

Bos. Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it not ;
But wounds fall out sometime when the sword's in.
These are poor things to brag on, I have sav'd
Myself, you see.

Lord R. If it be so, I'll call you cousin still,
My satirist.—²

Enter BARKER.

Hark, you shall beat this fellow.

Bos. Shall I, my lord ? without cause ?

Lord R. He shall give you

Cause presently.—How now, gumm'd taffeta ? ³

Bar. I pay for what I wear, my satin lord ;
Your wardrobe does not keep me warm ; I do not
Run o' the ticket ⁴ with the mercer's wife,
And letcher out my debts at country-houses.

Lord R. There's something else you do not.

Bar. I do not use to flatter such as you are,
Whose bodies are so rotten they'll scarce keep
Their souls from breaking out ; I write no odes
Upon your mistress, to commend her postures,
And tumbling in a coach towards Paddington ;
Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants,
And try what operation the eggs have
At your return. I am not taken with

² *My satirist !*] The 4to. reads, " My satinist."

³ *gumm'd taffeta ?*] Alluding, perhaps, to the fretting nature
of this stuff.

⁴ *run o' the ticket*] See vol. ii. p. 383.

Your mighty nonsense, glean'd from heathenish plays,
 Which leave a curse upon the author for 'em ;
 Though I have studied to redeem you from
 The infection of such books, which martyr sense,
 Worse than an almanack.

Lord R. Excellent satire !

But lash not on ; stop here, or I shall kick
 Your learned worship.

Bar. But do not, I advise you, do not.

Lord R. Why do not ?

Bar. It will fall heavy on somebody ; if your lordship

Kick me, I shall not spare your cousin there.

Lord R. On that condition, what do you think of that ? [Kicks him.

Bar. What do you think ? [Kicks *Bostock*.

Bos. Excellently well followed, by my troth, la !
 He'll pitch the bar well, I warrant, he does so
 Follow his kick.

Bar. Let it go round. [Kicks *Bos.* again.

Bos. Good ! right as my leg again.

Lord R. Your leg ! 'twas he that kick'd you.

Bos. Do you think I do not feel it ?

Lord R. Why do you not use your toes then ?

Bos. What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe ?—Do you hear, sir,
 You are good company, but if thou lovest me —

Bar. Love you ? why, do you hear, sir ?

Bos. Ay, ay.

Bar. What a pox should any man see in you,
 Once to think on you ? love a squirt !—
 Shall I tell thee what thou art good for ?

Bos. Ay.

Bar. For nothing.

Bos. Good again ! my lord, observe him, *for nothing !*

Bar. Yes, thou wilt stop a breach in a mud wall,

Or serve for a Priapus in the garden,
To fright away crows, and keep the corn, bean-shatter,^{*}

Thou wilt.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. Or thou wilt serve at Shrovetide, to have thy legs

Broken with penny truncheons in the street :

'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,

And such a capon unreferr'd.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. Cry mercy, you are a kinsman to this lord,
A gentleman of high and mighty blood !

Lord R. But cold enough ; will not all this provoke him ? [Aside.]

Bar. Dost hear ? for all this, I will undertake
To thrash a better man out of a wench
That travels with her buttermilk to market
Between two dorsers, any day o' the week,
My twice-sod tail of green fish ; I will do't,
Or lose my inheritance ; tell me, and do not stammer,

When wert thou cudgell'd last ? what woman beat thee ?

Bos. Excellent Barker !

Bar. Thou art the town top ;
A boy will set thee up, and make thee spin
Home with an eel-skin : do not marry, do not ;
Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee up
In plates with sugar and rose-water
To him that had the grace to cuckold thee :
And if Pythagoras' transmigration
Of souls were true, thy spirit should be tenant
To a horse.

Bos. Why to a horse ?

* I have no acquaintance with this word. It appears to be used here for a scarecrow ; if it be not, after all, a corruption.

Bar. A switch and spur would do some good upon thee ;
 Why dost thou interfere ?⁶ get the crincomes, go,
 And straddle, like a gentleman that would
 Not shame his kindred : but what do I
 Lose time with such a puppy ?

Bos. Well, go thy ways, I'll justify thy wit
 At my own peril.

Bar. I would speak with you :
 Be not too busy with your lordship's legs,
 I'll tell you somewhat.

Lord R. Speak to the purpose, then.

Bar. I bestow'd
 A visit on the ladies which you wot on ;
 They have their wits still, and resolve to keep them,
 They will not hang themselves for a young lord,
 Nor grow into consumption ; other men
 Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and handsome legs
 too ;

So fare you well, my lord : I left your kick
 With your cousin.—Bye, bye, otter. [Exit.

Lord R. Very well.—
 But hark you, cousin Bostock ; you have a mild,⁷
 And modest constitution ; I expected
 You would have lifted up your leg.

Bos. To kick him !
 Why, an you would have given a thousand pound,
 I could not do't for laughing ; beside,
 He was your friend, my lord.

Lord R. Did you spare him
 For that consideration ?

Bos. Howsoever,
 What honour had it been for me to quarrel,
 Or wit, indeed ? if every man should take

⁶ *Why dost thou interfere ?*] The 4to. reads, *enterfare*. Here is some confusion which I cannot rectify ; for the passage, as amended, or rather altered, is nothing to the purpose.

⁷ For *mild*, the old copy reads, *mind*.

All the abuses that are meant, great men
Would be laughed at; some fools must have their
jestes.

Had he been any man of blood, or valour,
One that profess'd the sword, such as the colonel,
Less provocation would have made me active.

Enter sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT and sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS.

Lord R. The eagle takes no flies; is that it?—
How now

Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend, sir Marmaduke!

You are strangers.

Trav. Your lordship's pardon.—Master Bostock.

Bos. Now shall I be put to't;
This talking⁸ will undo me. [Aside,

Lord R. Prithee tell me?
Is the colonel alive still?

Lam. Alive, my lord! yes, yes, he's alive.

Bos. Did your lordship think absolutely he was
dead?

Lord R. But he is shrewdly wounded.

Lam. No, my lord,
He is very well; but 'twas your kinsman's fortune—

Bos. Prithee, ne'er speak on't.

Lord R. What?

Trav. To have a blow, a box on the ear.

Lord R. How?

Trav. With his fist, and an indifferent round one.

Bos. Yes, yes, he did strike me, I could have
told you that;

But wherefore did he strike [me?] ask 'em that.

Trav. If you would know, my lord, he was our
orator,

⁸ This talking, &c.] The 4to. reads, "this taking." The author was thinking of Parolles.

To rail upon the lady for abusing us,
Which, I confess, he did with lungs and spirit
[For] which, in the conclusion, the colonel
Struck him to the ground.

Bos. He did so, 'tis a truth.

Lord R. And did you take it?

Bos. Take it?

He gave it me, my lord, I asked not for it ;
But 'tis not yet revenged.

Lam. 'Tis truth, we suffer'd
A little, but the place protected him.

Bos. It was no place indeed.

Trav. Now, since you had
The greatest burden in the affront—

Bos. The blow ?

Trav. Right, we would know whether your re-
solution

Be first, to question him ; for our cause appears
Subordinate, and may take breath, till you
Have call'd him to account.

Bos. I proclaim nothing,
And make no doubt the colonel will give me
Satisfaction, like a gentleman.

Lam. We are answer'd,
And take our leave, my lord.

Lord R. We shall meet at the ball anon, gen-
tlemen.

Trav. Your lordship's servants.—Now to our
design. [Exeunt *Lam.* and *Trav.*]

Bos. My lord, I take my leave too.

Lord R. Not yet, cousin ; you and I have not
done.

Bos. What you please, cousin.

Lord R. You have cozen'd me too much.

Bos. I, my good lord ?

Lord R. Thou most unheard of coward !
How dare you boast relation to me ?
Be so impudent as to name, or think upon me ?

Thou stain to honour ! honour ? thou'rt beneath
 All the degrees of baseness : quit thy father,
 Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony,
 Some servingman leap'd thy mother, or some
 juggler

That conjures with old bones ; some woman's
 tailor,
 When he brought home her petticoat, and took
 measure
 Of her loose body, or I'll cullice thee
 With a batoon.⁸

Bos. Good my lord.

Lord R. Be so baffled,
 In presence of your mistress ! 'tis enough
 To make the blood of all thou know'st suspected ;
 And I'll have satisfaction— [Draws his sword.

Bos. My lord—

Lord R. For using of my name in ordinarys,
 In the list of others whom you make your privilege
 To domineer, and win applause sometimes
 With tapsters, and threadbare tobacco merchants,
 That worship your gold lace, and ignorance,
 Stand bare, and bend their hams, when you belch
 out

My lord, and *t' other cousin*, in a bawdy-house,
 Whom, with a noise, you curse by Jack and Tom,⁹
 For failing you at Fish-street, or the Stilyard.

Bos. My very good lord.

Lord R. Will you not draw ?

Bos. Not against your honour ; but you shall
 see—

Lord R. And vex my eyes, to look on such a
 land-rat.

⁸ *With a batoon.*] i. e. cudgel : the 4to. reads *bottom*. To
 cullice is to beat to a jelly.

⁹ *you curse by Jack and Tom,*] i. e. by the familiar
 names or titles of Jack and Tom, for not meeting you at
 markets, and places of vulgar resort.

Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I
Be safe in honour with that noble lady,
To whom I sinfully commended thee,
Though 'twere not much, enough to make her think
I am as base as thou art ; and the colonel,
And all that have but heard thee call me cousin ?
What cure for this, you malt-worm ? oh, my soul,
How it does blush to know thee ! bragging puppy !—
Do ye hear me, thunder and lightning ? What
Nobility my predecessors boasted,
Or any man from honour's stock descended ;
How many marquisses and earls are number'd
In their great family ; what coats they quarter,
How many battles our forefathers fought !—
'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry
To build their glories at their father's cost,
But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
To raise them living monuments : our birth
Is not our own act ; honour upon trust,
Our ill deeds forfeit ; and the wealthy sums
Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.—
And are you not a precious gentleman ?
Thou art not worth my steel ; redeem this loss
Some generous way of undertaking, or
Thou shalt be given up to boys, and ballads,
The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more black
Than bastard. Go to the colonel—

Bos. I will, my lord.

Lord R. But, now I think on't, 'twill be necessary,
That first you right my honour with the lady.
You shall carry a letter ; you will do ?

Bos. I'll carry any thing.

Lord R. Expect it presently. [Exit.

Bos. Such another conjuring will make me
Believe I am illegitimate indeed.
This came first o' keeping company with the blades,

From whom I learnt to roar and run away :
 I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward,
 But every man's not born to be a Hercules :
 Some must be beat, that others may be valiant.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in lady Honoria's House.

Enter ROSAMOND and HONORIA whispering; sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS and sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT following.

Ros. Let it be so, they'll else be troublesome.

[Goes to Trav. while Hon. takes Lam. aside.

Trav. This cannot, I hope, displease you, lady, 'tis
 No new affection, I protest, although
 This be the first occasion I took
 To express it

Ros. You did ill in the impression ;
 Although your bashfulness would not permit you
 To speak in your own cause, you might have sent
 Your meaning ; I can make a shift to read
 A scurvy hand ; but I shall tell you, sir—

Trav. Prithee do.

Hon. Is't possible
 Your heart hath been tormented in love's flame,
 And I the cause ?

Lam. Your beauty hath the power
 To melt a Scythian's bosom, those divine
 Beams would make soft the earth, when rugged
 winter

Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost ; your eye
 Will make the frigid region temperate,
 Should you but smile upon't : account it then
 No wonder, if it turn my breast to ashes.

Ros. I see you are in love, by your invention,²

² ——— by your invention,] Old copy, mention.

And 'cause I pity a gentleman should lose
His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret.

[Whispers him.

Trav. The lady Honoria!

Ros. What misfortune 'twas

You did not first apply yourself to her,
That can reward your love, and hath a heart
Spacious to entertain you! she does love you,
Upon my knowledge, strangely, and [does] so
Commend you in your absence!

Trav. Say you so, lady?

Pardon, I beseech you, the affection
I profess'd to your ladyship, 'twas but
A complement; I am sorry, I protest.

Ros. Oh, 'tis excused, sir; but I must tell you,
Perhaps you will not find her now so tractable,
Upon the apprehension she was slighted:
But, to prescribe you confidence, were to
Suspect your art, and bold discretion.

Hon. 'Tis as I tell you, sir; no lady in
The world can speak more praises of your body;
She knows not yet your mind.

Lam. Is't possible?

Hon. And yet, because she saw your complements
Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how you'll find her on the sudden;
But 'tis not half an hour since you possess'd
The first place in her thoughts.

Lam. Shall I presume,
You will excuse the love I did present
Your ladyship? it was not from my heart,
I hope you will conceive so.

Hon. A slight error.

Lam. I am ashamed on't.

Hon. 'Tis sufficient
That you recant, no more neglect.

[They separate, and *Lam.* goes to *Ros.* while
Trav. goes to *Hon.*

Ros. You are pleasant.

Lam. Be you so too ; I'll justify thou shalt
Have cause.

Ros. To wonder at you ; what's your meaning, sir ?

Lam. Sweet lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow ? I have
observ'd
Your eyes shoot clearer light.

Ros. You are deceiv'd,
I am not melancholy.

Lam. Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beauty ; you're in love.

Ros. In love ? who told you so ?

Lam. But that's no wonder,
We all may love, but you have only power
To conquer where you place affection,
And triumph o'er your wishes.

Hon. I love you ?
You are strangely, sir, mistaken ;—
Put your devices on some other lady ;
I have been so far from any affection to you,
That I have laboured, I confess, to unsettle
The opinion of my lady Rosamond,
Who, I confess, loves you, and that extremely.

Trav. How ! she love me ? then I have made
fine work.

Hon. What cunning she is mistress off, to hide
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know not.

Ros. Are you so dull ?
Why, this was but to try your constancy ;
I have heard her swear you are the properest
knight,

The very Adonis ! why, she has got your picture,
And made it the only saint within her closet ;
I blush at your credulity.

Lam. Is it e'en so ?

I have undone myself with her already.—
Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave you.

Ros. With all my heart.

Enter monsieur LE FRISK.

Hon. We are relieved.—
Monsieur Le Frisk.

Frisk. *Très humble serviteur, madame;* me sweat with de hast to wait upon your ladyships; I pray give me de leve, despatch presently, for I mush figaries to be done.

Ros. Gentlemen, let your passions breathe awhile,
A little music may correct the error,
And you may find yourselves.

Frisk. *Allez.*
Lam. With all my heart.—Sir Marmaduke, let's help
To exercise the ladies.

Trav. A good motion.
Frisk. And begar noting in de world more profet your body den de motion *à la mode de France*.

Trav. I am for any frisk.
Frisk. Ha! de frisk! you jump upon my name, and begar you have my nature—to de right, hey! and all de world is but frisk.

Hon. A country dance, then.
Frisk. Hah, *monsieur, madame, allez.* [they dance.]—*Fort bon! très excellent!* begar, so—I crave your patience, madam, gentlemen, you be at de ball; *ma foi!* you see dat was never in dis world.

Ros. What, monsieur?
Frisk. What do you think dat is? me tell you, begar you see me play de part of de Cupid.

Hon. A French Cupid?

Frisk. Begar, French Cupid, why? dere is no love like de French love, dat is Cupid; love is hot, and de French is hot.

Ros. How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid, monsieur?

Frisk. My lord give me comand, me have device, and de masque for de ladies, and me no trust little jackanape to play young Cupid, but myself.

Hon. Cupid is a child, you have a beard, monsieur.

Frisk. Me care not de hair for dat; begar de little god may have de little beard: Venus his moder have de mole, and Cupid her shild may have the black mussel.

Hon. But, monsieur, we read Cupid was fair, and you are black; how will that agree?

Frisk. Cupid is fair, and monsieur is black; why, monsieur is black den, and Cupid is fair, what is dat? a fair lady love de servant of the black complexion—*de bonheur!* the colour is not de mush; Vulcan was de black smith, and Cupid may be de black gentleman, his son legitimate.

Lam. 'Tis the way to make Cupid the boy no bastard.

Frisk. But do you no publish this invention; me meet you at de Ball armed with quiver, and de bow.

Hon. You will not shoot us, I hope; you'll spare our hearts.

Frisk. Begar, me shit you, if me can, and your arts shall bleed one, two, tree, gallown; adieu, madame! *serviteur, gentlemen, très-humble.* [Exit.]

Lam. Adieu, monsieur.—Now, madam, with your favour,
I must renew my suit.

Hon. You had better buy a new one;
Nay then, we shall be troubled. [Exit.]

Lam. You'll withdraw,
I'll follow you. [Exit.]

Trav. Come, come, I know you love me.

Ros. You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight;
But I have pardon'd you for love already. [Exit.

Trav. This shall not serve your turn [yet]; I
came hither
Not to be jeer'd, and one of you shall love me.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in lady Lucina's House.

Enter lady LUCINA, SCUTILLA, and BOSTOCK.

Luc. Oh impudence! dares he return?

Scut. It seems so.

Bos. Most gracious madam, my cousin, your
lord Rainbow,¹
Commends himself in black and white.

[*Gives Luc. a letter.*

Luc. To me?

Bos. Do you think 'tis from myself?

Scut. You might have done't in black and blue.

Bos. Scutilla, how dost thou, poor soul? thou
hast no husband, nor children, to commend me to.

Scut. The poor soul's well; I hope your body is
Recover'd; does not your left cheek burn still?
We have so talk'd of you.

Luc. [reads.]—*I am sorry any gentleman that
has relation to me should be so forgetful of your
honour, and his own; but though he have forfeited*

* ————— *my cousin, the lord Rainbow,*] Here the old copy perversely reads, “*your lord Loveall;*” and the letter below is signed Loveall. What is no less extraordinary, in the very last scene of the play we have “*Enter sir Stephen and sir Lionel;*” names which have never appeared before, and which are evidently meant for *sir Ambrose* and *sir Marmaduke*. If it were not a mere loss of time to strive to account for the errors of a piece so ‘cursedly printed,’ we might conjecture that Chapman and Shirley had not compared their list of characters.

opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts : I have sent you a small jewel to expiate my offence for commanding him. I expect your ladyship at the Ball, where you shall make many happy to kiss your hand ; and in their number the true admirer of your virtue.—RAINBOW.

My lord is honourable.

Bos. A slight jewel,² madam. [Gives the jewel.

Luc. I am his servant.

Bos. Nay, faith, my lord is right ; I have not met The colonel since you know when.

Scut. You have more reason to remember.

Bos. I would be so bold to ask you a question.

Luc. In the mean time, give me leave—we are none but friends,
I know you are valiant—

Bos. No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself.

Scut. That's more.

Luc. But will you answer me ? why did not you Strike him again ?

Scut. That might have caused blood.

Bos. You're i' the right.

Luc. You did not fear him ?

Bos. But bloods are not alike, terms were not even,

If I had kill'd him there had been an end.

Luc. Of him.

Bos. Right, madam ; but if he had wounded me, He might have kill'd heaven knows how many.

Scut. Strange !

Bos. Do you not conceive it ? so many drops of mine,
So many gentlemen ; nay more, who knows

* A slight jewel, madam.] In the language of our old writers a jewel commonly means a broach or other ornament of precious stones set in gold or enamel. In the next page this jewel appears to be composed of diamonds.

Which of these might have been a knight, a lord—

Luc. Perhaps a prince?

Bos. Princes came from the blood,
And should I hazard such a generation³,
Against a single life? 'tis not, I fear
To fight with him, by these hilts! but what wise
gamester

Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd sixpence?

Scut. Madam, the colonel.

Bos. An he were ten colonels,
I'll not endure his company.—Sweet lady, [To *Scut.*
You and I'll retire.

Scut. An [you] were less honourable.

Bos. He should not seek me then.

Scut. He should rather hardly find you; I'm
your servant. [Exeunt *Scut.* and *Bos.*

Enter colonel WINFIELD.

Luc. I was wishing for you, sir;
Your judgment of these diamonds.

Win. The stones are pretty.

Luc. They were a lord's, sent me for a token,
You cannot choose but know him, the lord Rainbow.

Win. So, so, so! I am like to speed. [Aside.

Luc. Is not he a pretty gentleman?

Win. And you are sure he's honest?

Luc. As lords go now-a-days, that are in
fashion;

But cry you mercy, you have put me in mind,
I did propound a business to you, sir.

Win. And I came prepar'd to answer you.

Luc. 'Tis very well, I'll call one to be a witness.

Win. That was not, I rememher, in our covenant,
You shall not need.

Luc. I'll fetch you a book to swear by.

³ *And should I hazard such a generation?* The old copy reads,
"such a severation."

Win. Let it be Venus and Adonis then,
Or Ovid's wanton Elegies, Aristotle's
Problems, Guy of Warwick, or sir Beavis ;
Or if there be a play-book you love better,
I'll take my oath upon the epilogue.

Luc. You're very merry ; well, swear how you
please.

Win. In good time :
You do expect now I should swear I'm honest ?

Luc. Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition,
If you reflect upon my promise.

Win. What ?

Luc. To marry you, which act must make you
lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession ;
Some men have gone to hell for a less matter.

Win. But I will not be damn'd for twenty
thousand

Such as you are, had every one a million,
And I the authority of a parliament
To marry with you all ;— I would not, by
This flesh ! [taking her hand.]—Now, I have sworn.³

Luc. I think so, colonel ;
Bless me ! twenty thousand wives ! 'twould ne'er
Come to my turn ; and you'd not live to give
The tithe benevolence.

Win. They would find pages, fools,
Or gentlemen-ushers.

Luc. Then, upon the matter,
You being not willing, sir, to take your oath,
I may be confident you are not honest.

Win. Why, look upon me, lady, and consider,
With some discretion, what part about me

* ————— I would not, by
This flesh ! Now I have sworn.] The 4to. reads,
————— “ I would not buy
This flesh now I ha' sworn.”
Of which I can make nothing.

Does look so tame, you should suspect me honest?
How old do you think I am?

Luc. I guess at thirty.

Win. Some i' the world doubted me not so much;

At thirteen I was ever plump and forward;
My dry nurse swore at seven I kiss'd like one
Of five-and-twenty : setting that aside,
What's my profession?

Luc. A soldier.

Win. So;

Examine a whole army, and find one
That hates a handsome woman: we cannot march
Without our bag and baggages ; and is it possible,
When we come home, where women's pride, and all
Temptation to wantonness, abounds,
We should lose our activity?

Luc. You soldiers are brave fellows.

Win. When we have our pay.

We vow no chastity till we marry, lady;
'Tis out of fashion indeed with gentlemen
To be honest, and of age together, 'tis sufficient.
We can provide to take our pleasures too,
Without infection : a sound body is
A treasure, I can tell you ; yet if that
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple
To swear, but otherwise you must pardon us,
As we must pardon you.

Luc. Us, sir!

Win. Yes, you;

As if you ladies had not your figaries,
And martial discipline, as well as we,
Your outworks and redoubts, your court of guard,
Your centries and perdus, sallies, retreats,
Parlies, and stratagems !⁵ women are all honest,
Yes, yes, exceeding honest ! let me ask you

⁵ Parlies and stratagems!] The old copy reads, " Pasties and stratagems."

One question,—I'll not put you to your oath.
 I do allow you Hyde Park, and Spring Garden,—
 You have a recreation called THE BALL,
 A device transported hither by some ladies
 That affect tennis; what do you play a set?
 There's a foul racket kept under the line,
 Strange words are bandied, and strange revels,
 madam.

Luc. The world imagines so.

Win. Nay, you are all talk'd of.

Luc. But if men had more wit, and honesty,
 They would let fall their stings on something else;
 This is discours'd but when corantos fail,
 Or news at ordinaries; when the phlegmatic Dutch
 Have ta'en no fisher-boats, or our coal-ships land
 Safe at Newcastle: you are fine gentlemen!
 But to conclude;—that we met for (your honesty
 Not justified by an oath, as I expected)
 Is now suspended: will you swear yet?

Win. Why, I thought you had been a chris-
 tian, widow:
 Have I not told you enough? you may meet one
 Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
 Some silkworm o' the city, or the court,
 There be enough will swear away their soul
 For your estate, but I have no such purpose,
 The wars will last, I hope.

Luc. So, so.—Scutilla.

Re-enter SCUTILLA.

You were present when I promised the colonel
 To be his wife, upon condition
 He could secure my opinion by his oath,
 That he was honest; I am bound in honour
 Not to go back:—You've done it, I am you'res, sir.—
 Be you a witness to this solemn contract.

Win. Are you in earnest, lady ?
I have not sworn.

Luc. You have given better truth ;
He that can make this conscience of an oath,
Assures his honesty.

Win. In mind.

Luc. What's past
I question not ; if, for the time to come,
Your love be virtuous to me.

Win. Most religious,
Or let me live the soldier's dishonour,
And die the scorn of gentlemen. I have not
Space enough in my heart to entertain thee.

Luc. Is not this better than swearing ?

Win. I confess it.

Luc. Now I may call you husband.

Win. No title can more honour me.

Luc. If['t] please you,
I'll shew you then my children.

Win. How ! your children ?

Luc. I have six that call me mother.

Win. Hast, i' faith ?

Luc. The elder may want softness to acknowledge you,
But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
To ask your blessing ; does this trouble you ?

Win. Trouble me ? no ; but it is the first news,
lady,
Of any children.

Luc. Nay, they are not like
To be a burden to us ; they must trust
To their own portions, left 'em by their father.

Win. Where ?

Luc. Out of my estate ; I cannot keep
Any thing from 'em, and I know you are
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the orphans.
'Tis but six thousand pound in money, colonel,
Among them all, beside some trifling plate
And jewels, worth a thousand more.

Win. No more ?

Luc. My jointure will be firm to us ; two hundred

Per annum.

Win. Is it so ? and that will keep
A country-house, some half a dozen cows,
We shall have cheese and butter-milk ; one horse
Will serve me, and your man to ride to markets.

Luc. Canst be content to live i' the country,
colonel ?

Win. And watch the peas, look to the hay, and talk
Of oats and stubble ; I have been brought up to't,
And, for a need, can thrash.

Luc. That will save somewhat.

Win. I' the year ; beside my skill in farrowing
pigs :
Oh, 'tis a wholsome thing to hold the plough,
And wade up to the calf i' the dirty furrows,
[Not] worse than sleeping in a trench or quagmire :—
You have not heard me whistle yet ?

Luc. No, indeed !

Win. Why, there's it !—She does counterfeit.
[aside.]—Well, lady,
Be you in jest or earnest,
This is my resolution,
I'll marry you, an you had forty children,
And not a foot of land to your jointure ; heaven
Will provide for us, an we do our endeavours.
Where be the children ? come, how many boys ?

Luc. As many as you can get, sir.

Win. How ?

Luc. No more.

Since you're so noble, know, I tried your patience ;
And, now I am confirm'd : my estate is your's,
Without the weight of children or of debts ;
Love me, and I repent not.

Win. Sayst thou so ?
I would we had a priest here !

Luc. There remains,
To take away one scruple—

Win. Another gimcrack?

Luc. I have none, 'tis your doubt, sir;
And, ere we marry, you shall be convinced
Some malice has corrupted your opinion
Of that we call the Ball.

Win. Your dancing business?

Luc. I will entreat your company to-night,
Where your own eyes shall lead you to accuse,
Or vindicate our fames.

Win. With all my heart.

Scut. Madam, master Bostock
Expecting within.

Luc. You shall be reconcil'd to him.

Win. With Bostock? willingly; then to the Ball,
Which, for your sake, I dare not now suspect.—
Where union of hearts such empire brings,
Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as kings.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Ball Room.

Enter monsieur LE FRISK and Servants with perfumes.

Frisk. *Bon! fort bon!* here a little, dere a little more; my lord hire dis house of the city merchant, begar it smell musty, and he will have all sweet for de ladies; perfume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose to make all smoke anon, begar—

Enter lady ROSAMOND and lady HONORIA.

Très humble serviteur, mesdames.

Hon. Where is my lord?

Frisk. He wait on you presently.—

Enter FRESHWATER.

Monsieur de Freshwater !

Fresh. Monsieur Le Frisk, these ladies were
pleas'd to command my attendance hither.

Frisk. Welcome to de ball, *par ma foy*. You
pardon, monsieur, I have much trouble in my little
head, I can no stay to complement ; à votre service.

[Exit.]

Fresh. In all my travels, I have not seen a more
convenient structure.

Ros. Now you talk of your travels, signior, till
my lord

Come, you shall do us a special favour to
Discourse what passages you have seen abroad.

Hon. Were you ever abroad before, signior ?

Fresh. I hardly ever was at home, and yet
All countries [to a] wise man are his own.¹
Did you ne'er travel, ladies ?

Ros. We are no ladies errant, 'tis enough
For such as you, that look for state employment.

Fresh. Yet there be ladies have your languages,
And, married to great men, prove the better
statesmen.

Ros. We have heard talk of many countries.

Fresh. And you may hear talk ; but give me the
man that has measured 'em ; talk's but talk—

Hon. Have you seen a fairer city than London ?

Fresh. London is nothing.

Ros. How ! nothing ?

Fresh. To what it will be a hundred years hence.

Ros. I have heard much talk of Paris.

¹ All countries [to a] wise man, &c.] The 4to. “ All countries lost wise man.”—The learned traveller alludes to the adage, *Omne solum fortis patria est*

Hon. You have been there, I'm sure.

Enter lord RAINBOW, behind.

Fresh. I tell you, madam ; I took shipping at Gravesend, and had no sooner pass'd the Cantons, and Grisons, making some stay in the Valtoline, but I came to Paris, a pretty hamlet, and much in the situation like Dunstable ; 'tis in the province of Alcantara, some three leagues distant from Civille, from whence we have our oranges.

Lord R. Is the fellow mad ? [Aside.]

Ros. I have heard Seville is in Spain.

Fresh. You may hear many things. The people are civil that live in Spain, or there may be one town like another ; but if Civille be not in France, I was never at Civille in my life.

Hon. Proceed, sir.

Fresh. Do not I know Paris ? it was built by the youngest son of king Priam, and was call'd by his name ; yet some call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there play so well upon the lute.

Lord R. What a rascal is this ?

Fresh. Here I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the university, which some call the Louvre ; where the students made very much of me, and carried me to the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the Bank-side, a very pretty comedy call'd *Marthème*,² in London.

Ros. Is't possible ?

Fresh. But there be no such comedians as we have here ; yet the women are the best actors, they play their own parts, a thing much desired in England by some ladies, inns o' court gentlemen, and others ; but that by the way—

² *Marthème,*] Unless this be a designed blunder for a tragedy on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (or Bartholomew), I can form no guess at the word.

Hon. So, sir.

Fresh. I had stay'd longer there, but I was offended with a villainous scent of onions, which the wind brought from St. Omer's.

Ros. Onions would make you sleep well.

Fresh. But the scent, 'tis not to be endured ; I smelt on 'em when I came to Rome; and hardly 'scaped the Inquisition for't.

Hon. Were you at Rome, too, signior ?

Fresh. 'Tis in my way to Venice. I'll tell you, madam, I was very loth to leave their country.

Ros. Which country ?

Fresh. Where was I last ?

Hon. In France.

Fresh. Right, for I had a very good inn, where mine host was a notable good fellow, and a cardinal.

Ros. How ! a cardinal ? oh impudence !

Fresh. Oh the catches we sang ! and his wife, a pretty woman, and one that warms a bed one o' the best in Europe.

Hon. Did you ever hear the like ?

Ros. I did before suspect him.

Fresh. But mine host—

Hon. The cardinal.

Fresh. Right, had a shrew'd pate, and his ears were something o' the longest ; for one, upon the oath of a w—— Walloun that³—from Spain to the Low Countries, and the other from Lapland into Germany.

Ros. Say you so ?

Fresh. A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests, as mine host Banks, as red in the gills, and as merry as —— ; but anger him, and he sets

³ upon the oath of a w—— Walloun that—from Spain to the Low, &c.] These breaks are in the original ; but whether intended as marks of sagacity in the speaker, or caution in the printer, must be left to the reader's decision.

all Christendom together by the ears. Well, shortly after I left France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very hot travelling, and went a pilgrim-[age] to Rome, where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's theatre ; here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite, in whose chamber I lay, and drank cider.

Lord R. Nay, now is he desperate.

Hon. Do not interrupt him.

Fresh. What should I trouble you with many stories ? From hence I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and clothed in silk ; from thence I went to Florence, from whence we have the art of working custards, which we call Florentines ;⁴ Milan, a rich state of haberdashers ; [Pie]mont, where I had excellent venison ; and Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles, which our physicians ride upon, and first brought from thence, when they commenced doctor.

Ros. Very good.

Fresh. I saw little in Mantua, beside dancing upon the ropes ; only their strong beer, better than any I ever drunk at the Trumpet ; but Venice,—of all the champion countries—do not mistake, they are the valiantest gentlemen under the sun—

Ros. Is that it ?

Fresh. O the Catazaners² we turn'd there !

Hon. Who was with you ?

Fresh. Two or three magnificos, grandees of the

⁴ Florentines are a kind of cheese-cakes ; they are sometimes called flawnes by our old dramatists. In the next sentence there is an allusion to *milaners* (*milliners*), as haberdashers were then called.

² O the Catazaners, &c.] I have no knowledge of this word, which is probably a corruption of some term for revellers. It is not easy to discover what degree of knowledge or rather ignorance, Shirley intended to bestow on this coxcomb, for almost every other word is a misprint.

state, we tickled 'em in the very Rialto ; by the same token, two or thrce English spies told us they had lain leger three months, to steal away the Piazza, and ship it for Covent Garden, a pretty fabric and building upon the—but I was compell'd to make short stay here, by reason [one] of the duke's concubines [that] fell in love with me, gave me a ring of his, out of a solid diamond, which afterwards I lost, washing my hands in the salt water.

Hon. You should have fish'd for't, [and had] as good luck as she that found her wedding ring in the haddock's belly.²

Fresh. No, there was no staying ; I took post-horse presently for Genoa, and from thence to Madrid, and so to the Netherlands.

Ros. And how sped you among the Dutch ?

Fresh. Why, we were drunk every day together ; they get their living by it.

Hon. By drinking ?

Fresh. And making bargains in their tippling ; the Jews are innocents, nay, the devil himself is but a dunce to them, of whose trade they are.

Hon. What's that ?

Fresh. They fish, they fish still ; who can help it ? they have nets enough, and may catch the province in time, then let the kingdoms look about 'em : they can't be idle, and they have one advantage of all the world, they'll have no conscience to trouble 'em. I heard it whisper'd they want butter ; they have a design to churn the Indies,³ and remove their dairy ; but that, as a secret, shall

² *She that found her wedding ring in the haddock's belly.]* This marvellous story furnished the subject of a long ballad, and is also recorded upon a stone in Stepney churchyard, with this variation, that the fish was a salmon or trout.

³ *A design to churn the Indies;]* Old copy, “ charm the Indies.”

go no further. I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland : upon my recovery I went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome froe, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the — and left her drunk at Rotterdam ; there I took shipping again for France, from thence to Dover, from Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queen-Hithe, and from thence to what I am come to.

Lord R. [coming forward.]—And, noble signior, you are very welcome.

Fresh. I hope he did not overhear me. [Aside.

Lord R. I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence.

Fresh. Absence had been a sin, mylord, where you Were pleas'd to invite.

Re-enter monsieur LE FRISK.

Frisk. Fie, fie !—My lord, give me one ear.—

[*He whispers lord R.*

Lord R. Interrupt me no more, good monsieur.

Fresh. Monsieur Le Frisk, a word, a word, I beseech you ; no *excusez moi*.

[*Exeunt Fresh. and Frisk.*

Lord R. Have you thought, ladies, of your absent servant,

Within whose heart the civil war of love—

Ros. May end in a soft peace.

Lord R. Excellent, lady !

Hon. We had armies too, my lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lord R. And are you agreed to which I must devote

My loving service ? and which is wisest, fairest,
Is it concluded yet ?

Hon. You did propound a hard province, and we could not determine as you expected ; but if Your flame be not extinct, we have devis'd

Another way.

Lord R. You make my ambition happy ;

And indeed I was thinking 'twas impossible
 That two such beauties should give place to either,
 And I am still that humble votary
 To both your loves.

Ros. Then this : we have made lots,
 That what we cannot, fate may soon decide,⁴
 And we are fix'd to obey our destiny ;
 There is but two, [shews him the lots.]—One, and
 your wishes guide you !

Lord R. And will you satisfy my chance ?

Hon. We should
 Be else unjust.

Lord R. What method shall we use ?

Ros. Your hat, my lord, if you vouchsafe the
 favour ?

Hon. Dare you expose your head to the air so
 long ?

Lord R. Most willingly ; put in.

[*Hon.* puts her lot into the hat.]

Ros. There is fortune.

Hon. That draw which quickly tells how much
 I love you.

Lord R. So, so !

Now let me see ; I commend your device,
 Since I am incapable of both ;
 This is a way indeed ;—but your favour.

[*Ros.* puts in her lot.]

Ros. Let's have fair play, my lord.

Lord R. What fool is he,
 That, having the choice of mistresses, will be
 Confin'd to one, and rob himself ? I am yet
 The favourite of both : this is no policy.— [*Aside.*
 I could make shift with both abed.]

Ros. You are merry.

Lord R. In troth, and so I am, and in the mind
 I am in will give myself no cause to the contrary.
 Do you see ? I'll draw you both.

Hon. How ? both !

⁴ For *decide*, the old copy has *divide*.

Lord R. You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd ;
 I'll be content to marry one, and do
 Service to th' other's petticoat ; I must tell you,
 I am not without precedent. [Draws a lot.

Hon. There you triumph.

Lord R. Within, the name of Venus.—Ha ! a
 blank ?

By this light, nothing, neither name nor mark.

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

Lord R. This is a riddle yet.

Ros. 'Tis quickly solv'd : your lordship was too
 confident ;
 We never were at such a loss, my lord,
 As with the hazard of our wit or honour
 To court you with so desperate affection.

Hon. By our example know, some ladies may
 Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet
 Be safe in their own thoughts : and see !—[tears
 the lots.]—As far

As modesty and honour will allow us,
 We are still servants to your lordship.

Lord R. Say [you] so ?

Why, look you, ladies, that you may perceive, ^{Right}
 How I can be temperate too ; first, I thank you
 Heartily, and to recompense your wit,
 Present another lottery ; you shall not
 Suspect I have a thought that will betray
 Your innocence to scandal : let me entreat
 You take your chance too ; this for you, madam,
 And this is left your fortune : do me honour
 To wear these pair of jewels for my sake ;
 So, with a confidence of your happy pardon
 For what is past, hereafter I shall pay
 To your true virtues, better service than
 So unnecessary trials.

Ros. And to shew

We are not coy, my lord, we'll wear your jewels.

Lord R. And be their ornament.

Enter lady LUCINA, colonel WINFIELD, and BOSTOCK.

Win. All happiness to your lordship.—
Your revels⁵ are not full yet, noble ladies.

* *Lord R.* Your presence will soon make us
active. Madam,
I was bold—

Bos. She has your diamond, my lord.
Lord R. And can you pardon?
Bos. Nay, nay, we are friends;
Are we not, madam?

Luc. I were else unmerciful.
Bos. The colonel too has given me satisfaction.
Win. I think you had enough.
Bos. As much as I desir'd, and here's my hand,
While I can draw a sword command me.

Win. What?
Bos. To put it up again. All friends, all friends;
A pox on quarrelling!
Win. I kiss your hand, sir.
Bos. Kiss my hand! kiss my — noble ladies,
here.
Win. Why is [the] music silent all this while?
Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome?

THE MASQUE.

A golden BALL descends, then enter Venus and Cupid.

Ven. Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,
Here are ladies hearts enow

⁵ Your revels are not full yet, &c.] This is the best guess which I can make at the genuine text. The 4to. reads, *Your cruells are not full set.*—It would not be easy to name a play more full of ridiculous misprints than this.

*To be transfix'd ; this meeting is
To ruffle ladies, and to kiss.
These are my orgies : from each eye
A thousand wanton glances fly ;
Lords and ladies of the game,
Each breast be full of my own flame !
Why shoots not Cupid ? these are all
Met in honour of my Ball,
Which Paris gave on Ida hill ;
I'll maintain these revels still.—
Why stays Cupid all this while ?*

Enter Diana.

Dia. *Venus doth herself beguile.*
Ven. *Diana here ! go back again.*
Dia. *These are none of Venus' train.*
No spark of this lascivious fire
Dwells in their bosoms ; no desire
But what doth fill Diana's breast,
In their modest thoughts do[th] rest
Venus, this new festival
Shall be still Diana's Ball ;
A chaste meeting ever here ;
Seek thy votaries otherwhere.

Ven. *You're chaste indeed ! do not we know,*
You to your sweetheart nightly go ?
Endymion is not kiss'd !⁶ no, you
On his face but let fall dew !
Some may wonder what doth ail
Your lips, but kisses made them pale ;
Methinks the Moon should blush.

Dia. *I do*
Sometimes, but 'tis for such as you ;

⁶ Endymion is not kiss'd ;] The old copy reads, “ Envyng one is not kiss'd.” Endymion was never so metamorphosed before.

*Then hide myself within a mist,
For shame to see thee clipp'd and kist.*

Ven. *Draw, Cupid; shall thy mother be
Brand by a huntress? let me see,
I want one shaft.* [Offers to take Cupid's bow.

Cup. *Moder, not so,
You may quickly break my bow;
Here Diana doth command,
My bow is frozen to my hand;
Beside, the ladies' breasts are here.
Such proofs against my shafts, I fear
Each arrow would, to our disgrace,
Break, or rebound in my own face;
Moder, fly hence, or you will be,
If you stay, made chaste as she.*¹

Ven. *Can her magic charm them so?
Then 'tis time that Venus go,
To seek her own more choice delight:
Against my will, enjoy this night.*

[Exit.

Dia. *Cupid, if you mean to stay,
Throw your licentious shafts away,
Then you are Love, then be embrac'd,
Love is welcome while he's chaste.
Now, some other strain, to show
What pleasures to this night we owe.*

[A Dance. Exe. Dian. and Cupid.

Re-enter FRESHWATER, followed by BARKER, disguised like a Satyr, and dancing.

Fresh. My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?

I have not met such another in all my travels.

Luc. What have we here? a satyr!

Bos. No, 'tis a dancing-bear.

¹ Cupid is surprisingly improved in his language since he put off the dancing-master. Were it not for the word *moder*, he would scarcely be recognisable.

Lord R. What is the device ?

Bar. Wonder [not] a satyr can
Put off wildness and turn man.
Love such miracles can do ;
But this owes itself to you,

Bright lady.— [Dances up to Hon.

Hon. Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen.

Bar. You'll know me. [Pulls off his disguise.

Omnes. Barker !

Bar. No more the cynic ; I protest
You have converted me.

Hon. Your meaning, sir ?

Bar. I am the man you did encourage, madam,
To learn to dance ; I shall do better shortly,
Your love will perfect me, and make me soft
And smooth as any reveller.

Hon. Ha, ha, ha !

My love ! I am not mad to love a satyr,
For that's thy best condition.—Judgment all,
How scurvily this civility shews in him.—
Faith, rail, and keep your humour still ; it shews
excellent.—

Does he not become the beast ?—

[Do] the lords allow you pension ?⁸

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. You are a witch, I'll justify it ; and there
is not

One honest thought among the whole sex of you.
Do you laugh, loose-witted ladies ! there are not
In hell such furies : that's a comfort yet
To him that shall go thither ; he shall have
Less torment after death, than he finds here.

Lord R. Why, Barker ?

Bar. Your wit has got the squirt too ; I'll
traduce

⁸ [Do] the lords allow you pension ?] Here something had
dropt at the press. The trifling addition probably restores the
sense of it.

Your Ball for this, and if there be a post,
 That dares write mischief [up], look to be worse
 Than executed. [Exit.]

Lord R. He will come to himself again, when
 he hath purg'd.—
Freshwater. [Whispers him.]

Enter sir MARMADUKE TRAVERS, and sir AMBROSE LAMOUNT.†

Trav. Madam, your servants beg this favour
 from you.

Ros. What is't?

Trav. That since your resolutions will admit
 No change of hearts, you will not publish how
 We have been jeer'd.

Ros. Not jeer'd; but you came on so desperate.

Hon. We love our own, when we preserve
 Gentlemen's, honour.

Win. Then let's toss THE BALL.

Lord R. Signior Freshwater.

Fresh. Mercy, and silence, as you are honourable.

Lord R. Nay, it concerns these gentlemen.¹

Fresh. Why, if I must,—Gentlemen, you imagine I have been at Venice; but I stay'd at Gravesend all this summer, expecting a wind; and finding it so uncertain, will defer the voyage till the spring. I am not the first whom the winds and seas have cross'd.

Trav. Then you have cross'd no sea?

Fresh. If you please, I'll require but my principal; and for your good company, I'll stay at home for good and all, to be merry.

[†] *Enter sir M. Trav. &c.]* See p. 69.

¹ *Lord R. Nay, it concerns these gentlemen.]* The old copy reads, “ May it concerne, &c.” The Ball mentioned in the preceding line, was probably “tossed” to Honoria, who seems to be intended for the lady president of the Entertainment.

Lord R. Nay, nay, you shall go your voyage ; we would not have you lose the benefit of travel ; when you come home, you may summon your debtors by a drum, and shewing your bag of certificates—

Bos. Receive your money, when you can get it, and be knighted.

Fresh. I thank you, gentlemen !—I am in a way, now I have sold my land and put out my money, to live, I see !—My heart will not dance to night ; I may to Gravesend in the morning : I can be but pickled in salt-water, and I'll venture one drowning to be reveng'd.

[*Aside.*]

Lord R. Again, again ; set, set !

A Dance.

Luc. What think you of all this ?

Wm. To my wishes ; an innocent and generous recreation.

Lord R. Ladies and gentlemen, now a banquet waits you ; Be pleas'd to accept, 'twill give you breath, and then Renew our revels, and to the Ball again. [*Exeunt.*

THE

YOUNG ADMIRAL.

THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.] This Play was licensed July 3, 1633, by sir Henry Herbert, the master of the revels, who has recorded his opinion of it in the following terms.

"The comedy called *The Yonge Admirall*, being free from oaths, prophaness, or obseanees, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettring of maners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late.

"When Mr. Sherley hath read this approbation, I know it will encourage him to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry, and when other poetts heare and see his good success, I am confident they will imitate the original for their own credit, and make such copies in this harmless way, as shall speak them masters in their art, at the first sight, to all judicious spectators. It may be acted this 3 July 1633.

"I have entered this allowance, for direction to my successor, and for example to all poetts, that shall write after the date hereof." *Malone's Hist. of Eng. Stage*, p. 229.

It was first printed in 1637: the title of the old edition is, " *The Young Admirall, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury Lane. Written by James Shirly.*"

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD BERKLEY.¹
OF BERKLEY CASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE many testimonies of your excellent nature, with so much furniture, and ornament of learning, have, in the hearts of the knowing world, erected monuments to your living fame, and long since prepared my particular ambition to be known to you, that I, among other, whose more happy wits have gained by being only read under so noble a patron, might, by some timely application, derive upon me your lordship's influence. Be pleased, my most honourable lord, to accept this Poem, till something of more high endeavour may present my service, yet let me not bar it the truth of this character; it hath been grateful to the stage, and graciously entertained at court by their Majesties.² Now, if your lordship smile upon it in this address, and bid it welcome, it shall dwell with honour and security under your name, and the author glory to profess himself,

My Lord,

Your most humble honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY

* George, the twelfth lord Berkley, succeeded his grandfather, Henry, and was made a knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles prince of Wales, in 1616. He died in 1658, and was interred in Cranford church, Middlesex. His character is thus drawn in the inscription placed upon his monument: "This deceased lord, besides the nobility of his birth, and the experience he acquired by foreign travels, was very eminent for the great candour and ingenuity of his disposition, his singular bounty and affability towards his inferiors, and his readiness (had it been in his power) to have obliged all mankind."

² The following memorandum occurs in the office book of sir Henry Herbert: "On tuesday the 19th of November, being the king's birth-day, *The Yong Admirall* was acted at St. James by the queen's players, and likt by the K. and Queen."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The king of Naples.

The king of Sicily.

Cesario, the prince of Naples.

Vittori, THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.

Alphonso, his father.

Julio,

Alberto, } *noblemen of Naples.*

Fabio,

Mauritio, a Neapolitan captain.

Horatio,

{ } *noblemen of Sicily.*

Trivulsi,

Fabrichio, a Sicilian captain.

Didimo, a page to Rosinda.

Pazzarello, a servant to Rosinda.

Captain.

Messenger.

Sergeant.

Soldiers.

Rosinda, the daughter of Sicily.

Cassandra, Vittori's mistress.

Flavia, a lady, attendant on Rosinda.

SCENE, Naples, and the Sicilian camp before it.

THE
YOUNG ADMIRAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Naples.—*A part of the Palace.*

Enter CESARIO, and ALBERTO.

Alb. My lord, you're sad.

Ces. I am thinking, Alberto,
Of many things ; have I not cause ?

Alb. You may
Think on 'em with less trouble.

Ces. But of all,
What dost imagine most afflicts me ? I'll
Prevent thy answer : I am not troubled
With the present threatenings of the enemy,
With all his preparations to invade us.

Alb. You have more confidence in Vittori, sent
To meet the insulting king ; he has been fortunate
In many wars.

Ces. The wars consume Vittori !
He has been too fortunate.

Alb. Your wishes are
Against the common peace ; if he prove not
A happy admiral, we are lost.

Ces. Be thou,
And all thy name, lost, and may no age

Find it again ! how dare you interrupt us ?
 When we do want your counsel, we'll call for you.
Alb. I am gone, sir. [Exit.]

Enter JULIO.

Ces. My Julio, welcome.
 What speaks Cassandra yet ?
Jul. Nothing to encourage you ; the same obstinate thing :
 Vittori has her heart. She much condemns
 The roughness which you mix'd with your last courtship ;
 She says your father may command her life,
 But you must be a stranger to her bosom.
Ces. I was too rude
 At my last visit.
Jul. Rather, sir, too tame.
Ces. Have I for this drawn war upon my country,
 Neglected Sicily's daughter, left a stain
 Upon his court, and paid his entertainment
 With wounding one he lov'd ?
Jul. His favourite ! Calderon vs Alberto
 You had been less, sir, than yourself, to have suffered
 His insolence ; nor was't an act becoming
 His master, to send hither to negotiate
 A marriage for his daughter ; and, when you
 So far engaged your self upon a visit,
 To permit any of his gaudy upstarts
 Affront your person.
Ces. I acquit the king :
 'Twas no state quarrel ; high with wine, he did *
 Throw some disgrace on our Italian ladies,
 Whilst he would magnify some beauties there ;
 This he did second with a pride and rudeness

* ————— *he did*] i. e. Horatio.

My patience was not tame enough to suffer ;
And careless of all danger, I did punish him.

Jul. Twas home, and handsome.

Ces. I must owe to fortune—

Jul. For your return ; she did but do her duty,
To make it swift and happy.

Ces. I confess

The princess used me nobly, though my fancy
Was not surpris'd ; for here I kept the image
Of fair Cassandra, whose diviner beauty
Doth scorn all competition.

Jul. Did you love

Cassandra, [sir,] before you went to Sicily ?

Ces. Yes, but with too much silence, and that love
Did make me apprehend more fiercely the
Occasion to break off all foreign treaty.

Horatio's fall, and my quitting the country,
Upon't, the king interprets a disgrace
To his daughter and himself ; and, in revenge,
Hath added this new tempest to the sea,
Meant to our ruin, Julio.

Jul. All their fury

May soon be interrupted, if Vittori
Manage his business well.

Ces. That's all my trouble.

Jul. What ?

Ces. Vittori ; there's the devil on't, he may
Be fortunate, and overcome.

Jul. Can there

Be ill in that ?

Ces. Ill ? thou art shallow : I
Made him not admiral, but to engage
His youth and spirit, apt to fly on dangers,
To perish in his hot pursuit of honour.
If he come home with victory, my father
And his wise state must give him thanks ; the
people

Giddily run to meet the conqueror,

And owe their lives and safety to his triumph.
 But where am I? what peace brings it to me?
 What blessing is't to hear the general voice
 Shoot their wild joys to heaven, and I in torment,
 Certain to lose my hopes in fair Cassandra?

Jul. There may be ways at home to remove him
 And plant you in your wishes. *V. U. u. u.*

Ces. It would be
 Most happiness to hear his death.

Jul. That may
 Ruin a kingdom.

Ces. Ruin twenty more,
 So I enjoy her first! nothing can be
 Too precious to forfeit. I am mad;
 And my desires by opposition grow
 More violent.

Jul. I thought your masculine soul
 Less capable of vexation. Shall a subject,
 Whom with your breath you may blow out o' the
 world,

Raise such a storm within you?

Ces. No! he shall not,
 I have found myself again; come, I'll be merry,
 But I will have Cassandra, spite of fate.

Jul. Resolve, and have her.
Ces. Stay; it were convenient
 We did [first] know how to do this, Julio.
Jul. You are in the right, sir; it were first, indeed,
 Convenient to know how.

Ces. Thou know'st his father.

Jul. Signior Alphonso.

Ces. A bold and daring gentleman, all flame
 When he is mov'd, and careless of a danger,
 To vindicate his honour.

Jul. What of this?

Ces. He shall bear the foundation of a plot,
 To make me lord of my desires.

Jul. He'll rather

Meet tortures than consent ; his arm is not
Yet wither'd, and while he can lift a sword,
He will employ it to revenge Vittori.

Ces. Thou art no politician, Julio.—

Enter FABIO. 3 hours from 1st.

How now ! what news with you ?

Fabio. An't please your grace,
An humble creature of your's, proud of the least
Occasion to express how faithfully
My heart is fix'd to serve you.

Ces. What's your business ?

Fabio. I have business of some consequence,
I had not been so bold else to disturb
Your princely conference, for I durst never
Assume that impudent garb, that other courtiers
Are known by ; my devotion has been still
To appear in modest services.

Ces. To the point.

Fabio. It were a point of deep neglect, to keep
Your grace in expectation, yet delays
Make joys the sweeter ; arrows that fly compass,
Arrive with as much happiness to the mark,
As those are shot point-blank.

Ces. This courtier loves
To hear himself talk.—Be not so impertinent,
We know your care.

Fabio. And cost, my lord, sometimes ;
For they that hold intelligence abroad
To benefit their country, must not make
Idols of their estates ; and 'tis a happiness
To sell their fortunes for their prince's smile,
Which, I am confident, you will vouchsafe,
When you have heard my news.

Ces. Would you would vouchsafe
To let us hear !

Fabio. Vouchsafe, my lord ! alas,
You may command my tongue, my hands, my feet,

My head ; I should account that limb superfluous,
That would not be cut off to do you service.

Ces. I do command thee silence ; dost hear ?
silence.

Fabio. It is a virtue, my good lord, I know,
But where the tongue has something to deliver,
That may delight a prince's ear, and so forth.

Jul. Now there's some hope, he's come to his
and so forth.

Fabio. The news concerns the admiral Vittori.

Ces. What of him ? is he slain ?

Fabio. The stars forbid ! he is return'd, my lord,
Triumphant, brave, and glorious—

Ces. Be dumb !

Another syllable, I'll have thy tongue out,
And leave no root, lest there grow out another.
Was all your circumstance for this ?

Jul. My lord,

You are too open-breasted—let this fellow
See into your heart ! wise men disguise their
counsels
Till things are ripe.

Ces. Begone ! pox o' your legs,
An the curse have not been before ; yet stay,
Give order that no man go forth to meet him :
Until our pleasure['s] further known, command
The governor o' the city place a guard
About the gates ; let no man's face appear
Without the walls ; the king, our father, means
To salute him first in person ; do you stand ?

Fabio. Give order that no man go forth to meet
him !

I shall, my lord.

Ces. He shall be entertain'd :
I feel new armies in my breast. His father !—

Enter ALPHONSO.

Thine ear, Julio. [Whispers him.

Jul. I shall attend you straight.—

My honourable lord.

Alph. Your servant, Julio,
Where is the prince?—I beg your grace's pardon.

[Exit *Jul.*

Ces. Oh, my good lord, your son, I hear, is re-
turn'd

With honour, has defeated the Sicilian

Bravely.

Alph. He has, and please your highness; heaven
has smil'd

Upon his undertaking; it renews

My youth to hear it.

Ces. He had good soldiers;
But all their valour still conspires to make
The general a garland; he must wear
The conquering bays, whose blood soever pays for't.

Alph. My lord!—

Ces. Nay, nay, I envy not his victory.

Alph. You envy him! it was your cause he
fought,

And for his country.

Ces. Right; and 'tis the cause
That often prospers; that, without his valour,
Would have defenced itself.

Alph. If all virtue
Were left to her own protection, my lord,
Unarm'd with strength and policy, best states
Would find shrewd innovations.

Ces. You had best
Tell me I lie.

Alph. I dare not think so foully.

Ces. You're a traitor.—

Re-enter JULIO with a Guard.

Lay hands on him.

Alph. He that shall dare to say Alphonso is
A traitor, let his veins partake no blood
Of yours, and he shall curse he had a tongue.

Ces. Disarm the rebel, and to prison with him.

Alph. Ingrateful prince! [Exit guarded.

Ces. I'll tame your ruffian spirit.—
So, so; I'll now acquaint my father, Julio,
Who must allow my act. Diseases that
Are desperate require a rugged handling.—
This is for thee, Cassandra. [Exeunt Ces. and Jul.

S C E N E II.

Before the gates of Naples.

*Enter VITTORI, MAURITIO, Captain, and Soldiers,
with ensigns displayed.*

Vit. Stand!

1 Sol. Stand!

2 Sol. Stand!

3 Sol. Stand!

Vit. The king received intelligence?

Maur. Our ships

Must need report that loud enough.

Vit. 'Tis strange:

Is it not possible we have mistook

The shore, transported with our naval victory?

Speak, gentlemen, or do we dream?

Maur. These walls

Are certainly the same, and that the city,

Peopled, when we launch'd forth, and full of prayers
For our success.

Cap. It may be they reserve
Their welcome till we march into the city.

Maur. They may have some conceit.

Vit. A general silence
Like night dwells round about us, and no sign
That men inhabit ; have we won at sea
To lose ourselves upon the land ? or in
Our absence hath some monster landed here,
And made it desolate, devour'd the natives,
And made 'em creep into the earth again ?

Maur. They might salute us with one piece of
ordnance.

Vit. They cannot take us for their enemies.
Captain, enquire the cause ; let none else move.
Yet stay ; unless it be some strange mortality,—
And yet that cannot be ;—have we brought home
Their safety, purchas'd through so many horrors,
And is this all the payment for our conquest,
To shut the gates upon us !

Cap. Force them open
With the cannon, shake their walls about their ears,
They are asleep.

Vit. For such another rashness
Thy head shall be the bullet of that cannon,
And shot into the town : go to ! be temperate.
As I grudge none the merit of their valour,
I must hear none so bold.

Cap. I have done, sir.

Vit. Subjects are bound to fight for princes, they
Not bound to the reward of every service.
I look upon thee now fighting at sea,
And have forgot this error ; give no breath
To such a thought hereafter. Honour pays double
Where kings neglect, and he is valiant truly
That dares forget to be rewarded.

1 Sol. This
Is but cold comfort for a knapsack-man.

Vit. And yet 'tis strange the king should thus neglect us ;

This is cheap entertainment for a conqueror,

Is't not, Mauritio ? misery of soldiers !

When they have sweat blood for their country's honour,

They stand at other's mercy.

Maur. They have slept since,

And dreamt not of our sufferings.

Vit. Is the prince

Alive, to whom we owe our country's quarrel,

The difference of both kingdoms ?

Our war and fortunes justify his act :

Can he be guilty of this shame ? no more,

There's something would fain mutiny within me ;

Vit. Strangle the snakes betime, Vittori [*Aside.*]—So !

This was a way to forfeit all our fames ;

Fold up your ensigns, throw off all the pride

That may express a triumph, we'll march on

As we had overbought our victory.

Maur. The gates are open'd now, and we discover

A woman, by her veil, in mourning habit,

Coming this way.

Vit. Alone ! more strange and fatal ;

It may be 'tis my Genius come to give

A melancholy warning of my death,

As Brutus had from his ; I'll stand my destiny :

Yet bearing the resemblance of a woman,

It will less terrify ; who should this be ?—

Enter CASSANDRA veiled, in mourning.

Lady, your garment speaks you a sad woman ;

Griefs should salute no nearer, if it were

In poor Vittori's power to dispossess you

Of any sorrow.

Cas. Oh, my dear Vittori !
My wishes aim at none beside. [Lifts her veil.

Vit. Cassandra !
We are rewarded ; had Vittori taken
Into his body a thousand wounds, this kiss
Had made me well again, or but one drop
Of this rich balsam, for I know thy tears
Are joy to see Vittori safe : the king,
With all the glories of his province, cannot
Do half this honour to his admiral.

I have a place above all happiness,
And meet a greater empire in thy love,
Than fame or victory hath ever boasted ;
My own, [my] best Cassandra !

Cas. Call again
That temper, which hath made Vittori honour'd,
And if my tears, which carry something more
Than joy, to welcome home my best-loved lord,
Affect you with no sadness, which I wish not,
Yet look upon this mourning, not put on
To counterfeit a grief, and that will tell you
There is necessity for you to know
Somewhat, to check the current of your triumph.

Maur. What prodigies are these ?
Vit. I was too careless
Of this sad habit ; joy to see thy face
Made me distinguish nothing else ; proceed,
And punish my too prodigal embraces :
It is not fit I be in one thought blest,
And thou in such a livery.

Cas. When you say
You have strength enough to entertain the know-
ledge
Of such an injury.—

Vit. If it only point
At me, speak it at once, I am collected,
Shalt see I will be conqueror at home ;
If it concern thyself, let it not flow

Too fast, but rather let my ear receive it
 By such degrees as may not kill too soon,
 But leave me some life only to revenge it.

Cas. The prince, whose cause engaged your war
 abroad,

Hath ill rewarded you at home.

Vit. He cannot.

Cas. Sir, in your absence I have suffer'd for you,
 Hourly solicited to my dishonour.

Vit. Ha!

Cas. For though he call'd it love, I might sus-
 pect it;

His personal visits, messengers, rich presents,
 Left me not quiet to enjoy myself.
 I told him I had given my faith already,
 Contracted your's; impatient of my answers,
 He urg'd his greatness, swore he would enjoy me,
 Or be no prince in Naples; I am yet
 Preserv'd, and welcome home my dearest safety.

Vit. The prince do this?

Cas. This is but half the story:

By his command none dare salute your victory,
 Or pour their glad hearts forth at your return;
 To these he hath newly added the dishonour of
 Your father, whom he hath commanded close
 Prisoner i' the castle, upon some pretence
 Of treason. In my eyes you may behold
 How people shed their sorrow; as the guard
 Led him to prison, none so bold to ask
 The cause that made him suffer in his misery.

Vit. Will the king suffer this?

Cas. Alas, his age

Hath made him tame; a too indulgent father
 To such a son, whose will is all the law,
 Controlling what he pleases in this fall
 Of justice; which way will Vittori take?

Vit. Mauritio, didst hear this? We must ask
 Forgiveness that we have been valiant,

Repent our duties, and that victory
 We bought so dear ; we should have died at sea,
 And then, perhaps, been talk'd on in the crowd
 Of honest men, for giving up our lives,
 Which, for our service, they may now take from us.
 We are not yet i' the snare, and we have power
 To stifle their designs, and prevent our
 Dishonourable fall.

Maur. The soldiers' hearts
 Are your's.

Vit. No, Mauritio, let 'em be the king's ;
 If such as they forget their office, we
 Must keep our thoughts unstain'd ; I'll to the king,
 But without any train.

Maur. In this you do not
 Consult your safety.

Vit. Safety is a lecture
 To be read to children, I do always carry
 My own security within, Mauritio.
 Yet do not think I am desperate ; I'll take
 No knowledge of the prince's action,
 But give account of my engagement, that's
 Not much amiss ; the king, I know, is gracious,
 And the prince too, however passion play
 This rebel in our soul.

Maur. You shall not need, sir ;
 The king is coming hither.

Vit. And the prince ;
 Let's all look smooth, the king is come himself
 To gratulate our success.—

Enter king of Naples, CESARIO, JULIO, FABIO, and ALBERTO.

You too much honour
 The poor Vittori, who at your feet lays
 His heart and victory, and that which gave
 Him power to do you service.

K. of N. We receive it,
And here discharge your soldiers, who shall taste
Of our particular bounty.

Soldiers. Heaven preserve the king ! [Exeunt.

Ces. Sirrah, did not I give strict charge
That none should pass the gates ? how came she
hither ?

Fabio. No man, an't like your grace ; I did re-
member,
And durst not prevaricate in one syllable
Of my commission ; she is a lady, sir.

Ces. You would be an officious hangman, I per-
ceive ;
I'll find you understanding.

Vit. Let me prostrate
My duty to your highness, and be honour'd
To kiss your hand.

Ces. Vittori, I'll not flatter,
I have no grace for him, whose father durst
Attempt an insolence upon my person,
Which the son may be guilty of in his blood.

Vit. My father insolent, and I guilty, sir,
Because I share his blood ! oh that I knew
In what part of my veins to find those drops,
That I might sacrifice [them] to your anger,
And expiate my father's sin !

Ces. I came not to expostulate.

Vit. Is this all my reward ?

Ces. Your valour has
Been paid in the success ; what you have done
Was duty, if you have not mix'd our cause
With private and particular revenge.

Vit. You speak not this to me, sir ?

Ces. Yes, to you ;
We do not fear the bugbears in your forehead ;
You will hear more. [Exeunt Ces. and Jul.

Vit. Sir, you have mercy in you.

K. of N. You have displeas'd our son, Vittori.

Vit. I? witness the angels—

K. of N. I must tell you, too,
Your father has transgress'd beyond example.

Vit. Good heaven forgive him! Is this all,
All my reward?

K. of N. What would you ask?

Vit. Ask?—why, I ask my father.

K. of N. Your father?

[*Exeunt K. of N., Alb. and Fabio.*

Vit. Goodness, leave me not the wonder
Of all mankind.—Gentlemen—all gone!

Cas. Alas, Vittori!

Vit. I, that commanded thousands
This morning, am not owner of one servant.—
Dost thou stay with me?

Cas. My prophetic soul
Knew this before.

Re-enter king of Naples, ALBERTO, and FABIO.

Vit. The king returns, Cassandra.

K. of N. We have thought upon't, Vittori, and
without
The counsel of our son, will condescend
To your father's liberty; he is your's upon
Condition, you and he, and this your mistress,
Go into present banishment.

Vit. How! banishment?

K. of N. I run my son's distaste;¹
There is no time for study, he affects
That lady; if you stay, something may follow,
To the general repentance; troth I pity thee;
Here, take our signet, time and absence may
Correct all. [*Exeunt K. of N. Alb. and Fabio.*

Cas. Oh, embrace it, dear Vittori,

¹ *K. of N. I run my son's distaste,*] i. e. I hazard the displeasing of my son.

We shall meet safely every where but here ;
 Enlarge your father, and we cannot miss
 A happier fate.

Vit. Can my Cassandra think so ?
 That word shall make me live a little longer ;
 But these are strange turns, madam ; Naples hath
 No dwellings for us, when we are quit of these,
 We'll with our grief make tame some wilderness.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Naples.—*A Part of the Palace.*

Enter king of Naples, CESARIO, ALBERTO, and FABIO.

K. of N. What's to be done ?

Ces. Done ! you have undone all ;
 Betray'd the crown you wear ; I see it tremble
 Upon your head : give such a license to
 A rebel ! trust him abroad to gather
 Strength, to the kingdom's ruin !

K. of N. What can such
 A naked man attempt, to make us fear ?
Ces. He carries with him a whole army, sir,
 The people's love, who want no giddiness
 Had they but opportunity, and such
 A master rebel as Vittori, to
 Make spoil of all.—Who counsell'd him to this ?

Alb. Not I, and please your grace ; I wish it
 heartily

Undone.

Ces. You wish it, sir ? are wishes now
 The remedy for such a mischief ? you,

When the state bleeds, will wish it well again ;
 You are fine court surgeons !—Had you stay'd his
 father,

It might have check'd his treason ; or Cassandra—
Alb. That is his torment. [Aside.]

Ces. We had been secure.
 Exasperated now with his affront,
 As never traitor wanted impudence
 To blanch o'er his rebellion, he may inflame
 The neighbour princes, to conspire some war
 For his revenge.

Fabio. His grace says right ; there may
 Be a consequence of much danger ; and Vittori
 Has fame abroad.

K. of N. I did it for the best ;
 By his absence thinking to remove his anger.
 I could have been content, to have honour'd him,
 For, to say truth, his services did challenge
 More friendly payment.

Fabio. To say truth, he was
 A noble, valiant, gentleman, and deserv'd—

Ces. What deserv'd he ?

Fabio. A halter, an't shall please
 Your highness ; I did wonder at your patience,
 He was not put to death.

Ces. I must acknowledge,
 Vittori has deserv'd, for many services,
 The love and honour of his country ; fought
 Her battles, and brought conquest home, made
 tame

The seas that threaten'd us, secur'd the land ;
 And Rome allow'd some consuls, for less victories,
 Triumphs, and statues.

Fabio. Most excellent prince !
 How just he is !

Ces. But, when opinion
 Of their own merit swells them into pride,
 Which sets a price on that, which modesty

Should count an act of their obedience,
 They forfeit the reward of thanks and honour,
 And betray poor and most vain-glorious souls.
 Scipio, and Antony, and other Romans,
 Deserv'd well of the Senate, and were honoured ;
 But when they ran to faction, and pursued
 Ambitious ends to undo their country's peace,
 They were no longer patriots, but declared
 Rome's poison, and like gangrenes on the state,
 To be cut off, lest they corrupt the body.

Fabio. Was ever prince so wise !

K. of N. But, son, son, how
 Can these stains reach Vittori ? he hath given
 No argument to suspect his fall from loyalty.

Ces. I do not, sir, accuse him, nor did I,
 More than became the spirit of a prince,
 Shew I was sensible of his father's impudence.
 If you remember, when I urg'd what trespass
 His father had committed, he urg'd aloud,
Was this all his reward ? as if his service
 Were obligation to make us suffer,
 And justify their affronts ; but I waste breath :
 Since you are so well pleas'd, my duty, sir,
 Shall speak me still your son ; but let me take
 Boldness to prophesy ; their insolence
 Struck at my person first, but you will find
 Their pride reach higher : I am but a branch
 Superfluous, and may be pruned away.
 You have, you say, no argument to suspect
 His fall from loyalty ; if what's done to me
 Be dead within you, yet remember now
 You have disengaged, by exile, his relation
 And tie of subject, he owes no faith to you ;
 What that, and his disgrace and opportunity
 Abroad may frame him to, I leave to imagine.

[*Going.*

K. of N. Nay, prithee [,son,] come back, thou
 hast awak'd me ;

I find my rashness ; I did never think
 There had been so much danger ; we will study
 Timely prevention, let them be call'd back.

Fly after them, and in our name command—

Ces. You shall not need.

K. of N. How, shall not need ?

Ces. Your pardon.

In hope your wisdom would allow it after,
 I have made that my act ; Julio is gone,
 With strict commission for that purpose. —

K. of N. Julio ?

I thank thy care.

Fabio. 'Twas most divinely thought on, most
 maturely.

[*K. of N.*] Now all your jealousies are laid.

Ces. I shall

Compose myself, at his return, to wear
 What countenance you will direct.

K. of N. Cassandra

You've sent for too ?

Ces. By any means ; she is
 So precious to Vittori, had she sinn'd
 Alone to merit banishment, he would follow her
 Through all the world.

K. of N. Women are strangely attractive ;
 Fame speaks her virtuous too.

Ces. Some virtue she has—

Enter JULIO, with ALPHONSO guarded.

Julio has prospered.—Thou hast done good service.
 Alphonso, though your late affront to us
 Be foul in its own nature, and may encourage
 Others, by your impunity, yet we have,
 With the remembrance of your former actions,
 Lost your offence ; Vittori too shall find
 The honour he deserves.

Alph. How's this !

Ces. Where is he ?

He does not scorn our mercy ?—Julio,
Where is Cassandra ?

Jul. Shipp'd with Vittori, thank Alphonso for't,
Whom you have pardon'd ; they are both at sea.

Ces. Whirlwinds pursue 'em !

K. of N. Where's your son, Alphonso ?

Alph. Embark'd with his fair mistress.—I
observe,

My lord, which way your anger moves ; in vain
You vex your soul for them, the sea's no part
Of your command ; the winds are masters there,
Which cannot raise a storm so black and ominous,
As their own country.

Ces. By what means escaped they ?

Alph. Take it from me, and after cut my head
off.

I charg'd him, as his heart wish'd to enjoy
A father's blessing, as he lov'd the honour
Of his Cassandra, fearing some new plot,
To hire a bark, and quickly put to sea,
Whilst I made some stay to dispose affairs,
That might befriend us in another country ;
He did obey, and had my prayers : the winds
Convey'd him swiftly from the shore, and had
Your creature, Julio, not made such haste,
I had dispatch'd, and in another vessel
Follow'd his ship ; but heaven determin'd I
Should be again your prisoner ; use your power,
But look to give account for every hair
Of this old head, now wither'd in your service.

Ces. To the castle with him !

Alph. Ay !—there's the king,
Let me use one word, royal sir, to you.

Ces. You'll hear him ?

Alph. Fear not, prince, my soul's not fallen
So low to beg compassion.

K. of N. Speak, Alphonso.

Alph. My duty still preserv'd, I would advise
Your age to quit the trouble of your kingdom,
And ask the prince's leave to turn a Capuchin ;
Why should you stoop with burthen o' such a state,
And have a son so active ? turn friar, my lord,
And make the young man king.

Ces. I must endure.

K. of N. Away with him !

Fabio. I'll see him safe, my lord.

[Exit with *Alphonso* and Guards.

Enter a Messenger.

Ces. What hasty news with you ?

Mess. To arms, great sir, for your defence ;
there are

New dangers from the sea.

K. of N. Another fleet ?

Mess. And sailing this way ; we suspect they are
Sicilians.

K. of N. Vittori gave a blow to their design.

Ces. Do you but suspect it, villain ?

Jul. It may be

Some scatter'd ships.

Ces. Has not Vittori mock'd us,
And play'd the villain with your trust ?

K. of N. They could not
Be reinforced so soon : what number ?

Mess. They cover, sir, the seas.

Ces. Gather up forces to
Prevent the landing.

Mess. 'Tis impossible ;
They touch our shore by this time.

K. of N. Then make safe
The city.

Valb. It may be another fleet, meant to relieve
The first, and came not forth so soon.

K. of N. Now we want Vittori.

[Exit.

Ces. All the diseases Naples ever groan'd with,
O'ertake Vittori ! but Alphonso shall
Pay dearly for this mischief.

Jul. Be not, sir,
Dejected ; 'tis more easy to defend
At home, than thrive in foreign war ; these men
Will find as proud resistance.

Ces. Canst thou think
I do look pale for this ? no, Julio,
Although the sudden news might move me some-
what,
I have a heart above all fear, and can
Know no distraction but Cassandra's absence ;
That makes me look so wild, and tears my brain
With the imagination.

Jul. But the state
We are in requires you should be active, sir.
Ces. Ah, Julio, the armies which I fear,
Are not abroad, they have made entrenchment
here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Without the Walls of Naples.

*A shout within ; then enter the king of Sicily,
HORATIO, TRIVULSI, and FABRICHIO.*

Hor. Though Naples do not bid you welcome,
sir,
Ashore, the joys and duties of your subjects
Cannot be silent.

K. of S. We do thank you all.
The seas were kind, and the winds kiss'd our sails.
All things conspir'd to our revenge.

Tri. Your justice ;
Our very enemies acknowledge it,

And conscious of their injury, are afraid
To look upon us.

K. of S. Marshal of the field,
Give present order for entrenchments, we
Will quarter here ; you shall make good that part
With your horse troops, and plant cannons on that
hill,

To play upon the town. Naples shall find
We did not venture all upon one stake ;
That petty loss at sea which made them triumph,
And perhaps careless of more opposition,
Shall dearly be accounted for, beside
Dishonouring our daughter, and our court,
By such a rude departure.

Hor. As they had
Scorn'd your alliance.

K. of S. Thy particular
Sufferings, Horatio, and wounds, are put
Into the scale.

Hor. They are not worthy, sir.
Had his sword reach'd my heart, my death had
been

No sin compar'd to that affront he threw
Upon yourself and daughter ; I was bound
To engage that blood was given me to serve you,
And I do love those drops that in a cause
So just made haste to shew their duty to you,
Better than those that dwell within my heart.

K. of S. We are confident of thy loyalty.

Tri. The princess.

Enter ROSINDA and FLAVIA.

K. of S. Alas, Rosinda, thou wert not bred to
these
Tumults and noise of war ! has not the sea
Impair'd thy health ? I was too rash to allow

Thy travail, and expose thy tenderness
To this rude voyage.

Ros. It appears to me
A pleasant change of air ; I have heard men talk
Of many horrors that attend the seas,
Of tempests, and of dangers : I have seen
Nothing to fright me ; if the waves put on
No other shape, I could exchange, methinks,
My dwelling on the land

Hen. We owe this happiness
To you, fair princess, for whose safer passage
The breath of heaven did gently swell our sails,
The waves were proud to bear so rich a lading,
And danced to th' music of the winds.

Ros. You shew
Your complement, my lord Call you this Naples ?

K. of S. The kingdom of our enemy, which shall
Groan for the inhabitants. Are all our forces
Landed ?

Tri. Safe to your wishes, and expect
What they shall be commanded.

K. of S. We must first
Secure the ground we have ; being defenced
With works, we may prevent their sallies, and
Assault to our best advantage.—Still preserve
Thy courage, my Rosinda ; 'tis for thee
We have adventur'd hither.

Ros. And you have
Been kind to the petition of your daughter,
Who can in duty wait upon your fortune.
At home, I should have withered in your absence ;
I shall grow valiant here.

K. of S. My dearest child,
Whose very eyes do kindle flames of courage
In every soldier, be still safe, and promise
Thyself a brave revenge.

[*Exeunt all but Ros. and Flav.*

Flav. What will become of us, madam?

Ros. We must take our fortunes ; I am sorry for thee.

Flav. You have some reason for yourself ;
If any danger follow, I know where
To place the cause ; but I dare suffer with
Your grace.

Enter PAZZORELLO and DIDIMO.

Pazzorello, madam, and the page.

Ros. He's come in good time to relieve our thoughts.

Paz. Madam.

Did. Come, pluck up a good heart.

Paz. 'Tis coming out as fast as it can ; sweet Didimo, hold my head.

Did. Come, 'tis but a little sea-sickness.

Paz. Sea-sick[ness], quotha !—a vengeance of all drunken voyages, I can do nothing but—

Ros. How now, Pazzorello ?

'*Paz.* Oh, madam, never did man cast up so much, and had so little skill in arithmetic ; nothing grieves me, but [that] I have not drunk for't. I have a perpetual motion in my belly, the four winds are together by the ears in my small guts ; would I had never known the sea ! little did I think—oh—

Flav. Thou art a freshwater soldier.

Paz. Freshwater ? I know not ; [I'll] be judge[d] by the whole ship, if I was not in a sweet pickle.

Ros. The worst is past ; this is but physic.

Paz. If I had thought the sea would have given me so many vomits, I would have seen it burn'd, ere I would have ventured so far ; I have purged both ways ; an the enemy had met us before we landed, I should have scour'd some on 'em.

Did. How do you now ?

Paz. The fit is not so violent altogether ; a ship-

board I ran a tilt; howsoever, I beseech your grace, that I may go home again.

Ros. There is no way by land.

Did. And a little more jogging at sea.—

Paz. The very word sea boils in my stomach, and will make my mouth run over presently—ho, it comes, it comes. [*Exit hastily.*]

Did. Madam, I have a great desire to attend him, I have cast a plot, to make your highness merry.

Ros. You'll play

The wag with him; we'll trust you to pursue it.

Did. I humbly thank your grace. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Flavia, does not

The day look black o' the sudden?

Flav. It has not

The same complexion; I hear a noise too.

[*Storm, with thunder and lightning.*]

Ros. From the sea, it grows loud.

Flav. 'Tis well we are ashore; oh me! I tremble To think what would become on's, an we had Not been afore this tempest; I thank providence. I was upon the sea once in a storm, But they use to clap the women under hatches; I never pray'd so in my life—the king!

Re-enter king of Sicily, HORATIO, TRIVULSI, and FABRICHIO.

K. of S. I know not what to think; no sooner landed,
But such a storm pursue us! does not this
Affright Rosinda into paleness? dost
Not feel an ague?

Ros. I have rather cause,
Sir, to rejoice, it overtook us not
Upon the sea, the fury of it there
Might have been fatal.

Hor. Be not troubled, sir,
My soul doth from this omen prophesy

The victory you wish upon this kingdom ;
 Nor is it superstition to believe
 That heaven doth point us out the scourge to
 Naples,
 By seconding our coming with a tempest.
 The waves were proud to entertain our navy,
 The fish in amorous courtship danced about
 Our ship. and no rude gale from any coast
 Was sent to hang upon our linen wings,
 To interrupt our wishes : not a star
 Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud,
 Till we arriv'd, and then observe how heaven
 Threatens the fall of this proud enemy
 By this prodigious tempest, which but gives
 Them warning of a greater !

K. of S. We are confident
 Thou hast happily expounded [it] ; what lightning
 Darts from those angry exhalations !

Hor. It speaks the flame of our revenge.
K. of S. What thunder !

Hor. The loudness of our cannon ; let their fears
 Apply it, and run mad with apprehension.

Tri. Our ships must needs fall foul of one
 another,
 Riding i' the haven.

Hor. Let 'em crack their ribs,
 We have the more necessity to tug for't.

K. of S. Yet would thou wert at home !

Ros. Fear not for me, sir,
 Your absence would present my imagination^{*}
 With more affliction ; I suffer less
 In knowledge, and shall rise by brave examples,
 Valiant above my sex ; these horrors fright
 Not me.

* This is the second allusion which Rosinda has made to Horace, in this scene ;

Comes minore sum futurus in metu,
 Qui major absentes habet. ERODE 1.

K. of S. This fire will quicken the whole army—

Enter Soldiers, pursued by VITTORI with his sword drawn, bearing CASSANDRA, insensible.

What mutiny is here ?

Vit. Base villains, to take part
With all the malice of the world against me !

K. of S. What are you ?

Vit. I am a gentleman, and dare,
Rather than suffer a rude hand divorce
This burden from my arms, defy you all.
Alas ! she will be gone.—Oh my Cassandra,
Thy soul shall not forsake thee thus, I'll take it
In with a kiss.

Tri. Some whom the wreck has cast
Upon the shore.

Ros. Pity the gentlewoman.

Vit. Come not too near ; the man that first
attempts

This lady, had better rip his mother's womb.

K. of S. Whence are you ?

Vit. You are strangers, I perceive ;
Then, I presume to tell you, I have more justice
To tread upon this earth, than you, or any
The proudest ; it once gave us birth, and fate,
Ungentle fate, hath sent us back to die here ;
But I will not outlive my dear Cassandra.

K. of S. Do you delight in wounds ? resign that
lady.

Vit. Not while my hand can manage this ; the
blood

You take, will make us walk on even pace
To death, and when my soul can stay no longer,
I'll leave a curse to blast you ; but if you
Bear hearts of flesh about you, and will promise
A pity to this poor departing spirit,
I will not use a sword, but give my life

To be commanded from me at your pleasure :
Your care will come too late.

K. of S. I promise by
The word and honour of a king, she shall
Be carefully attended.

Vit. Though that name
Breed wonder in me, it secures all thoughts
That may concern her safety.

[*Resigns Cas. to the Attendants.*

K. of S. See, Rosinda,
With as much diligence to this lady's health,
As you'd preserve your own.

Hor. An excellent creature !

K. of S. My faith is past.
Now if you please, you may acquaint us with
Your name and quality.

Vit. Something on the sudden
Weighs my heart lower, I have not power to thank
him. [Aside.

K. of S. Already you have express'd yourself
this country man,
Be more particular.

Vit. My name's Vittori.

K. of S. }
Hor. } The admiral of Naples ?

Vit. It was a title
I had too late, and lost it for my service.
I cannot conjure up the dead to witness ;
There be some living that remember me.
It was my chance to have the best at sea,
Against the bold Sicilian.

K. of S. A chance, say'st ?

Vit. Few victories can boast more ; all is but
The die of war, which valour must obey :
My lot was to bring peace, and triumph home,
And my reward was banishment ; the sea
Held me a sinful burden to the waves,
Or else the blood I shed to mix with 'em,
In anger and revenge conspir'd to throw

Our bark, with the distressed lading back
Upon this flinty bosom of our country.

You have at full my misery, be just
To that poor lady, whatsoe'er I suffer.

K. of S. Your fame was with us earlier; entertain him. [*They disarm Vittori.*]

You are welcome, man! there's cause we should be kind to you.

Vit. Will a king stain his honour?

K. of S. Know, miserable man, thy destinies Have made thee his, that will exact severe Account for many lives.—Most happy storm!— Thy master too shall find a punishment Great as his pride.—How fortunate we are!

Vit. I ask no mercy for myself; be kind To that poor lady, as you are a prince, And I will kiss my fate.

K. of S. We violate no promise made to her, Though torment make thee curse thyself:—blest heavens!—

You shall pay dear for all.

Vit. Oh my Cassandra, When at the expense of all my blood, I have bought Thy precious life from these hard-hearted men, Shed one tear on me, and I am paid agen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Sicilian camp before Naples.

Enter DIDIMO and PAZZORELLO.

Did. You should have thought of this afore.

Paz. I did think, and do think on't again, but there was a necessity of going with the princess, or losing my place at court, when she came back;

prithee, sweet Didimo, counsel me, I shall ne'er endure this bouncing of guns. Happy are they that can destroy gunpowder, without offence, in their musterings ! soldiers may talk, but there's neither wit nor honesty in making so many cripples ; yet I would give one of my legs to have the t' other secured, I care not which. Cowards are commonly creatures of understanding. Would I had purg'd away my soul at sea ! there had been peace among the haddock.

Did. Come, I have a trick to save thee harmless ; thou shalt entreat to be gentleman of a company.

Paz. Shall I ? what's that ?

Did. A singular privilege, I can tell you ; o' the right hand file : do not you know't ?

Paz. A right-handed file ?

Did. There's no honour like it : I'll not give a rush to be an officer ; your gentleman of a company marches in the van.

Paz. Van ! what's that ?

Did. The bullets first salute him ; he goes up to the mouth of a cannon ; he lies *perdu*.

Paz. *Perdu* ?

Did. More glory than to command an army ; to lie two hours upon his belly in the field, and dig a hole for his chin, when the bullets whisper in both his ears, whiz ! to be trod upon by horses, and scorn to reveal himself ! sometimes to be snatch'd up by a party of firelocks ; or, if he sight, to be cut into honourable collops, or [have] his limbs strewed about the field, which found by a sutler's wife, are sod for the knapsack-men, and go current for camp mutton. My father was a captain, and I have heard him tell brave stories of these gentlemen of companies.

Paz. And thou wouldest have me one of these gentlemen ?

Did. By any means.

Paz. Have the bullets first salute me, lie *perdu*, as you call it, and be cut into honourable collops, or have my haunches sod by a sutler's wife, and pass for camp mutton ! this is the preferment you wish me to, master Didimo.

Did. You shall be in no danger ; I have but told you what fortunes other men have met withal, you shall be secure and march in the van.

Paz. And come up to the mouth of a cannon ?

Did. 'Tis my meaning.

Paz. Which if I do, I'll give the cannon leave to eat me.

Did. Dost thou think I would advise thee any thing for thy hurt ?

Paz. Hurt ! no, no, these are but fleabitings, to have my limbs strew'd about the field, or so.

Did. Come, I love thee, and will give thee proof. Thou hast got money in thy service, put thy body in equipage, and beg of the princess to be one of these brave fellows ; I will put thee into a way to get everlasting fame, and not a hair of thy head shall be the worse for't ; thou shalt come off.

Paz. My head shall come off !

Did. Thy whole body, triumphant, my Rosicleer, and live to make nations stand a tiptoe to hear thy brave adventures ; thy head shall be enchanted, and have a proof beyond the musty murrion :^{*} didst never hear of men that have been slick and shot-free, with bodies no bullets could pierce ?

Paz. That's by witchcraft.

Did. Thou hast hit the nail, boy ; I will procure this feat [to be] done for thee : fear nothing, but be

* *beyond the musty murrion :*] i. e. the head-piece or helmet. The expression which follows, and which is found in other writers of Shirley's time, is more easily understood than explained. Whether *slick* was a cant phrase for a sword (or *steel*), from its smooth and polished appearance, I know not ; but

very secret ; thy head shall be an anvil, and break all the swords that light upon't, and for the shot, thy breath shall damp a cannon, it shall fall off like one of thy buttons.

Paz. If this could be compass'd, I should love witches the better while I live.

Did. Here's my hand, something shall be done : but put on a brave outside of resolution, for the credit on't, that the world may believe 'tis thy valour puts thee upon desperate actions ; from which a charm shall bring thee off, or the devil shall [say] nay to somebody. Here's the princess.

Enter ROSINDA, CASSANDRA, and FLAVIA.

Look high, and let me hear how you will deserve the benefit.

Cas. Madam, I know not in what language to Express those humble thanks my soul is full of ; It shall be justice, you command this life You have preserv'd.

Ros. We should have forfeited Humanity, not to have reliev'd you In such distress.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Shall I not trespass, madam, Beyond your mercy, by this bold intrusion ?

Ros. My lord, you are welcome.

Hor. Your grace honours me ; But to you, lady, I am directed.

wherever the word is used, as here, in combination with *shot*, it evidently bears a meaning of this kind.

With respect to Didimo's proposal, it may be observed that many impostors, in that age, pretended to be possessed of a secret for rendering men invulnerable, and that many simpletons, like poor Pazzorello, were induced to pay for it.

Cas. To me, noble sir? [They walk apart.]

Paz. We shall be rusty here, for want of use.
Oh for an action of battery! I long to fight pell-mell with somebody.

Ros. Pazzorello.

Did. He's grown most strangely valiant.

Flav. How he looks!

Paz. Madam, I have an humble suit to your highness.

Ros. To me? you are like to prosper in't.

Paz. I beseech you I may not be a common soldier, I would cross the seas for something; let me be gentleman of a company, and let the bullets fly as fast as they can.

Ros. I must confess you ask a place of honour, but of danger.

Paz. Danger's an ass! oh that I were to fight with the general now, for two crowns!

Flav. A mighty wager!

Did. He means both the kingdoms.

Paz I would desire no more than my finger against his musket. If we make no assault presently against the walls, I shall go near to mutiny, and kill two or three of our own captains.

Ros. This he that was sea-sick!

Paz Oh, there is no honour like to marching in the van! I'll not give a rush for a man that will not lie *perdu* half a year together, and come up to the teeth of a cannon.

Did. To the mouth; I spoke by a figure.

Paz. Now you talk of the mouth, [I] will eat every day this leaguer four-and-twenty cannon bullets butter'd, and as many Spanish pikes for sparagus, their steel points will fortify my stomach. I will kill my hundred men an hour for a twelvemonth together.

Flav. You'll not have men enough to conquer.

Did. When the men are all dead in the town,

he'll lie with all the women, and get as many more, rather than want enemies.

Paz. Oh, how I could demolish man, woman, and child now!

Ros. I see your spirit, and must cherish it; I'll speak to my lord you may have your desire, but be not seen in't, for your honour.

Paz. He's here, indeed; [seeing *Horatio*.]—Didimo, when shall I be bewitch'd? an the devil do not put me in good security—

Did. Trust me for that; let's leave them, [and] about it. [Exeunt *Did.* and *Paz.*]

Hor. Can you be cruel, lady, to that man That offers you his heart?

Cas. Alas, my lord,
You ask mine in exchange, and I have made it
A gift already to Vittori; while
He lives, he must possess it. As you are noble,
Prosecute this no further.

Hor. I have done;
Vittori then must die.

Enter king of Sicily, Trivulsi, and Fabricchio.

K. of S. Horatio,
Command your prisoner be brought to us presently.

Hor. I shall, sir. [Exit.

Cas. As you are a king, I beg your mercy
To poor Vittori.

Ros. I'll petition too,
For her desires.

K. of S. Unless he will be cruel to himself,
His fate smiles on him.—Does he love you, lady?

Cas. Great sir, we are one soul, life cannot be
So precious as our loves.

K. of S. You shall preserve him.—
Rosinda. [Whispers her.

Ros. I obey.

[*Exit.*]

K. of S. Leave [us.]— [*Exeunt Tri. and Fabr.*]

Thy health

Is but a prologue to his blessing : that paper

[*Gives Cassandra a paper.*]

Speaks our intention, you shall present it.

If he be wise, his judgment

Will meet our purpose ; what we lost at sea,

We enable him to satisfy by a second

Proof of his courage, and propound not only

Life, and his liberty, but so great an honour

As, next our title, there is left no glory

To equal it.

Cas. You are all bounty.

K. of S. There are some

Conditions ; if you find him cool, you may

Apply what argument you find to warm

His resolutions : here he is, I leave you.

Re-enter HORATIO with VITTORI.

Vit. I wait, sir, your command.

K. of S. She will instruct you.—Horatio.

[*Exeunt K. of S. and Horatio.*]

Vit. Enjoys my best Cassandra perfect health ?

The king is just, and I have not enough

With this poor life to satisfy—

Cas. Vittori,

We now begin our happiness ; the king

Has been so gracious—

Vit. All that's good reward him !

To see thee safe and smile, I write my ambition.

Cas. When you peruse that paper, you will find

How much we owe to providence ; it was

The king's command I should deliver it.

[The words were of such comfort that came with it,
I must be confident you'll thank him for it.]

Vit. What should this be ? [Reads.
Noble Vittori, we know you are a soldier, and present you not with naked pity of your fortune ; what some prince would take away, we have purpose to cherish, your life : enjoy yourself, and with it the command of all our forces. Naples' ingratitude, if you have put no false shape upon your injuries, may be argument enough to your revenge and justice. Be our soldier, fight against your country, so with one valour, you punish them, and make us satisfaction : we have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience. Sure I have lost my understanding. Ha ! Does it not bid me fight against my country ? I prithee read, Cassandra, and repent, Thou hast thought him merciful.

Cas. [reads.]—We have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.

The language is too clear.

Vit. It carries more
 Darkness than e'er the night was guilty of,
 And I look black already to have read it.
 Does he call treason justice ? such a treason
 As heathens blush at; nature and religion
 Tremble to hear : to fight against my country !
 'Tis a less sin to kill my father, there,
 Or stab my own heart ; these are private mischiefs,
 And may in time be wept for ; but the least
 Wound I can fasten on my country makes
 A nation bleed, and myself too, blasts all
 The memory of former actions,
 And kills the name we live by.—Oh Cassandra,
 Thou didst not well to praise the king for this.

Cas. His words did sound more comfort.

Vit. Prithee tell me,
 How canst thou hope I should preserve my faith
 Unstain'd to thee, and break to all the world ?

Cas. Naples has been injurious, and we made
No solemn vow to love what hath betray'd us.

Vit. Take heed, and do not grieve the saints to
hear thee.

If Naples have forgot Vittori's service,
I must not make a desperate shipwreck of
My piety ; what greater vow ? It was
Articled in the creation of my soul.
I should obey, and serve my country with it,
Above myself ; death is a brave excuse for't.
No, he shall see I am a soldier,
And dare be just ; say he should torture me,
Shall wickedness be strong in punishment,
And we not be as valiant in our suffering ?

Cas. Can then Vittori be content to leave his
Cassandra to the misery of life,
Alone ? for in the number of mankind,
I ne'er shall find another, in whose love
I can place any comfort.

Vit. Do not say so ?

Princes will court thee then, and at thy feet
Humble their crowns, and purchase smiles with
provinces.

When I am dead the world shall doat on thee,
And pay thy beauty tribute ; I am thy
Affliction, and when thou art discharg'd
From loving me, thy eyes shall be at peace ;
A sun more glorious shall draw up thy tears,
Which gracing heaven in some new form, shall
make

The constellations blush, and envy 'em.—

Or if thy love

Of me be so great, that when I am sacrificed
Thou wilt think of me, let this comfort thee,
I die my country's martyr, and ascend
Rich in my scarlet robe of blood ; my name
Shall stain no chronicle, and my tomb be blest
With such a garland time shall never wither :

Thou with a troop of wives, as chaste as thee,
 Shall visit my cold sepulchre, and glory
 To say, This doth enclose Vittori's dust,
 That died true to his honour, and his country.—
 Methinks I am taking of my leave already,
 And, kissing the wet sorrows from thy cheek,
 Bid thee rejoice Vittori is a conqueror,
 And death his way to triumph.

Cas. This is all

A new disguise for grief, to make it shew well.

Vit. To make it shew indeed ! I have talk'd idly,
 And miserably forgot myself ; I am check'd,
 This tells me another tale ;—if I refuse
 To obey the king's directions, he is not
 So kind to take the forfeit of my life,
 But he will make the price of my neglect,
 Cassandra's innocent blood ; if I obey not
 To do an act injurious to virtue,
 Thy soul must be divorced.

Cas. Sir, I have read it,
 And were not worthy of Vittori's love
 To value this poor life above his honour ;
 Keep your high thoughts, preserve all peace
 within you,
 You shall not buy my breath with your own shame ;
 I'll die with that devotion I have pray'd for you,
 Which, trust me, was most heartily, and I'll shed
 No tears for my own funeral ; if any
 Unruly drop break forth, when we are parting,
 'Tis more to leave Vittori than the world.
 Yet, if thou wilt give me leave, I'll confess to thee,
 Before my head fall from this other piece,
 I would deceive the hangman ; for ere thou
 Go from me, with a sigh into thy bosom
 I would convey my spirit, and leave him
 But a pale ghost, to mock his execution.

Vit. I cannot hold, this conflict is more fierce
 Than many thousand battles ; canst thou die ?

Cas. If you will have it so ; you have taught me
To be in love with noble thoughts : I shall
Have some weep o'er my herse, and when I'm gone,
Seal'd by my blood, a martyr for thy love,
The world shall praise me for it, and the virgins
And wives, if I obtain no other monument,
Build me a tomb within their hearts, and pay
Their yearly songs and garlands to my memory,
That died, to save Vittori's life and honour.

Vit. How ? should Cassandra die to save Vittori ?

Cas. Allow it,

So you be happy ; and although my wishes
Are rather for the punishment of Naples,
More cruel than our enemies, yet if you
Think it dishonour to oppose that country,
I have a heart most willing to preserve,
By any death your fame : lose not a scruple
Of yourself for me ; I carry thy love with me,
And prophesy my story shall throw more
Disgrace on Naples, than all thy revolt
Can bring upon thy name.

Vit. I am in a tempest,
And know not how to steer ; destruction dwells
On both sides.

Cas. Come, resolve.

Vit. I must—to let

Thee live.—I will take arms ;—forgive me then,
Great Genius of my country, that, to save
Her life, I bring my honour to the grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Naples.—*A Part of the Palace.*

Enter at opposite doors, FABIO and MAURICIO.

Fabio. I know not what to say to these garboils ;
there's a hot Naples toward, and the prince is so

humorous on the other side, I dare not come near him.—Captain Mauricio !

Maur. Signior Fabio, you dishonour your body, by straining so much complement.

Fabio. Your humble servant, captain.

Maur. A court instrument, and so deep a base ! you forget yourself, have the wars made this alteration ? keep your garb, and be staunch, signior ; a captain is a thing too coarse for your acquaintance, you will not know soldiers in peace.

Fabio. Alas, sir, the necessity of my affairs at court !— a place so devours my attendance, that I cannot give that respect which is due to a gentleman of your quality ; no neglect, I beseech you, sir.

Maur. I am glad 'tis come about : what do you think now of a musket bullet next your heart ? 'tis very provocative : come, be not sad, thou mayst [live] a day or two longer.

Fabio. I hope, captain, the state of the city is not so desperate.

Maur. We expect a battle every hour, and the walls to fly about our ears ; if they should be patient, we have not provision to endure a siege. What will become of your pumps, signior, your wrought shirts, and rich nightcaps ? I say nothing of your wardrobe, jewels, and other trinkets.

Fabio. I stand not upon them, my life is more precious to me than all these.

Maur. What pity it is, so profound a gentleman should die by gunpowder ! what would you give to be sav'd now ?

Fabio. How do you mean, captain ?

Maur. For your soul let it shift, I think thou hast little care on't thy self ; there be many would give all their estate to outlive these combustions.

Fabio. I would I were sure on't, condition I lost half my land.

Maur. A match ! my life against half your land,

to secure you, and make an indifferent bargain presently.

Fabio. Your life? how are you sure to live?

Maur. If I die, you save half your land by't; if you live, 'tis worthy dividing transitory fortunes: I shall have the worst match on't.

Fabio. But how will you assure me, captain?

Maur. Thou art not senseless! why, your venture is but land against my life, which is more precious, I hope, than thousand acres; is [not] this to be considered? clap hands, and we will have articles drawn for mutual assurances. I do not this to every man, but I hope to have good of thee hereafter: the king!

Enter king of Naples, CESARIO, JULIO, and ALBERTO.

Fabio. And prince.

Maur. Let's withdraw then, and conclude: 'tis a safe bargain for you, sir; if you fail, what would all your estate do you good? and then I forfeit my life; if you 'scape, I have but half your land.

Fabio. I understand, and thank you, noble captain. [*Exeunt.*]

K. of N. Alphonso must be sent for out of prison, He's an experienced soldier.

Ces. To betray us?

K. of N. Now we are punished for Vittori's banishment.

Ces. Your fear will make us cowards.

Jul. Shall we make

A sally forth?

K. of N. Alberto.

Ces. We'll expect more
Advantage first; they have finish'd their redoubt.
Is our river guarded with a sconce?¹

¹ —— a sconce?] i. e. a petty fort, or covered battery, to protect bridges, fords, &c.

Jul. On that part
No enemy can endanger us.

K. of N. What if you
Trusted Alphonso? he has been ever faithful
And we too rash.

Ces. Keep prudent watches, Julio ;
Something i' the evening may be attempted.
Death is the worst, and better fall with honour,
Than owe our life to fears. I would Cassandra
Were in their camp ! oh, Julio —

Jul. 'Twere better
She were at home, in your possession.

[Enter FABIO.

Fabio.] A herald, sir.

Ces. Admit him.

[Exit Fabio.

K. of N. Alberto, Julio.

Re-enter FABIO with VITTORI, disguised as a herald.

Ces. What's the complement now ?

Vit. Thus Naples is saluted from my master :
Provok'd by injuries above the patience
Of kings to suffer ; without thirst of blood,
Or pride of conquest, he is come in arms
To ask a satisfaction : if you would
Not know the fury of a war, which acts
Such horrid ruins against men and nature, that
Repentance cannot easily absolve
The guilt in them that caus'd it, meet conditions,
And deserve timely my great master's friendship,
With mercy on your selves.

Ces. Mercy !

K. of N. Be temperate.

Vit. Remember, wounds are made more easily
Than cur'd, and now arriv'd within your country,
Revenge may spread a wild destruction.

Let mothers still enjoy their sleep, and dwell
 Within their husbands' bosom, let their children
 Live to requite the parent's groan, and prosper,
 Let old men pay their debt only to nature,
 And virgins dedicate their yet chaste womb
 To Hymen's holy use, or at their quires
 With freedom of their souls, sing holy prayers
 For the sweet peace you lend 'em, to serve heaven.

Ces. This fellow's sent to mock us ; in my heart
 I repent all the tie of arms and nations,
 That gives such saucy freedom to a herald.

Vit. I claim my privilege, and dare say more.

Ces. What more ?

Vit. Vittori is our general.

Ces. Vittori ? dares that traitor—

Vit. When kings leave
 Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers,
 Patience so wounded turns a Fury.

Ces. How !

Dares Sicily trust him ?

Vit. Yes, he has good pledge ;
 Too great a pawn.

Ces. This, this vexation

I did expect, but we must not be frightened.—
 Tell your insulting master, he shall find
 Men that both dare and can resist this fury :
 Conditions we despise, nor let him magnify
 His purchase in that rebel : every soldier
 With us hath equal courage to Vittori,
 But a soul far more honest.

Vit. Honest ?

Ces. So, sir ;

This war shall justify upon his heart.

Vit. I dare not stay to hear more, least my passions
 Betray me ; what a fire this language has
 Shot through my blood ! the poor old king says
 nothing,
 But fills a place, like a state cipher.

[*Aside.*]

Sc. II.] THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.

Ces. Herald,
Return this to that giant of your war,
Vittori : In his absence, we shall find
A punishment for his treason ; and, to cool
His hot veins, say,—the first attempt he makes
Against us, shall as valiantly be answer'd
With his father's head.

Vit. Ha !

Ces. By thy master's soul
It shall, and this is all our answer.—See
Him safe without the walls. [*Exeunt all but Vit.*

Vit. Thunder has struck me ;
I feel new stings about my heart ; my father !
Was ever man so miserably thrown
Upon despair ? if I refuse their war,
I lose my wife, Cassandra ; if I fight,
My father bleeds. Some divine arm sustain
My feeble soul, instruct it how I should
Distinguish sorrow, and which blessing rather
I should now part with, a dear wife or father. [*Exit.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Sicilian camp. Rosinda's Tent.

Enter ROSINDA and CASSANDRA.

Ros. But did the prince affect thee so, Cas-
sandra ?

Cas. I have told you, madam, every circumstance ;
I should but flatter my own misery
To speak it less ; misfortune had not made me
Your prisoner now, if he had been more temperate.

Ros. But did thy heart allow him no affection ?
Thou wert much unkind.

Cas. He had my duty, madam,

Which still I owe him, as my prince ; but I
Had but one faith, and that was given Vittori.
I fear I have displeas'd you.

Ros. No, thou hast not ;
Dost think he loves thee still ?

Cas. I know not, madam ;
But I hope not.

Ros. Would I could hope so too !
Thou hast deserv'd my confidence, and although
Thou canst not help me, I must tell thee all ;
I love that prince, lov'd [him] when I first saw him,
And when he courted me, I thought 'twas necessary
To shew I had a soft heart ; but he flatter'd,
And took too soon occasion of his absence.

The wounds he left upon Horatio
Were not so deep as mine, which, howsoe'er
I have disguis'd yet from my father's eye,
Can find no cure without his surgery
That left them in my bosom : to this end
I urg'd my father to this war, and begg'd
With many prayers, to witness his revenge.

Cas. That was a desperate remedy ; how if
Your father be o'ercome, and you made prisoners ?

Ros. We shall find death or ransom ; the first
would

Conclude my sufferings, th' other not much harm us,
Perhaps advance my ends : but if the victory
Should crown our army, I should interpose
To make conditions for the prince ; fate must
Decide one of these ways.

Cas. Madam, I pity you ;
Sure, if the prince knew with what constancy
Your love breathes after him, he would find a passion
To meet your noble flame. *Lascivious*

Ros. I know not whether
To pray for victory, or to be conquer'd ;
For, till the wars conclude, I must despair
To see whom my desires pursue.

Cas. 'Tis possible
That you may see him, madam.

Ros. When?

Cas. This night,
And speak with him, without exposing your
Person to any danger.

Ros. Prithee do not
Mock me, sweet friend.

Cas. You were compassionate
Of me, and 'tis but duty I should answer it
With my desires to serve you; not to hold
Your thoughts in expectation, is there any
Gentleman near, whom you dare trust?

Ros. With what?

Cas. With carriage of a paper. I shall run
Some hazard, but there's nothing can weigh down
That goodness you have shew'd me, being a
stranger.

I'll frame a letter, madam, in my name,
And by some charm of love invite him to
Your tent; if he retain part of that flame
Which did so command in him, be assur'd
The prince will come.

Ros. Thou wert create to make
Me blest; but with what safety can he reach
Thus far, and not be known?

Cas. He to whose trust
You give this secret, shall remove that fear.

Ros. There is a captain—

Cas. Best of all.

Ros. Fabrichio.

Cas. Send for him straight, if you allow this
device,
I'll presently dispatch the amorous summons.

Ros. I'll call thee sister.

Cas. Call me servant, madam,
In that I am honour'd.

[Exit.

Enter Flavia, disguised as a witch.

Flav. Are you ready, madam?

Ros. For what?

Flav. To laugh; I am turn'd enchantress, and now 'tis upon the minute, Pazzorello, by the boy's directions, comes for his magical armour.

Ros. I have something of more consequence to finish, but I may be at the end of your mirth.

[*Exit Ros.*

Flav. Prosper in all your wishes.

Enter Didimo.

Did. Flavia! that's excellent; Hecate never look'd so dreadfully.¹ Where's the princess?

Flav. She commanded not to expect her; but she'll not be long absent. Where's the gamester?

Did. Almost within reach of your voice; you'll remember the circumstance, that he may be capable of the charm; he's mad to be enchanted.

Flav. I warrant you; I have some furies to assist me too.—Conduct him hither. [*exit Did.*]—If the fool, after this conceiving himself bewitch'd, should grow valiant, and do wonders, who can help it? if he have but the wit to keep his own counsel, let him take his course; but he approaches.

Re-enter Didimo with Pazzorello.

Did. That is she.

Paz. That old hag?

Did. Good words; she has come two hundred mile to day upon a distaff, salute her, she expects it.

¹ Hecate never look'd so dreadfully.] For *Hecate*, the old copy reads *Herald*.

Paz. Would you have me kiss the devil ? .

Did. Do, I say.—

This is the gentleman, my loving aunt,
For whom I do beseech your powerful spells.

Flav. To make him slick and shot free ?

Did. Right, dear aunt ;
He is a precious friend of mine, and one
That will be ready servant to your pleasures,
At midnight, or what hour you please to call him.

Paz. Thou wouldst not have me lie with the
old witch ? what a generation of hobgoblins should
we have together !

Did. Nor, for this benefit, shall you find him only
Obedient to yourself, but very dutiful:
To any devil you have.

Flav. He is welcome, child.

Paz. What a saltpetre breath she has !

Flav. Where is Mephistophilus ? ¹

Paz. No more devils, if you love me.

Flav. I must have some to search him.

Paz. Search me ! where ? for what ?

Did. How much was I overseen, not to give you
warning ! be not afraid ; what have you about you ?

Paz. About me ! where ? in my breeches ? what
do you mean ? I shall be cut for the stone.

Did. Have you any money about you ?

Paz. Yes, I have money of all complexions in
my pocket.

Did. Away with it, as you love yourself ! not
for your right hand, have one piece of gold or silver
about you ; no charms can fasten on you then, her
spells can have no power, if you do not throw it
away instantly :—give me it, I'll keep it from her
knowledge ; this were a trick indeed—have you no
goldfinches in your fob ?

¹ ————— *Mephistophilus?*] This, as every one knows, was the Familiar of Dr. Faustus. There are several petty plagiarisms in this scene, from that between Dapper and the confederate rogues in the *Alchemist*.

Paz. I defy him that has any thing in the likeness of coin.

Did. All this money in your pocket, and come to be made shot free !

Paz. What must I do now ?

Did. Kneel down, and expect with obedience and admiration what will become on you. [*he kneels, and Did. blindfolds him.*]—Great aunt, this gentleman is clear and ready — You are sure you have no more impediment of this nature ? if you dissemble, and be kill'd afterward, thank your self.

Flav. Where be my spirits ?

Did. He humbly desires you would finish him as privately as might be ; he does not know the constitution of every devil, and to make too many acquainted, if he could be finished otherwise, your art may dispense.

Flav. He must cut off his little finger, then.

Paz. How ! cut off my finger ?

* *Did.* What did you mean ? here's a ring, a diamond.

Paz. I had forgot it.

Did. No more, off with it, if you love your hand ; here's a jest ! to fool away your life—quickly, —not for the world : present it to her.—Great lady of the Laplanders, this gentleman implores your mercy to his joints, and offering this trifle, humbly prays you would honour him to wear it for his sake.

Flav. Comes it freely off ?

Paz. It came off very hard ; but, I beseech your learned beldamship, to accept it as a token of my duty.

Flav. *I do, and thus prepar'd, delay
My charms no longer.—Come away,
You spirits, that attend upon
This powerful incantation. *Maud*
Have you brought that sacred juice,
Which at such a time we use ?*

*Distil it gently, I command,
Holding his ears with either hand.*

[Did. pulls his ears.

Paz. Oh my ears!

Did. The more pain she puts you to now, the less you'll feel hereafter, sir.

*Flav. Now rub his temples, forehead eke,
Give his nose a gentle tweak.
Strike off paleness, and bestow
On either cheek a lusty blow ;
Take him by the hair, and pull it ;
Now his head's free from sword and bullet.*

Paz. What will they do with the rest of my body? [Aside.

Flav. Grasp his neck till he groan twice.

[Did. grasps his neck.

Paz. Oh, oh !

*Flav. Enough ; now let the young man rise.
Thus on his shoulders I dispense
My wand, to keep all bullets thence ;
And other weapons that would harm.
Pinch him now on either arm,*

Fairy-like. [Did. pinches him.

Paz. Oh, pox o' the devil—oh !

*Flav. On his breast give him a thump,
And two kicks upon the rump.*

[Did. strikes and kicks him.

*No circumstance must be forgot,
To make him free from slick and shot ;
And now my potent charms are done.
This man is free from sword and gun.*

Did. Bounce ! you are made for ever.

*Flav. Farewell to both ! for now must I
On my winged gennet fly.—
Suckle and Hoppo, fetch long strides,
By your mistress, as she rides.*

[Exit Flav. Paz. rises, and Did. unbinds his eyes.

Paz. Whither is she gone now?

Flav. Home to a witch's upsitting ; she's there by this time.

Paz. Where ?

Did. In Lapland ; she will cross the sea in an egg-shell, and upon land hath a thousand ways to convey her self in a minute ; I did but whistle, and she came to me.

Paz. She knows your whistle, belike ! well, art thou sure I am enchanted now ?

Did. It concerns you to be sure on't ; and I must tell you one thing, if you make the least doubt on't, you'll endanger all : charms in this kind are nothing without the imagination, believe it, and if any sword or bullet have power to hurt you, ne'er trust your granam again.

Paz. Nay, nay, I do believe it, and will be valiant accordingly. They pinch'd and kick'd me devilishly, for all that.

Did. You are the better proof for't ; you cannot be pinch'd or kick'd too much in such a cause : what ! to be made slick and shot-free ? Now do I foresee you'll be captain within these three days, you cannot avoid it, sir ; who will not honour that man whom the bullets are afraid of ? — The princess !

Re-enter ROSINDA, CASSANDRA, and FABRICHIO.

Fabr. Repent your grace thought me a gentleman,

If I fail in this duty.

Ros. Not a syllable
Of me.

Fabr. I am charm'd.

Cas. Happy success attend you !

Fabr. Your highness has much honour'd me ;
and, lady,
I kiss your fair hand.

Paz. Captain, captain, a word.

Fabr. I am in haste now [Exit.

Paz. Sure the captain's afraid of me ; he knows by instinct what I am.

Did. Your grace miss'd excellent mirth

Ros. 'Tis done then ? bid him follow us. [Exit.

Did. The princess desires to speak with you.

Paz. Desires to speak with me !—you have not told her ?

Did. Do you think I would betray you ?

Paz. Would somebody would challenge me to fight before her ! If the ladies knew I were slick free, they would tear me in pieces, for my company.

Did. You do not know what you may get by your body that way ; I attend you.

Paz. Knives, daggers, swords, pikes, guns, both great and small,
Now Pazzorello doth defy you all. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Naples.—*A Part of the Palace.*

Enter ALPHONSO and ALBERTO.

Alph. You tell me wonders ; my son general
Of all the enemy's forces ? Can Vittori
Lay such a stain upon our family ?
Speak it, my lord, no more ; no private injury
Can so corrupt his nature ; come, I know
He dares not fight their cause.

Alb. I think so too ;
The prince hath cool'd his resolution
By this time.

Alph. Ha ? you are mystical.

Alb. He has sent

Him word, the first attempt he makes against
 The town, your head must answer it ; and I cannot
 Believe, howe'er particular wrongs inflame him
 To a revenge, but he retains that piety
 Which nature printed in him toward a father.

Alph. Is obligation to a parent more
 Than that we owe our country ? oh, Vittori,
 My life were profitably spent to save
 Thy honour, which is great in the world's eye.
 Time shall be grieved to have preserv'd thy name
 So long, and when this blot shall be observ'd
 Upon the last leaf of thy chronicle,
 It shall unsettle quite the reader's faith
 To all the former story.

Enter JULIO.

Alb. Julio.

Jul. My lord,
 It was the king's command I should deliver—

Alph. What ?

Jul. What must displease you ;
 You must prepare for death.

Alph. Has my son put
 Rebellion into act already ? that
 Will save my executioner a labour.
 He has, I read it ; look into the tombs
 Of all our ancestors, and see their ashes
 Look paler than before ; the marble sweats,
 The ebony pillars, that so many years
 Sustain'd our titles, shake, and sink beneath 'em :
 The Genius of our house groans at this treason.
 I will not live for any man to tell me
 I am Vittori's father.

Enter CESARIO.

Alb. Here's the prince !

Alph. Forgive me, sir, my passions ; I have guilt

Enough without 'em, to deserve your anger.
 He was my son, and that must needs condemn me ;
 But I will lose him from my blood, and cut
 His name from that fair list that numbers up
 Our family ;—but I forget myself,
 I have no minutes at command, my life
 Is at the last sand, and I cannot stay.
 Be just, and purge Vittori's sin with his
 Old father's blood ; I do obey your doom.

Ces. What doom ? you talk as you were destined
 To some black execution ; I have
 Been too unkind already, and must ask
 Your gentle pardon for't ; by goodness' self
 I mock not, I bring life, Alphonso, to thee,
 And but prepar'd, by Julio, thy heart
 With sorrow, to meet honour with more taste.

Alph. Good, mylord, distract me not ; let me die
 In my right wits.

Jul. Alphonso, you may trust
 The prince ; my message was but counterfeit.

Ces. Thou'rt a brave man, and canst not be
 provok'd,
 I see, to wound thy honest fame ; so just
 To virtue, that thou dar'st prefer her cause
 To thy own life, and rather violate
 The laws of nature to thy son, than leave [*Ex. Jul.*]
 The privilege of honour undefenced
 Thus we embrace thee—do not kneel, Alphonso,
 Unless you'd bring us lower : thus as a friend
 We circle thee ; and next, as [to] a soldier,
 Able, in spite of age, and active still,
 We give these arms ; this sword, the best in all
 My father's armory, and us'd to conquest,
 Take from thy prince, and fight, fight for thy
 country,
 And purchase new wreaths to thy honour'd brows,
 Before the old be wither'd. I do see thee
 Already mounted as a challenger,

The proud steed taking fire and metal from
 The rider, all bedew'd with his white foam,
 Flying to meet thy son, whose once fair plume
 Is stain'd with blood of his own countrymen.

Alph. I reach your sense in part, my lord, but
 cannot

Gather your words into a sum ; beside,
 The honour is so great, I dare not, with
 The safety of my understanding, think
 One so unworthy as Alphonso—

Ces. What ?

Dares fight against a traitor, for his country ?

Alph. 'Gainst all the world I dare—

Ces. Be valiant ;

And breathe defiance against one.

A'ph A glory

My soul's ambitious of.

Ces. Vittori is

That traitor, whose offence, whom does it become
 More nobly to chastise, than his own father ?
 Which title, if you should forget, to encourage you,
 Think whose defence you undertake, for whom
 You punish, and what consequence of fame
 Waits on this pious action.

Re-enter JULIO.

Jul. My lord,
 A captain o' the other side hath boldly offer'd
 Himself a prisoner, and desires access
 To your highness, to whom only he must impart
 Something, he says, that will be acceptable.
 We have search'd him, and find nothing but a letter
 Directed to your self.

Ces. To me ? admit him.— [Exit *Jul.*
 Mean time you may consider.—

Re-enter JULIO with FABRICHIO.

Is it with us, captain ?

Fabr. Please you peruse this paper.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Ces. Ha ! from Cassandra ?

Alph. Oh, Alberto, I

Could wish Vittori dead ! but 'twill not satisfy,
Unless we murder one another too,
And I must challenge him ; he is my son,
Although he be a rebel.

Ces. Julio,
Thy bosom is my own.—Captain, a word.

[*Walks aside with Fabr.*

Jul. I am astonish'd, ha ? I like not this.— *away,*
My lord. [Goes up to Ces.

Alb. The prince is troubled, something like
Excess of joy transports him.

Ces. Thou'rt a fool !

Jul. This may be a plot ; how dare you trust
yourself
Upon this invitation ?

Ces. Not on this ? [Shews *Jul.* the letter.
Be coward then for ever !

Jul. Are you sure
This is her character ?

Ces. Perfectly ;
Beside, she has confirm'd me by this ring ;
Vittori gave it her, I know't, and woo'd her
Once to exchange.

Jul. Yet think upon the danger.

Ces. I would run
Through flames to meet her : use no arguments,
I can be at the worst a prisoner,
And shall be ransom'd ; keep you counsel, sir.—
Captain, the word ? [*Fabr. whispers Ces.*]—Enough.
Kiss her white hand, and say, I come this night.—
Wait on him to the gates,
Let his return be safe.—[Exit *Jul.* with *Fabr.*]—

Alphonso, how
Stands your resolve ? dare you be Naples' champion
Against the enemy propos'd ?

Alph. My son!—

Will both the kings trust to our swords their cause?

Ces. I cannot promise that.

Alph. What profit brings

My valour then, if I o'ercome?

Ces. Addition

To your own fame, to have cut off a rebel.

Alph. So I must kill my son, or he must be
A parricide.

Ces. Nay, if you be so scrupulous—

I look'd you [would] have thank'd me, and have
run to't.

Alph. Except Vittori, sir, and I dare challenge
The proudest in their army.

Re enter JULIO.

Ces. You are afraid
Of him, belike! 'tis such a kill-cow gentleman.
But I court you to nothing, you may think on't;
You are now no more a prisoner.—Julio.

[*Exeunt Ces. and Jul.*]

Alph. I am worse.
I had some room before, now I'm confin'd
To such a strait, my heart must of necessity
Contract itself, my own thoughts stifle me.
Vittori is lost already; I must go
Another way to find out my own ruin.

[*Exeunt Alph. and Alb.*]

S C E N E III.

The Sicilian Camp.—Rosinda's Tent.

Enter HORATIO and CASSANDRA.

Hor. Lady, you think not what I am, how near
The bosom of a king.

Cas. You cannot be
So near as I am to Vittori, sir;
And you increase my wonder, that you can

Nourish the least hope that I should forget
 My own tie, by remembering what relation
 You have to any other ; if the king
 Did know this, he would chide you.

Hor. Come, I see
 You must be courted otherwise, with action.

Cas. How, sir ?
Hor. And, if you will not be so civil
 To change one kindness for another, I
 Have skill to prompt you thus. [Kisses her.

Cas. You are not noble.
Hor. Tush, this is nothing ; I have been too tame,
 And howsoe'er you wittily compose
 Your countenance, you cannot choose but laugh at
 me,

That I have been so modest all this while.
 Come, I have another inside, and do know
 You are a woman, and should know yourself,
 And to what end we love you ; what are you
 The worse by private favours to a gentleman,
 That have at home been sued to, with petitions,
 And great ones, of both sexes, to accept
 Wives, daughters, any thing, and think themselves
 Honour'd to take the first fruits ? I could have
 The virgins of whole families entail'd
 Upon me, and be brought as duly to
 My bed, as they grow ripe, and fit for coupling,
 As men whose lands are mortgag'd would observe
 Their covenants, and the day.

Cas. I'll hear no more. [Exit *Cas.*
Hor. So peremptory, lady ? take your course,
 The time may come you will repent this froward-
 ness.²

² You may repent this frowardness.] This is the best substitution which I can think of for the reading of the 4to. *forciveness*. There is not much resemblance, it must be allowed ; but the reader of Shirley must have been long since prepared for stranger alterations.

Enter FABRICCHIO.

Whither in haste, Fabrichio ?

Fabr. My good lord,
I have brought news : where is the princess, sir ?

Hor. Thou art almost out of breath ; what news,
I prithee ?

Fabr. News that will please my lord.

Hor. You ask for the princess ; will they please
my lady ?

Fabr. Yes, and the t' other lady too, Cassandra.

Hor. Will it spread joy no farther ?

Fabr. Yes, it will please you,
And please the king, and the whole army.

Hor. Strange !
You may impart it then.

Fabr. My duty, sir,
Did aim it first to you ; I was engag'd
To deliver a letter, in Cassandra's name,
To the prince of Naples, to invite his person
Privately this night.

Hor. Whither ?

Fabr. To the princess's tent.

Hor. And hast thou done't ?

Fabr. Done't ; and bring back his word to visit
them.

Hor. Art sure, the prince ?

Fabr. As sure as I am your creature. . . . *Service*
This will be welcome to the ladies : what use
You are to make of this, becomes not my
Instruction, if it be of any consequence,
To make his person sure, when he arrives.—

Hor. This service will be grateful ; I'll acquaint
The king. *[Aside.]*

Return, [and tell] the ladies to expect him.

Fabr. I have directed him how he shall pass.

Hor. And make it good ; away, this makes thee happy.

The king shall know it instantly ; they are here,
I'll give you scope. [Exit.

Enter ROSINDA, CASSANDRA, FLAVIA, and DIDIMO.

Ros. He is return'd.

Cas. What answer ?

Fabr. To your desires.

Flav. Where's Pazzorello, now ?

Did. He's quarrelling with somebody ; he is so confident, and domineers ; ha ? 'tis he ! he bleeds, too.

Enter PAZZORELLO, bloody.

Paz. A pox o' your enchantments ! I had like to have my brains beaten out ; what will become of me ?

Did. Why, this is nothing, sir.

Paz. Nothing, sir ! would thou hadst it.

Did. Let me ask you a question, what weapon did it ?

Paz. I gave but the lie to an old soldier, as we were drinking together, and he presently claps me over the pate with the rest of his musket.¹

Did. That may be, but no sword or gun shall endanger you ; as for truncheon, batoon, and such wooden batteries, you must fortify yourself as well as you can against 'em : beside, sir, there is no breach of conditions in losing a little blood, you may have your head broken in twenty places, nay, you may be beaten, and bruis'd in every part of your body, but all this while you are slick and shot free, your life is your own, and then what need you care, sir ?

¹ *the rest of his musket.*] See Jonson, vol. i. p. 62.

Paz. This is some satisfaction.

Did. Should you challenge him at rapier, you should quickly find who will have the worst on't.

Ros. This service shall be otherwise rewarded ; I'll trust your secrecy, He will be a fit man to engage ; beside, Tis his desire.

Fabr. You may command me.

Ros. Wait upon This gentleman, Pazzorello ! he Will use you nobly, for my sake.

Paz. Must I Be a perdu, now ? Madam, I humbly thank you.

[*Exeunt Fab. and Paz.*

Cas. The night comes fast upon us.

Ros. It cannot come Too swiftly, that brings so much happiness. But 'tis an argument of much love to thee, That can at such a time invite him hither.

Cas. I hope you feed no jealousy of me ; I did all for your service, and shall then Think I am happy, when he knows your love, And values it.

Ros. I have no fears of thee ?

Cas. Have none at all.

Ros. Flavia.

Flav. Madam.

Ros. You must keep watch to night.

Flav. My duty, madam.

Ros. Come, let us tell some stories, to pass over The tedious hours.

Cas. I wait your pleasure.

Flav. Come, Didimo, we shall have your tale too.

Did. Mine's short and sweet, still at a lady's service.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Skirts of the Sicilian Camp.

Enter a Sergeant and PAZZORELLO.

Ser. Follow me close ; I hope you have made your will.

Paz. My will ? why, sergeant, I am not sick.

Ser. For all that you may be a dead man ere morning.—Whiz ! [Firing heard.]

Paz. What's that ?

Ser. These bullets will keep you waking ! Here, lie down close ; within two hours you shall be relieved.

Paz. Dost hear, sergeant ? [again.]—whiz ! do the enemies shoot any sugar plums ?

Ser. Be not too loud in your mirth ; I see another give fire ; farewell, signior Perdu. [Exit.]

Paz. So ; now I am a perdu ! this will be news when I come home again, the poor fellows will fall down and worship me. I always wonder'd why we had so many brave soldiers, and quarrelling spirits ; if they be shot-free, I cannot blame 'em to roar so much in taverns—whiz !—again, I would fain have one of these bullets hit me, that I might know certainly the toughness of my new constitution, and yet I shall hardly be sensible of it. In my conscience, if I were cramm'd into a cannon, and shot into the town, like a cat I should light upon my legs, and run home again. [Lies down.]

Enter CESARIO.

Ces. Love be propitious still, and guide my steps ! Thou hast engag'd me thus far.

Paz. Uh, uh !

[*Paz.* coughs.]

Ces. Who's that?

Paz. There's somebody; now I begin, for all this, to be afraid; flesh will be flesh, and tremble in spite of the devil: what were I best to do?

Ces. 'Tis some perdu.

Paz. Though I be slick and shot-free, I may be beaten, and bruis'd, as I remember; more, I may be taken prisoner by the enemy, and be hang'd afterward, and then what am I the better for my enchantment? what a dull rogue was I not to except the gallows in my conditions! but it may be there is but one.—*Qui va là?*—the word?

Ces. Rosinda.

Paz. Oh, are you there? 'tis my lady the princess's name.

Ces. Thy lady! prithee shew me the way to her tent.

Paz. I had almost forgot, such a gentleman is expected.

Ces. Here's gold, prithee make haste.

Paz. Now, by your favour, you shall first go to my captain.

Ces. His name?

Paz. Fabricio.

Ces. The same; with all my heart; here's more gold.

Paz. I will make the more haste. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

The Sicilian Camp.—Rosinda's Tent.

Enter behind, king of Sicily, HORATIO, and a Guard.

K. of S. Thy news does take me infinitely; if he
Keep touch, we may propound what articles
We please.

Hor. Fabrichio is confident he'll come.

K. of S. He will deserve our favour ; keep at distance.—

Sent for in Cassandra's name ? belike
He loves that lady, let him ; 'tis a strange
Adventure : sure my daughter is of counsel
With her ; she had some bent that way, 'till he
Became ungrateful to us.

Hor. When you have
Him in possession, you may throw off
Vittori, on whose honesty, I fear,²
Under your princely favour, you have built
Too much ; but heaven has sent the young prince
hither
To disengage your trust. He that dares prove
A rebel to his country, dares be guilty
Of any other treason.

K. of S. What shall we
Do with Cassandra ?

Hor. Keep her still to wait
Upon the princess, and expect the first
Opportunity for your kingdom ; Naples will
Attend your leisure then, and court your mercy.

Enter CESARIO, CASSANDRA, ROSINDA, FLAVIA,
followed at a distance by PAZZORELLO.

K. of S. Be silent.

Hor. Lose no time.

Ces. For this embrace,
I dare again neglect my life—[*the king and Hor.*
come forward ; the Guards seize Ces.]—
Villains !

Ros. We are betray'd ; my father !

Cas. Oh misfortune !

Paz. What will become of me ?

² *Vittori, on whose honesty, I fear, &c.]* The old copy reads, and points it thus—"Vittoti, one whose honesty I fear ;" but similar errors are found in every speech.

K. of S. You are welcome, prince of Naples.

Ces. Am I betray'd? false woman!

Paz. And please your majesty, I am innocent; I brought him hither, I confess.

K. of S. Reward him.

Hor. Come hither, sirrah.

Paz. How's this? are you in earnest? my lord, a word—but is this the prince of Naples?

Hor. The very same, sir.

Paz. Take your gold again; I will have more for taking a prince: I crave the law of arms, I will have his ransom.

K. of S. Away with the fool!

Paz. Give me my prisoner again then. [Exit.

Ros. Sir, hear me

K. of S. Another time, Rosinda—by thy duty—
[Exeunt *Ros.* and *Flav.*

Cas. Hear me, great sir.

K. of S. We'll hear and thank thee at more leisure too;

Attend our daughter.

Cas. Oh, my lord, be you
But master of so much charity.

Ces. Away,
Never was such a black and fatal hour,
As that when I first saw thy cozening face.

Enter VITTORI.

Vit. The prince! I dare not trust my senses; ha!
How came he hither? wonder circles me.
Cassandra busy with him too! she courts him—
The basilisk is not more killing than
This object

Ces. Strumpet, hence!

Vit. Ha!

Cas. My lord Vittori.

Vit. What name was that the prince bestow'd
upon you?

Yet do not answer me. Away! new tortures!

[*Exit Cas.*

Ces. Vittori! ha, ha, ha!

Vit. Your grace is mighty merry; I could wish
You had more cause.

Ces. Vittori, I see trouble in thy face;
Perhaps 'tis wonder, upon what invitation
I am a guest here.

Vit. Are you not a prisoner?

Ces. You are no stranger to the plot, it seems,
Base villain, to betray thy prince.

Vit. My lord,
You are too rash in censure; I betray you?
I am so far from the conspiracy,
That yet I cannot reach it in my thought,
Much less with guilty knowledge. I dare tell you
The devil shall not tempt me to it, nor more
Wrongs than your hate can throw upon me.

Ces. Juggling!
Can he that dares take arms against his country,
Make conscience to betray a part of it,
His prince? degenerate rebel!

Vit. Heaven and this king
Know upon what severe necessity
I am engag'd to war.

K. of S. As things fall out
Your valour may be useless; we acknowledge
This happiness from Cassandra, though she meant
Other success.

Vit. Cassandra?

Ces. Yes, that piece
Of frailty, rather impudence, by the witchcraft
Of her letter tempted me thus far; a curse
Upon her lust! [*Gives Vit. a letter.*]

Vit. Indeed you call'd her strumpet;
She may deserve it by this story: 'tis
Her character; my eyes take in new horror.

[*Reads.*

My lord, if it be not too late, to be sensible of your
M 2

princely affection to me, I implore your mercy, and will deserve it by my repentance. I am by misfortune a captive to your enemy, but blest with the freedom to remember you, I have a design for my enlargement, and if I durst cherish an ambition of your presence this night, dare confidently pronounce our mutual happiness ; this ring be witness of my true invitation, and doubt not her faith to your safety, who will sooner forfeit her own life, than betray you to the least dishonour. This gentleman shall instruct you with more particulars. Pardon, great prince, this infinite boldness of your servant, and if all the seeds of love be not destroyed, visit and preserve your otherwise miserable CASSANDRA.

And all this while I live, and have my senses !
 O woman, woman !—Sir, if you remember,
 'Twas your conclusion, if I refus'd
 To be your general against my country,
 Cassandra's head should off ; be constant, king :
 I will not.

K. of S. What ?

Vit. Not fight, nor for your kingdom ;
 She cannot bleed too much.—As for you, sir—

Ces. What of me ?

Vit. You are still my prince, thank heaven for that ;
 Did you else grasp an empire, and your person
 Guarded with thunder, I would reach and kill you ;
 By my just rage I would : stay, I will fight.

Hor. With whom ?

Vit. With you, or all the world, that dare maintain
 There is a woman virtuous.

Hor. Neglect him.

Ces. How he breaks out at forehead ! this is some
 Revenge yet.

K. of S. Come, my lord, you must with us.—
 Here your command determines ; we shall have
 No further use of your great valour, sir.

[*Exeunt all but Vit.*

Vit. You may with as much ease discharge me of
 A life too, your breath does it ; for I dare
 Not kill myself, in that I am a coward.
 Oh my heart's grief! preserve my right wits, heaven ;
 The wickedness of other women could
 But shame themselves, which like wild branches,
 being
 Cut off, the tree is beautiful again ;
 But this spreads an infection, and all
 The sex is wounded in Cassandra's fall. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Sicilian Camp.—Rosinda's Tent.

Enter ROSINDA, FLAVIA, and DIDIMO.

Ros. Away, your mirth displeases.

Flav. Madam, I hope

I have not offended.

Ros. Let the boy begone.

Did. Good madam, laugh a little ; 'tis my duty
 To drive away your sadness, 'tis all the use
 Ladies have for pages, now and then to purge
 Their melancholy.

Ros. Do not tempt my anger.

Did. Then I'll go seek out Pazzorello ;
 He's better company, and will make me laugh,
 If his fit of immortality hold.—My duty, madam.

[Exit.

Ros. Oh Flavia, I am undone.

Flav. Not so, dear madam.

Ros. Though I be innocent, I want the courage
 To tell the prince Cesario, I love.
 Were I allow'd access, he must imagine me
 Guilty of his dishonour, nor can I

Be happy while he thinks himself so miserable.
Art thou so wise to counsel me? Vittori.

Enter VITTORI. *hands!*

Vit. Madam, I have an humble suit to you.

Ros. To me, Vittori? for Cassandra's sake
I must deny you nothing.

Vit. For her sake
I beg it.

Ros. Pray be plain.

Vit. That you would speak to the king.

Ros. For what?

Vit. To cut my head off.

Ros. How?

Vit. With sword or axe, or by what other engine
He please; I know you'll easily obtain it,
'Tis for Cassandra's sake, I would be fain
Dispatch'd, she'll thank you too, and then the
prince

And she may revel.

Ros. I do find his jealousy;
Alas! poor gentleman! [*aside.*]—But [yet] I hope
You do not mean so desperately.

Vit. As you
Love virtue do this favour; if you make
Scruple, there is a king a little further
Will take my life away at the first word;
For I am resolv'd to die.

Ros. Shall I obtain
A small request from you?

Vit. These are delays.

Ros. If you be weary of your life, you'll meet it,
For there is danger in't.

Vit. And thank you too;
I'll do't, by your fair self; now, now, you bless me.
Without exception I'll obey you, madam.

Ros. 'Tis this. [Whispers him.]

Vit. Do you not mock me?

Ros. No suspicion.

Vit. Instantly?

Ros. This minute we'll begin it, and I'll promise
Something beside, that you will thank me for ;
But things are not yet ripe. Will you do me
This honour ?

Vit. Come, I wait you ; but 'tis strange
Why you should thus engage yourself ?

Ros. When you know,
You will allow my reasons.

Vit. I attend you.
Now, farewell, false Cassandra ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Naples.—*A Part of the Palace.*

Enter JULIO and MAURITIO.

Maur. The prince not to be found ?

Jul. I did suspect
That letter might betray him.— [Aside.

Enter ALBERTO.

Now, Alberto,

How is the king ?

Alb. Imagine how a father
Can apprehend the absence of a son
He lov'd so dearly ; but he's justly punish'd
For his indulgence, though we dare not say so.

Maur. 'Tis very strange.

Jul. He was merry the last night.

Alb. What letter was't, Julio, the captain
brought ?

I could distinguish it did strangely move him.

Jul. Letter ?

Alb. Can you forget it ?

Jul. Pox upon the witch
 That sent [it !] now shall I be examin'd, and
 If he return not, lose my head. [*aside.*]—That letter
 Was a discovery of some plot the enemy
 Purpos'd that very night.

Maur. Perhaps this mischief ;
 Why was it not prevented ?

Jul. I shall make fine work ;
 I know not how to shadow it : would he had
 Lain with my sister, rather than engag'd
 Himself so far for venison ! [Aside.]

Alb. Peace, the king.

Enter king of Naples and ALPHONSO.

Maur. And old Alphonso ! I am glad to see
 His change of fortune.

Alb. The king ever lov'd him.

Alph. Sir, have comfort,
 Your sorrow will discourage all.

K. of N. Dost think
 He is not taken by the enemy,
 And put to death ?

Alph. They dare not, 'tis against
 The rules of war.

K. of N. What dare not men that hate us ?
 And yet conceal the murder.

Enter FABIO.

Fabio. Where's the king ?

K. of N. Here ; what portends thy haste, and
 busy countenance ?

Fabio. Oh, great sir !

K. of N. Has thy intelligence brought us know-
 ledge of
 Our son ?

Fabio. The news I bring, my gracious lord,
 Concerns the prince ; and how my heart flows over,

That I am pointed out by heaven the first
And happy messenger!

K. of S. Proceed, and we'll reward thee.

Fabio. All my ambition aims but at your favour ;
My soul was never mercenary ; 'tis
My duty to wear out my life in services
For you, and the whole state, whereof, although
I am no able member, yet—

Alph. He's mad.

Fabio. It is with joy then, my good lord
Alphonso ;
And, by the way, I must congratulate
Your present favour with the king, I knew
The noble faculties of your soul at last
Would find their merit.

K. of N. Villain ! why dost rack
My expectation ? speak, what of my son ?
Answer me without circumstance, where is
The prince ? be brief, or—

Fabio. I know not, my good lord.

K. of N. Traitor, didst not prepare me to expect
News of my son, pronouncing thyself happy,
In being the messenger ? is he in health ?
Answer to that.

Fabio. I know not, my good lord.

K. of N. Cut off his head ! I shall become the
scorn
Of my own subjects.

Fabio. Mercy, royal sir,
And I'll discharge my knowledge.

K. of N. Tell me then,
And I'll have patience for the rest ; but be
Not tedious, is my son alive or dead ?

Fabio. Alas, I know not, my good lord.

K. of N. Confusion !

Fabio. But with your royal license, I am able
To produce those can satisfy you in every
Particular.

K. of N. Where? whom? and quickly save thy life.

Fabio. They wait, sir. [*Exit.*]

Maur. This fellow was [not] made for court dispatch,

An elephant will sooner be delivered
Than his head, when 'tis stuff'd with any business.

Re-enter FABIO, with VITTORI disguised, and ROSINDA.

K. of N. A lady!

Alph. And a fair one; what's the mystery?

Jul. She's not of Naples, sure.

Alb. Fabio, what is she?

Roe. Sir, you may justly wonder that a woman,
A stranger, and an enemy, although
My sex present you with no fears, should thus
Adventure to your presence; had I doubted
Myself first, since suspicion of another's
Defect doth rise from our own want of goodness,
I had not us'd this boldness; but safe here,
And arm'd with innocence, I gave up my freedom,
And dare not feed one jealousy, my honour
Can suffer with a king.

K. of N. An excellent presence! [*Aside.*]

Alph. Her bearing is above the common spirit.

K. of N. Fair lady, make me more acquainted
with

Your purpose; nothing can proceed from you
That will not charm us to attention.

Ros. Your son, great sir—

K. of N. Where? speak; you do not look
As you delighted to report a tragedy;
Lives my Cesario?

Ros. He does live, my lord,—

K. of N. Support me, good Alphonso; I shall
faint
Under my joy.

Ros. But lives, a prisoner
 To his enemy, the king of Sicily,
 Who wish'd no greater triumph, than to boast
 His person captive ; how he means to deal with
 him,
 May admit some fear. Kings, that prescribe to
 others
 In peace, have great prerogatives ; but in war
 Allow no laws, above what anger dictates
 To their revenge, which blood doth often satisfy.

Alph. He dares not be so cruel.

Ros. I conclude not ;
 But yet 'tis worth some fear, when he that was
 The root of all this war, stands at their mercy,
 That could not wish his safety, and their own
 Together. I have told you, sir, the worst.

K. of N. Alas ! thou hast undone me. [Faints.

Alph. Sir, my lord !

Lady, you were to blame—my lord !

Ros. Your son
 Shall live, and bless your age to see him live,
 If you will be so kind to allow yourself
 But eyes to witness it.

K. of N. Flatter not my soul,
 That is already weary of her burden,
 And would begone to rest.

Ros. Gather your spirits,

K. of N. What hopes ?

Ros. Assurance, sir, if you but please
 To entertain it ; I came hither on
 No empty motive, but to offer you
 A pledge for young Cesario.

K. of N. Where ? what pledge ?

Ros. A pledge of as full value to the owner,
 As your son's life to you.

Alph. Such security
 Were welcome.

K. of N. Make me blest.

Ros. Receive me then
 Your prisoner, and you make your balance even.
 Lose not your thought in wonder, when you know
 The price of what I have presented you,
 Your reason shall not think him undervalued ;
 I am Rosinda, daughter to that king,
 Whose soldiers threaten Naples ; equally
 As precious to my father, and a kingdom ;
 And to your power, thus I expose myself.
 If young Cesario meet unkind conditions,
 I' the same proportion let Rosinda suffer ;
 Erect a scaffold quickly o'er the walls,
 And fright their jealous eyes, when they behold
 Who is prepar'd for death, to equal their
 Revenge upon Cesario, whom they'll threaten
 To make you stoop. But lose no part of honour,
 As you are a king ; their trembling hangman
 Shall think himself mock'd, and let fall his sword,
 Or both our heads take their farewell together.

K. of N. Alphonso, is't a woman ?

Alph. And a brave one !

Maur. I admire her nobleness.

Ros. You are slow to ask

The cause that hath engag'd me to all this,
 And yet you cannot choose but read it plainly,
 In my guilty blushes ; I do love the prince.
 Perhaps 'tis more than he imagines, and
 Since I first saw him in my father's court,
 Without dishonour, I dare justify
 My heart was his, and to this love you owe
 The sorrow of his absence : for Cassandra,
 That noble lady, to whose breast I gave
 My secret'st thought, for my sake, by a letter
 In her own name, by tie of former love,
 To her, engag'd his meeting at my tent,
 Whither no sooner privately arriv'd,
 But by a villain that deceived our trust,
 My father was brought in, and he made prisoner !

You have the story, and my resolution
To be companion of his fate.

Vit. Again
Those words, dear lady, that concern'd Cassandra.
[*Throws off his disguise.*

K. of N.} Vittori?
Alph.} Vittori?

Vit. All your pardon ; I must hear this first.

Ros. Cassandra is innocent, and but fram'd that letter

To bring us two acquainted ; the earth has not
A purer chastity.

Vit. You have kept your word, and heaven reward your soul for't!—

My duty, sir, to you, and to my father.

Ros. He hath deserv'd his welcome for my sake.

K. of N. We thus confirm it.

Alph. My poor son Vittori !

K. of N. But tears of joy salute thee, best of ladies !—

Alphonso she is fair, well-shaped ; my son
Gave her deform'd ; with what eyes could he look
Upon this beauty, and not love it.

Vit. This beauty is her least perfection,
It speaks her woman ; but her soul an angel.
But I forget Cassandra all this while.

K. of N. Welcome again, fair princess ; my Cesario

Is here supplied—Alphonso.

Fabio. This may bring the peace about.

Maur. May it so ! what think you of half your land ?

Do not your acres melt apace ?

K. of N. Away—

Never did lady such an act of nobleness ;
And what we cannot reach in honouring thee,
Ages to come shall pay thy memory. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Sicilian Camp.—The king's Tent.

Enter king of Sicily, and CASSANDRA.

K. of S. May I believe Rosinda loves the prince,
And yet so cunningly disguise it from me?

Cas. It was my plot, I must confess, but her
Affection bad me to't ; I did expect
Another consequence.

K. of S. I'll to my daughter.

Cas. The prince now in your power, I hope,
great sir,
You'll look more gently on Vittori.

K. of S. We
Shall think on him. The prince ! excuse my ab-
sence. [*Exit.*]

Enter CESARIO.

Ces. Can these deceiving eyes look still upon me?
Is not thy soul ashamed ? have I for thee
Neglected my own fortune and my father,
All the delights that wait upon a kingdom,
For thy sake drawn this war upon my country,
And done such things, I did forget I was
A prince i' the acting ; and is all my love
Rewarded thus ? no devil to betray me,
But she to whom I durst have given my soul !
Degenerate woman !

Ces. Sir, throw off your passion,
And when you have heard me speak but a few
minutes
You'll change opinion ; and if you do not
Accuse yourself, you will at least acquit
Me from the guilt of your dishonour.

- Ces.* Did not
The magic of your letter bring me hither ?
Cas. I must not, sir, deny, I us'd what motive
I could to gain your presence, but no magic.
Ces. 'Twas worse, and shews more black for thy
intention ;
 Hast thou a conscience, and canst [thou] deny
Thou didst not mean this treachery ?
Cas. May heaven
Then shoot his anger at me ! I sent for you,
But, as I have a life, not to betray you.
Ces. What could induce thee then ?
Cas. Love, love, my lord.
Ces. Ha ! pardon my rashness and my error ;
 Do I hear thee pronounce, 'twas love sent for me ?
 What streams of joy run through me ! I am free,
 Have suffered nothing, nothing worthy of
 So rich a satisfaction ; I forget
 Naples with as much ease as I can kiss thee.
 Have you no more vexation ? Oh my stars !
 Your influence is too merciful.
Cas. Mistake not ;
 'Twas love, I must confess, but not that love
 Your wild imagination prompts you to ;
 And yet it was my love to wish you happy.
Ces. You are in paradoxes, lady ; it
 Was love, and it was not.
Cas. Love [which] another lady,
 In birth, and all that's good, above Cassandra,
 Had toward your person, did command my service
 In that rude letter ; my ambition
 Reach'd at no greater honour, than to bring
 Her passions to your knowledge : think, my lord,
 Upon Rosinda.
Ces. Ha !
Cas. And prison all
 Your wanton thoughts. Rosinda was by heaven
 Design'd for you, as I was for Vittori.

Re-enter king of Sicily.

K. of S. 'Tis treason to be ignorant ; search
every where,
I'll hang you all, unless you find my daughter.—
Prince, where's Rosinda ? I will have her, or
Your head shall off.

Ces. My head ?

K. of S. I cannot take
Too great revenge ; no punishment can fall
Severe enough upon his head was guilty
Of all these tumults.

Cas. Is the princess lost ?

K. of S. Not without some conspiracy ; you're all
Traitors. If I recover not my child,
I'll sacrifice the lives of my whole army.

Ces. How ill this violence sits upon a king ! —
Alphonso !

*Enter ALPHONSO, HORATIO, TRIVULSI, FABRICHIO,
PAZZORELLO, and DIDIMO.*

K. of S. What are you, sir ?

Hor. One from the king of Naples.

K. of S. I'll hear nothing,
Unless Rosinda be concern'd i' the message.

Alph. She is.

K. of S. Ha ! where ?

Alph. Safe in the city, sir.

K. of S. A prisoner ?

Alph. Guarded with love and honour, which she
hopes

Is not here wanting to Cesario.

K. of S. How came she thither ?

Alph. With Vittori, sir.

Cas. Ha ! Vittori ?

K. of S. That double renegade ! where is Cassandra ?

Off with her head, and his ! [Pointing to Ces.
Alph. My humblest duty.—

Take counsel to your action.—Rosinda
Is in the same condition, my lord ;
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Hor. Sir, if I were worthy
To advise you, let your passions cool ; you but
Provoke their fury to your daughter, by
Threatening the prince.

[*Alph. walks aside with Cesario.*

Tri. You are now on even terms ;
What if you met and parlied ?

Ces. Every praise
Thou giv'st her, makes me see my own deformity.—
Madam, you first awak'd me.

Fabio. Please you, sir,
The king would have some further conference.

Cas. Direct their counsels, heaven !

Ces. Thy pardon, dear Cassandra ;
When I have leave, I'll ask Vittori's too,
And all the world's.

K. of S. For further pledge on both sides,
Horatio we'll exchange ;¹ to invite Naples
To give us meeting.

Alph. 'Tis desired already.

K. of S. We follow.—Come, my lord, old men
have passions.

Ces. They were not men else.

Alph. My son's life, Cassandra.

[*Exeunt all but Paz. and Did.*

Paz. But this is strange news, Didimo : is my
lady and mistress a prisoner ? I took the prince.

* This is so pointed in the 4to. as to be unintelligible. Even now, it is not very clear ; but the king probably means, that he would send Horatio as a hostage for the safety of Alphonso, whom he wishes to retain.

Did. 'Twas valiantly done.

Paz. Why may not I, with my armour of magic, bustle among the enemies, and get honour now?

Did. It were your only time; get but a brave horse—

Paz. That would carry double, and I might bring home the princess behind me to the camp. Say no more; stay, thou art sure I am sufficiently enchanted.

Did. No infidelity; as sure as you had no money in your pockets!

Paz. Well remembered; if it be so sure, my little Didimo, you shall now give me account of all that gold and silver.

Did. Such another word, and my aunt shall take off her charm^{*} again.

Paz. There's it; this urchin has me on the hip: —beside, in my conscience, my granam has given thee a spell too, so that we might fight our hearts out, afore we kill one another.

Did. You may be sure of that.

Paz. Prithee let me try, for my own satisfaction, whether my sword will run thee through or no.

Did. It has been attempted a hundred times; you may as soon prick me with the pommel; but, if thou hast any doubt thy own body is not steel-proof, my rapier shall demonstrate.

Paz. Wilt? now thou'rt honest.

Did. 'Tis to no purpose.

Paz. For my satisfaction, if thou lov'st me.

Did. Come on your ways. [He draws.

Paz. Stay, 'tis pointed—I have a great mind; but if—but if—I should—I am enchanted; do it; stay, I will not see't: now— [Shuts his eyes.

Did. Never fear.

[He sheathes his sword, and thrusts him behind, and then draws it again presently.

* For *charm*, the old copy has *curse*.

Paz. Oh ! he has run me through body and soul ! Hum ! I see no point, nor blood, nor pain, ha ? 'Tis so, god-a-mercy Didimo ! I am right, I see't. I will dispatch these wars presently.

Did. Your charm will last no longer.

Paz. Tell not me, I will then go seek adventures ; We'll wander to relieve distressed damsels, Through woods with monsters, and with giants haunted, And kill the devil, like a knight enchanted. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

An open Space before the Gates of Naples.

Flourish of trumpets.—Enter, at one door, the king of Sicily, CESARIO, ALPHONSO, TRIVULSI, FABRICHIO, and CASSANDRA ; at the other, the king of Naples, ROSINDA, HORATIO, VITTORI, JULIO, and ALBERTO.—Alphonso goes to the king of Naples, and Horatio returns to the king of Sicily ; they whisper.

K. of S. Let's hear our daughter speak.

Ros. First, with an humbleness Thus low, I beg your pardon, and beseech You would interpret no defect of duty, That I forsook my tent, and your protection ; There is another, stronger tie than nature's : Love, whose impulsion you have felt, or I Had never been your daughter, moved my flight, Love of that excellent prince, whom, in your power,

I had no way to gain but by this loss ; And if you had been cruel to Cesario, I should have gloried under these to suffer.

Ces. No more ; there's virtue in that excellent princess

To stock two kingdoms.—Pardon, fair Rosinda,
Thou hast made me fit to know thee ; taught by thy
Obedience, I return a son to Naples,
Thus ; but desire no life without possession
Of that religious treasure.—As you're kings—

Both Kings. A change of hands and hearts !

Vit. Oh my Cassandra !

K. of N. Joy in all bosoms.

K. of S. Thus our kingdoms knit.

Ces. Horatio, we are friends too.

Hor. Own me your servant, sir ; I beg your pardon.

Ces. I cannot ask forgiveness oft enough
For injuries to thee, noble Vittori,
Alphonso, and Cassandra.

Vit.

Alph. } All your creatures.

Cas. }

Enter MAURITIO and FABIO.

Maur. Justice, my lord. [Presents a paper.

Fabio. Mercy, my lord.

K. of N. What's this ?

Maur. A deed of half his land, if he surviv'd
These wars, which are now happily determin'd ;
My life was his security, which will
Be merrier with the moiety of his acres.

K. of N. How if he had died ?

Maur. His land had gone to the next heir,
that's all ;

His ghost would hardly call upon my forfeit ;
If I had died, his land had been discharg'd,
But we, both living, must part stakes ; he has
Enough for two on's.

Fabio. Cheated by a soldado !

Ces. He must confirm his act.

Fabio. But in such cases, sir, where men's estates—

Ces. Are too much, sir, and, like their talk, impertinent;

Go to, you are well.

Fabio. But half well, an't like your grace.

Maur. 'Tis very well.

K. of N. Our city spreads to entertain such guests.

Ces. Never was music of so many parts,
As, friends to Naples now, we all join hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

THE
G A M E S T E R.

THE GAMESTER.] This comedy was licensed Nov. 11, 1633. The following memorandum respecting it occurs in the office book of the master of the revels : " on thursday night 6 of Febru. 1633 [163 $\frac{1}{4}$], *The Gamester* was acted at Court, made by Sherley, out of a plot of the king's, given him by mee; and well likte. The king sayd it was the best play he had seen for seven years."

The intrigue between Wilding and his kinswoman, his wife and Hazard, is borrowed, as Langbaine observes, from the second part of the *Ducento novelle del signor Celio Malespini*, nov. 96. The same story is in queen Margaret's novels, first day, nov. 8, " though managed," continues Langbaine, " to greater advantage by our poet, and I must do Mr. Sherley this justice, to say in his behalf, That whatever he borrows from novels, loses nothing in his hands, any more than in Mr. Dryden's, though our modest author never would have said so much, were he living."

The Gamester was given to the press in 1637. The title of the old copy is, " *The Gamester, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury-Lane. Written by James Shirly.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Sir Richard Hurry.

Master Wilding.

Will Hazard, THE GAMESTER.

Delamore, } *young gentlemen, friends.*

Beaumont, }

Acreless, } *gamesters.*

Littlestock, }

Sellaway.

Old Barnacle, a rich citizen.

Young Barnacle, his nephew.

Dwindle, young Barnacle's man.

Probe, a surgeon.

Page to Wilding.

Box-keeper, in an ordinary.

A lord.

A knight.

A country gentleman.

Officers.

Keeper of a prison.

Servants.

Drawers.

Fidler.

Mistress Wilding.

Penelope, her relation, and ward to Wilding.

*Leonora, daughter of sir R. Hurry, in love with
Delamore.*

*Violante, a young lady, her friend, in love with
Beaumont.*

SCENE, London.

¹ There is no list in the 4to. copy.

THE GAMESTER.

ACT I. SCENE I

The Street before Wilding's House.

Enter WILDING and PENELOPE.

Wild. What need you be so coy now ?

Pen. Pray collect

Youself, remember what you are, and whose ;
You have a virtuous gentlewoman, think
Upon your faith to her.

Wild. Think of a fiddlestick !
While you put me in mind of what I am,
You quite forget yourself : my wife, I allow
Your kinswoman far off, to whom, a widow,
Your father left you, with a handsome fortune,
Which, by her marriage, I have in possession,
And you too ; therefore, as you hope to be
In due time worth a husband, think upon't:
I can deserve respect, then wisely use me
As you would keep me.

Pen. This is but a trial
Of my strength, for I know you have more charity,
(Should I consent,) than shipwreck your own
honour :

But take heed, sir, how you proceed to jest
With frailty, least too much disordering

Your good thoughts, you forget, and by degrees
Lose your own innocence.

Wild. Jest ! you'd have me swear,
And yet you should not think it such a wonder,
To love ; come, [come,] shake off this frost, it spoils
thee ;

Your nature should be soft, and flexible :
Perhaps thou think'st, I do not love thee heartily ;
I know not how to give thee better testimony,
Than by offering myself to thee : if my wife die,
As ten to one she's not immortal, we
May couple t' other way.

Pen. What argument 's this
To assure the truth of your affection to me,
That break your vows to her ?

Wild. Oh, great argument, an you observe :
She was a widow when I married her,
Thou art a young maid, and handsome.

Pen. Can you be so ungrateful,
To punish whom you should reward ? remember,
sir,
She brought you that wealth you have, took you
from nothing —

Win. There's reason, then, for nothing I should
love her.

Hang her estate ! I was held a proper man,
And in that point deserved her, an she had millions.
An I were free again, I would not draw
I' the team of marriage for ten subsidies,
Not to command a province.

Pen. Yet you said,
Were your wife dead you'd marry me.

Wild. Only thee, and no body else.

Pen. 'Twere dangerous to have many.

Wild. To have one,
Is little less than madness ; come, wilt promise ?

Enter mistress WILDING, behind.

Pen. What?

Wild. A course; you know my meaning.

Mrs. W. I do not like this whispering; why
with her

So close in parley?

Wild. Wilt thou do this feat
For me? 'tis finish'd in a pair of minutes.

Pen. Yes, upon one condition.

Wild. What condition?

Pen. That your wife give consent; you shall
then command me.

Wild. I'll undertake to go a pilgrimage
To Jerusalem, and return sooner: would
I di not love thee, love thee infinitely,
That's all!—[*exit Pen.*]—'Twill not do.—My wife!

I hope

She has not eaves-dropp'd us; what pity 'tis
She cannot find the way to heaven! I should not
Trouble her in haste; these wives will have no
conscience,

But stick to us everlastingly.—Now, lady,
How did your monkey rest last night? you look
As you had not done your prayers yet, I will not
Disturb you. [Going.

Mrs. W. Pray, sir, stay; let me but know
Some reason why you use me thus unkindly.
If I have been guilty of offence, I am not
Past hope, but with the knowledge of my error,
'Tis possible I may amend, and please you.

Wild. I do not like you.

Mrs. W. You did marry me.

Wild. Yes, I did marry you, here's too much
record for't;

I would there were a parson to unmarry us!
If any of our clergy had that faculty,

He might repair the old, and build as many
 New abbeys through the kingdom in a twelvemonth.
 Shall I speak truth ? I never much affected thee ;
 I married thee for thy soul's sake, not thy body,
 And shall as soon get children on't ; and yet
 I do not hate thee, witness, I dare kiss [thee],
 Hold thee by the hand, and sleep in the same house ;
 And in thy bed sometimes something has been
 done

Within the memory of man ; but—

Mrs. W. What, sir ?

Wild. You have a scurvy quality, wife, I told
 you on't

Mrs. W. Once more, and I'll correct it.

Wild. You are given to be jealous ; I cannot
 ramble

Abroad in gentlemen's company whole days,
 Lie out o' nights, but you suspect I am wanton ;
 'Tis ill done, it becomes no modest woman
 That loves her husband, to be jealous,
 Whate'er she see, or hears ; mend, mend this fault,
 You do not know how it may work upon me.
 Some wife will bid her husband's leverets welcome,
 Keep house together, and provide clean sheets,
 And cullices to fortify ; you ne'er did it :
 Know her own chamber, and not come forth
 Till she be sent for ; if her husband kiss her
 Sometimes, allow her clothes and other trinkets,
 Suffer her carve at table, she is satisfied ;
 And none o' the parish talk, she carries it
 So handsomely : these morals I have read
 Before now, but you put them not in practice,
 Nor, for aught I perceive, have disposition to't.
 Therefore I'll take my course.

Mrs. W. To shew I can
 Be obedient to my griefs, from this time, sir,
 I will not urge with one unwelcome syllable,
 How much I am neglected ; I'll conceal it

Too from the world ; your shame must needs be
mine.

I see you do not love me, where your heart
Hath placed a worthier thought, let it dwell ever :
Freely pursue your pleasures, I will have
No passion that shall mutiny ; you are,
And shall be lord of me still.

Wild. I like this,
If it be no disguise.

Mrs. W. Do not suspect me,
I would swear by a kiss, if you vouchsafe it ;
You shall not keep a servant, that shall be
More humble.

Wild. And obedient to my will ?

Mrs. W. In all things.

Wild. But if I bring home a mistress ?

Mrs. W. I'll call her sister.

Wild. What if there be one
Already, that does please me ? will you not
Repine, and look awry upon's, when we
Make much of one another ?

Mrs. W. So you will
But sometimes smile on me too, I'll endeavour.

Wild. Well said, this may do good upon me ; as
I find you prompt in this, I may consider
Other matters :—to tell you true, I love
Your kinswoman.

Mrs. W. How ?

Wild. I' the way you wot on ; but
I find her cold and peevish, how she may
Be brought about I know not ; 'twould shew well,
And be a precedent for other wives,
If you would put your help to't.

Mrs. W. Goodness bless me !

Wild. One woman with another can do more
In such a cause, than twenty men. I do not
Wander, you see, out of the blood ; this will
Be a way to justify your obedience.

Mrs. W. You shew a tyrant now, and 'stead of framing

My soul to patience, murder both. [Exit.

Wild. I have gone too far, o' conscience ; this may

Spoil all : and now I think upon't, I was
A coxcomb to discover any party ;
I must deny't again, and carry things
More closely.—How now, Will ?

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. How now, Will ? is that all ?

Look up, and ask me a question like a man.
What, melancholy ?

Wild. No, no, a toy, a trifle.

Haz. That should be a woman ; who is't thou
art thinking on ?

I have been of your counsel.

Wild. I was thinking—

O' my wife.

Haz. I met her sad.

Wild. I cannot blame her ;
We have had a dialogue ; come, thou know'st my
bosom.

Haz. When dost [thou] mean to lie with her ?

Wild. I know not,
But I have offer'd fair conditions :

She is very confident I do not doat
Upon her beauty ; I have told her, sirrah,
I love her kinswoman.

Haz. You are not so mad ?

Wild. The world's deceiv'd in her ; she'll give
me leave

To ramble where I list, and feed upon
What best delights my appetite.

Haz. He that has

An ambition to be strangled in his sleep,
May tell his wife he loves another woman.

Wild. But I was not content with this : because
The other wench was somewhat obstinate,
I must needs urge my wife to mollify
And mould her, for my purpose.

Haz. And she consented too ?

Wild. No, 'twould not do ;
This went against her stomach, and we parted.

Haz. Next time you see her, look to be presented
With your mistress's nose for this; dost think a
woman

Can be so patient, to know her rival
I' the same roof, and leave her eyes to see thee ?
Again, I am sorry for thee.

Wild. I am confident
She dare not : but for all that, would I had
Been less particular !

Haz. Come, I love thee well,
But not thy wit, to carry things no handsomer :
You must unravel again, and make your wife
Believe you did but try her.—
How now ! what's the news here ?

Enter Officers, bearing DELAMORE, wounded.

1 Off. Quickly to a surgeon ; bear him gently.

Haz. What's the business ?

2 Off. Nothing, sir, but a gentleman is kill'd,
and we are carrying him to a surgeon.

Wild. 'Tis Jack Delamore ; he is not dead.

Haz. Who hurt him ?

2 Off. Master Beaumont ; we cannot stay, sir.

Wild. Why, they were friends.

2 Off. But wine made them fall out, some say,
about their mistresses.

Wild. I did expect a woman at one end on't.

What miserable fools are men, to kill
One another for these cockatrices !

Haz. I am sorry for poor Beaumont.

Wild. It would be long ere any mistress would
Be so desperate for her servant ; this is valour !
High and mighty valour !

Haz. Men must preserve
Their honours, man ; thou dost not know their
quarrel.

Wild. Thou art held a piece of a kill-cow too,
look to't,
Before the sessions take an order with you.
Is't not a great deal safer, now, to skirmish
With a petticoat, and touze a handsome wench
In private, than be valiant in the streets,
And kiss the gallows for't ? Hang, hang this foolery !
Let gentlemen rather live, and pay their tailors,
Than let their clothes enrich the hangman's ward-
robe.

Haz. But skirmishing, as you call it, with the
petticoat,
Is by some held a way to this preferment ;
Your wenches have been sticklers, and some men
Dropt in their quarrel.

Wild. Let them be such coxcombs,
They cannot die too soon ! cannot I have
A lady of pleasure, but, to please her humour,
I must be engag'd to fight and kill men for her ?
Because her health's refus'd, another's nose
Or teeth preferr'd ? substantial grounds for murder !
We spend our blood too much another way ;
Consumption take me, if I fight for one of 'em !
I will drink single beer first,^{*} and live honest.
Gentlemen are come to a fine pass ! do not you
Think but 'tis possible I may fight, for all this.

* *I will drink single beer first,*] i. e. weak, another name for
small beer.

Haz. There may be causes, that have women in them :

But I confess, no polecats, or lewd strumpets, Though I do use the trick o' the flesh, shall drive Me to the surgeon ; I had a mother—

Wild. And I have a wife, Would thou hadst her !

Haz. No, no, she is well as she is— There may be honour to defend these.

Wild. Sometimes.

Haz. But there's a mischief greater than all these,

A base and sordid provocation, Used among gentlemen ; they cannot quarrel About a glass of wine, but out flies straight, *Son of a whore !* Dead mothers must be torn Out of their graves, or living, have their names Poison'd by a prodigious breath : it were A brave and noble law, to make this tongue² Be cut for't, it would save much blood i' the year, That might be spent more honourably.

Wild. The lie Grew a dull provocation, this has quicken'd us. But leave this common-place, thou canst not help it ; Let us talk of something else. Stay, is not this Beaumont ?

Enter Officers with BEAUMONT.

Haz. Apprehended ! alas, poor gentleman !— How now, Ned ?

Beau. As you see, gentlemen ; call'd to my account.

Wild. We heard a piece of the misfortune ; but Be not dejected, he may live.

² Dodsley alters “ *this* tongue,” to “ *his* tongue ;” but there is no need of change : in truth, the sense is injured by it.

Beau. I fear it.—

Pray lead me where you please. Alas, Violante !
This news will wound thee too. [*Exe. Off. with Beau.*

Wild. I will with him,
And know the story. [*Exit, following.*

Haz. 'Twill but trouble me ;
I can do him no service, beside that,
I am engag'd to meet old master Barnacle.—

Enter ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, and SELLAWAY.

Whither, whither, gentlemen, with your swords
drawn ?

Acre. Dost [thou] not see a gentleman led to prison ?
We'll rescue him from the officers ; come, join
with us :

We shall draw more to the cause.

Haz. You do not mean
This rashness ? hide your swords, be advis'd better ;
Do you know his fact ?

Little. He has slain a gentleman.

Sell. They say he is not dead ; the wound's not
mortal.

Haz. And will you make one past cure ?

Acre. How dost mean ?

Haz. Upon yourselves ; cool your hot bloods a
little.

(No mutiny, my countrymen ; remember,
If he recover that is hurt, the t'other
Will come off well enough, without your valour :
Breathe, breathe awhile ; you may, if you have a
mind to't,

Instead of rescuing, betray a gentleman,
And yourselves too, to a danger.

Little. He says right.

Haz. 'Tis scurvy wearing hemp, if you 'scape
killing :
There be more butchers than sell flesh ; and citizens

Have no mercy in their clubs,³ especially
 When gentlemen have so little wit to bring
 Their heads to the knocking down ; 'tis a revenge
 They owe you for their wives : oh, take heed mainly
 Of these left-handed halberdiers.

Acre. Confound 'em !

Haz. How many will you kill with your bird-
 spit ?

You have more legs and arms at home, which makes
 You valiant ! I'll not pare my nails to day,
 And yet I love my friend, as the best of you ;
 You know I dare fight too, but in this cause
 You must needs pardon me. I believe the stoutest
 That now would seem all fire and sword, will go
 With as ill will to hanging, as another,
 And will become't as scurvily ; take your courses.

Sell. I think 'tis better —

Haz. O' the two, to go to the tavern, and be
 drunk

In your own defence ; a wench is not so dangerous,
 Nor the disease that waits upon her.

Acre. What if the gentleman that's hurt should
 die ?

Then there's no hope for t' other.

Haz. Less for you ;
 You would be guilty of his murther too,
 And snatch him from the law ; why, you may do't :
 'Tis pity but the government should thank you,
 And if you 'scape the halter for't, it may be
 Another man in time may cut your throat ;
 And there's one for another, paid in blood !
 Come, be yourselves ; these are not acts of gentle-
 men,
 Where shame, not honour, must reward your
 daring ;

³ _____ citizens

Have no mercy in their clubs,] See Massinger, vol. ii. p. 142.

Though we be wild, it follows not we should
Be mad outright.

Litt'e. I was ever of his mind.

Acre. Come, let's to [a] tavern.

Haz. I am for that coast ; now I think upon't,
I'll meet you at the new rendezvous within
This half hour ; I expect a gentleman
That has engaged my promise ; I'll come to you
Ere you be half drunk.

Sel' Do not fail.

Haz Drink sack, and think not on it. [*Exe. all but Haz.*]—What should be
The business, that old Barnacle has desired
My conference ? 'tis not to lend me money, sure.
He's here.

Enter old BARNACLE.

Old B. Master Hazard !

Haz. I was coming to you, sir.

Old B. I am fortunate to prevent so great a
trouble.

There is a business, sir, wherein I must
Desire your favour.

Haz Mine ? command it, sir.

Old B. Nay, I'll be thankful too ; I know you are
A gentleman.

Haz That should incline you think
I am not mercenary.

Old B. I beseech you, sir,
Mistake me not ; rewards are due to virtues,
And honour must be cherish'd.

Haz. What's your purpose ?
Pray clear my understanding.

Old B. To be plain, sir,
You have a name i' the town for a brave fellow.

Haz. How, sir ! you do not come to jeer me ?

Old B. Patience ; I mean you have the opinion
Of a valiant gentleman ; one that dares [fight,]

Fight, and maintain your honour against odds :
The swordmen do acknowledge you, the bailiffs
Observe their distance, all the swaggering puffs
Strike their top-sails ; I have heard 'em in the streets
Say, *There goes daring Hazard ! a man careless*
Of wounds ; and though he have not had the luck
To kill so many as another, dares
Fight with all them that have.

Haz. You have heard this ?

Old B. And more, and more ; mistake not.
I do not all this while accompt you in
The list of those are call'd the blades, that roar
In brothels, and break windows ; fright the streets
At midnight worse than constables, and sometimes
Set upon innocent bell-men,^{*} to beget
Discourse for a week's diet ; that swear, damn-mes,
To pay their debts, and marchlike walking armories,
With poniard, pistol, rapier, and batoon,
As they would murder all the king's liege people,
And blow down streets : no, I repute you valiant
Indeed, and honour'd, and come now, without
More ceremony, to desire your favour ;
Which, as you are a gentleman, I hope
You'll not deny me.

Haz. Though your language
Besomething strange, yet, 'cause I think you dare not
Intend me an abuse, I will not question it :
Pray, to the point ; I do not think you come
To have me be your second.

Old B. I am no fighter,
Though I have seen a fence-school in my days,
And crack'd a cudgel ; yet I come about
A fighting business.

* ——— *innocent bell-men,*] The watch, who, at this period, carried a bell. The *blades*, who occur in the preceding line, are bravoës, bullies. They were the predecessors of the *Mohawks*, and other pestilent disturbers of the peace, who continued to infest the streets down to the beginning of the last century.

Haz. You would have me beat
Somebody for you ?

Old B. Not so, noble Hazard ; yet
I come to entreat a valiant courtesy,
Which I am willing to requite in money ;
I have brought gold to give you payment, sir :
'Tis a thing you may easily consent to,
And 'twill oblige me ever.

Haz. Be particular.

Old B. Then thus : you are not ignorant I have
A nephew, sir.

Haz. You have so.

Old B. One that's like
To be my heir, the only of my name
That's left, and one that may in time be made
A pretty fellow.

Haz. Very well ; proceed.

Old B. You know, or you imagine, that I have
A pretty estate too.

Haz. You're held a main rich man, sir,
In money able to weigh down an alderman.

Old B. I have more than I shall spend : now, I
come close,
I would have this nephew of mine converse with
gentlemen.

Haz. And he does so.

Old B. I'll not pinch him in's allowance ;
The university had almost spoil'd him—

Haz. With what ?

Old B. With modesty, a thing, you know,
Not here in fashion ; but that's almost cur'd :
I would allow him to be drunk.

Haz. You may, sir.

Old B. Or any thing to speak him a fine gen-
tleman.

Haz. With your favour, sir, let me be bold a little
To interrupt you ; were not you a citizen ?

Old B. 'Tis confess'd, sir.

Haz. It being a thriving way,
A walk, wherein you might direct your nephew,
Why do you not breed him so ?

Old B. I apprehend,
And thus I satisfy you : we that had
Our breeding from a trade, cits, as you call us,
Though we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen :
In threc generations they return again.
We for our children purchase land ; they brave it⁵
I' the country ; beget children, and they sell,
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be prentices.
There is a whirl in fate : the courtiers make
Us cuckolds ; mark ! we wriggle into their
Estates ; poverty makes their children citizens ;
Our sons cuckold them : a circular justice !
The world turns round—but once more, to the
purpose.

Haz. To your nephew.

Old B. This nephew of mine, I do love dearly ;
He is all my care ; I would be loth to lose him ;
And to preserve him both in life, and honour,
I come to you.

Haz. Now you come to me, indeed, sir.

Old B. What shall I give you, sir, to let him—

Haz. What ?

Old B. Pray be not angry.

Haz. By no means.

Old B. There is no such security i' the world ;
I'll pay for't heartily.

Haz. For what ?

Old B. What shall I give you, troth, and let him—

Haz. What ?

Old B. Beat you, sir.

Haz. How !

Old B. Nay, do not, sir, mistake me, for although

* ————— *they brave it]* Dress, and live, ostentatiously.

I name it coarsely, I desire it should be
 With your consent, no otherwise ; my nephew
 Is raw, and wants opinion, and the talk
 Of such a thing, to beat a gentleman
 That all the town's afraid of, would be worth,
 In's credit, heaven knows what. Alas ! you cannot
 Blame a kind uncle, to desire all means
 To get his nephew fame, and keep him safe ;
 And this were such a way !—

Haz. To have me beaten ?

Old B. You're i' the right, but do not miscon-
 ceive me ;

Under your favour, my intention is not
 He should much hurt you : if you please to let him
 Quarrel, or so, at tavern, or where else
 You shall think fit, and throw a pottle pot—

Haz. At my head ?

Old B. Yes ; or say

It be a quart, still under your correction,
 Only that some of your acquaintance, and
 Gentlemen, may take notice, that he dares
 Affront you, and come off with honour handsomely.
 Look, here's a hundred pieces ! tell 'em i' the ordi-
 nary,

They're weight, upon my credit ; play 'em not
 Against light gold : this is the prologue to
 My thanks ; beside, my nephew shall in private
 Acknowledge himself beholding.

Haz. A hundred pieces ! I want money. *Not w. v. c.*

Old B. Right.

Haz. You give me this to let your nephew beat
 me ?

Old B. Pray take me with you ;⁶ I do not mean
 he should,

By beating, hurt you dangerously ; you may
 Contrive the quarrel, so that he may draw

* Bar. *Pray take me with you ;*] i. e. hear me out ; understand me fully.

Some blood, or knock you o'er the pate, and so forth,
And come off bravely, this is all.

Haz. Well, sir ;
You do not mean, you say, he should endanger
My life or limbs ; all you desire, if I
Mistake not, is to get your nephew credit,
That, being flesh'd, he may walk securely, and be
held

Valiant, by gaining honour upon me.

Old B. You understand me right.

Haz. I'll put it up ;
Pray send your nephew to me, we'll agree.

Old B. Agree, sir ? you must quarrel, and he
must beat you,
Else 'tis no bargain.

Haz. Not before
We have concluded how things shall be carried.

Old B. I must desire your secrecy, and—

Haz. Here's my hand.

Old B. And there's my money.

[*Gives him the gold.*

Haz. Your nephew shall be a blade.

Old B. Why, there's ten pieces more, 'cause
you come off
So freely ! I will send him to you.

Haz. Do so.—

Why this, if the dice favour me, may bring all
Mylands again. [*aside,*]—Besure you send him ; but
No words, for your nephew's credit.

Old B. Muin—I thank you heartily. [Exit.

Haz. Be there such things i' the world ? I'll
first to the tavern,
There I am stay'd for.—Gentlemen, I come,
I'll be beat every day for such a sum. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Wilding's House.

Enter mistress WILDING and Page.

Mrs. W. Where's your master, boy?

Page. I know not, mistress.

Mrs. W. Come nearer, sirrah, you
Are of your master's counsel sometimes ; come,
Be true in what I shall desire, and I
Shall find a time for your reward.

Page. How do you mean, mistress ?
We pages meet rewards of several natures :
This great man gives us gold, that lady gloves,
T' other silk stockings, roses, garters ; but
The lady, and mistress whom we serve in ordinary,
Reserves another bounty, for our closeness.

Mrs. W. I see you can be a wag ; but be just
to me,
And secret.

Page. As your physician, or your looking-glass,
That in your absence cannot be corrupted
To betray your complexion.

Mrs. W. What private mistresses
Does master Wilding visit ?

Page. Who? my master ?
Alas, forsooth, do you think he lets me know ?

Mrs. W. Nay, nay, dissemble not.

Page. I hire a coach
Sometimes, or so, but ride always i' the boot ;
I look at nobody, but the passengers ;
I do not sit i' the same box at plays with him.
I wait at tavern, I confess, and so forth,
And when he has supp'd, we must have time to
eat too,

And what should I trouble my conscience
 With being too officious, till I am call'd for ?
 'Tis true, he waits upon the ladies home ;
 But 'tis so dark, I know not where they dwell,
 And the next day we have new ones, 'las ! mere
 strangers

To me, and I should be unmannerly
 To catechise 'em : if, now and then, there be
 Any superfluous cast waiting-woman,
 There be so many servingmen about her,
 I cannot come to ask a question ;
 And how should I know any thing ?

Mrs. W. I see
 You are old enough for vice.

Page. Alas ! forsooth,
 You know 'tis ill to do a thing that's wicked ;
 But 'twere a double sin to talk on't too,
 If I were guilty ;—beside, forsooth, I know
 You would ne'er trust me again, if I should tell you.

Mrs. W. Thou art deceiv'd, it shall endear thee
 more.

Page. I must beseech you
 To be excus'd ; my master is my master ;
 My feet are at your service, not my tongue.
 I would not forfeit my recognizance,
 And shame the tribe ; pages and midwives are
 Sworn to be close.

Mrs. W. Hence, thou old in villainy !
 But 'tis in vain to chide ; leave me, and bid
 Mistress Penelope come hither.

Page. Yes, forsooth. [Exit.
Mrs. W. I know not which way to begin ; to me
 He has betray'd he loves her ; she is present.

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. Will you be sad still, cousin ? why do you
 grieve ?
 Be kinder to yourself ; trust me, I weep
 When I am alone, for you.

Mrs. W. Sorrow and I

Are taking leave, I hope, and these are only
Some drops after the cloud has wept his violence :
Were one thing finish'd, I should ne'er be sad more,
And I cannot despair to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.

Pen. My love ? 'tis justice you command my
service ;

I would I were so happy.

Mrs. W. Make me so,
By your consent to my desire.

Pen. Pray name it.

Mrs. W. I only ask your love, pray give it me.

Pen. My love ? why do you mock my poor heart,
which

Pours all it has upon you ; you are possess'd
Of that already.

Mrs. W. You examine not
The extent of my request ; for when you have
Given what I ask, your love, you must no more
Direct it, as you please, the power's in me
How to dispose it.

Pen. And you shall for ever ;
I have no passion that shall not know
Obedience to you.

Mrs. W. Your love, by gift
Made mine, I give my husband you ; love him.¹

Pen. I always did.

Mrs. W. But in a nearer way :
Love him as I do, with a resolution
To give yourself to him, if he desire it.

Pen. I understand you not ; or if you do
Suspect I cherish any lawless flame—

Mrs. W. Thou art too innocent ; be less, and do

* Dodsley has quite mistaken the author's meaning, and corrupted the passage. He reads, "Do you love him?" Here is no question ; but an injunction, as the context shews. Having secured your love, I give (what was mine) my husband to you, and require you to transfer to him that love which you have placed at my disposal.

An act to endear us both ; I know he loves thee ;
Meet it, dear coz, 'tis all I beg of thee.

I know you think it a most strange request,
But it will make [me] fortunate.

Pen. Grief, I fear,
Hath made her wild. [*aside.*]—Do you know what
you desire ?

Mrs. W. Yes, that you love my husband :
modesty

Will not allow me to discourse my wish
In every circumstance, but think how desperate
My wound is, that would have so strange a cure :
He'll love me then ; and, trust me I'll not study
Revenge, as other wives, perhaps, would do,
But thank thee ; and indeed an act like this,
So full of love, with so much loss and shame too,
For mine and his sake, will deserve all duty.

Pen. I have no patience to hear more, and could I
Let in a thought, [that] you meant this [in] earnest,
I should forget I knew you ; but you cannot
Be fallen from so much goodness. I confess,
I have no confidence in your husband's virtue ;
He has attempted me ; but shall hope sooner
To leave a stain upon the sun, than bribe
Me to so foul a guilt. I have no life
Without my innocence, and you cannot make
Yourself more miserable, than to wish it from me :
Oh, do not lose the merit of your faith,
And truth to him, though he forget himself,
By thinking to relieve yourself thus sinfully !—
But sure you do but try me all this while.

Mrs. W. And I have found thee pure ; be still
preserv'd so !
But he will straggle further—.

Pen. Cherish hope,
He rather will come back ; your tears and prayers
Cannot be lost.

Mrs. W. I charge thee, by thy love,
Yet be ruled by me : I'll not be so wicked

To tempt thee in a thought shall blemish thee ;
 But as thou wouldest desire my peace, and his
 Conversion, if his wantonness last with him,
 Appear more tractable ; allow him so much
 Favour, in smile, or language, that he may not
 Think it impossible to prevail at last.

Pen. This may engage him further, and myself
 To a dishonour.

Mrs. W. It shall work our happiness,
 As I will manage things ; 'tis but to seem :
 A look will cost thee nothing, nor a syllable
 To make his hopes more pleasing ; on my life
 Thou shalt be safe, both in thy fame and person.
 Will you do this for my sake ?

Pen. I'll refuse
 No danger, if I suffer not in honour,
 To do you any service.

Mrs. W. I have cast it
 Already, in my brain ; but do not yet
 Enquire my purpose ; as his folly leads
 Him to pursue you, let me know, and I'll
 By fair degrees acquaint you with my plot,
 Which, built on no foul ends, is like to prosper.—
 And see how aptly he presents himself !
 Prithee seem kind, and leave the rest to me.
 He shall not see me.

[*Exit.*

Enter WILDING.

Wild. How now, coz ! was that
 My wife went off ?

Pen. Yes, sir.

Wild. Let her go ;
 What said she to thee ?

Pen. Nothing.

Wild. Thou art troubled.

Pen. Pray, to your knowledge, sir, wherein
 have I
 Done injury to you, or her ?

Wild. Has she
Abus'd thee? I'll go kick her.

Pen. By no means, sir. *I steal away your heart,*
And meet at stolen embraces!

Wild. Does she twit thee?
I'll kick her like a foot-ball.
Say but the word.

Pen. By no means think upon't, I have forgiven
her.
You shall not, sir, so much as frown upon her;
Pray do not, as you love me; we may study
A more convenient revenge.

Wild. How's this?
I prithee, if she have been peremptory,
Which was none of our articles, let me instruct thee
How we shall be reveng'd.

Pen. Sir, I acknowledge
The growth and expectation of my fortune
Is in your love; and though I would not wrong
her—

And yet to have my innocence accused,
Is able to pervert it;—sir, your pardon,
I have been passionate: pray love your wife.

Wild. No, no, I'll love thee; indeed, indeed, I
will.

Is she jealous?

Pen. You know she has no cause.

Wild. Let us be wise, and give her cause;
shall's, coz?

Pen. Sir, if [I] be a trouble to your house,
Your breath shall soon discharge me; I had thought
The tie of blood might have gain'd some respect.

Wild. Discharge thee the house! I will dis-
" charge her,
And all her generation, thee excepted,
And thou shalt do thyself; by this thou shalt.—

[Kisses her.]

Ha!

She kisses with more freedom : this is better,
Than if my wife had pleaded for me. [*aside.*]—Pen,
Thou shalt be mistress, wilt thou? Come, thou shalt ;
She's fit for drudgery.

Pen. Oh, do not say so.

Wild. Then I will not ; but I love thee for thy
spirit,

Cause thou wilt be reveng'd ; punish her jealousy
The right way : when 'tis done, I do not care
To tell her ; ² it may kick up her heels too,
Another way.

Pen. Tell her what ? you make me blush.

Wild. No, no, I will tell nobody, by this hand.
Stay, I have a diamond will become this finger ;

[*Gives her a ring.*

Wear it, and let my wife stare out her eyes upon't.

Pen. I will not take't on such conditions.

Wild. Take it on any.—She is come about !

[*Aside.*

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, master Hazard desires your company
at [the] tavern ; he says there are none but gentle-
men of your acquaintance, master Acreless,
master Littlestock, and master Sellaway, the three
gamesters.

Wild. He must excuse me.

Pen. As you love me, go, sir.

Have no suspicion that I wish your absence :
I'll wear your gift, and study to be thankful. [*Exit.*

Wild. Well, there is no great hurt in all this yet ;
The tide's not strong against me ; no talk now
Of wife's consent. I'll not remove my siege ;
She'll study to be thankful, she's mine own,
As sure as I were in her maidenhead.

Now to the tavern, boy, and drink to the purpose.

[*Exeunt.*

² *I do not care to tell her,*] i. e. I care not if I tell her.

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

HAZARD, ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, and SELLAWAY,
discovered drinking. Drawers attending.

Haz. More wine.—Is not this better, gentlemen,
Than spitting constables? you would have fought
now,

And had your brain-pans open'd.

Acre. Right, noble Hazard,
Here's to thee. [Drinks.

Haz. Let [it] come, boy; fill it me steeple-high:
I am in [the] vein of mirth, and I have cause,
As you shall see in due time, gentlemen.—
Master Littlestock, thou art dreaming o' the dice.

Sell. He's melancholy.

Little. Who, I?

Haz. I'll play the farrier, then, and drench thee
for the sullens. A health to all our mistresses! we
have had 'em single, let's shuffle 'em now together.
—Master Acreless.

Enter Fidler.

Fid. Wilt please you, gentlemen, to have a song?

Haz. You have not wash'd to day; go, get
clean manners. [Throws the wine in his face.
You rascal, we have no wenches.

Fid. I see nobody, sir, you have wash'd my eyes
out.

Haz. It is not necessary thou shouldst have any:
Fill me again.

Acre. This fellow would have t' other cup.

Fid. I have had a cup too much already, gentlemen.
[Exit.]

Haz. Let it go round, and then, in hope you may
Look double, I will shew you a sight. I wonder
Jack Wilding stays.

Enter WILDING and Page.

He's come i' the nick.

Wild. Save, save you, gallants, may a man
come i' the rear?

Haz. Give him his garnish.

Wild. You are not prisoners for the reckoning,
I hope.

Haz. For the reckoning!—Now you are alto-
gether, gentlemen,
I'll shew you a wonder; but come not too near,
Keep out o' the circle, whatsoe'er you think on't:

[Takes out a purse of money.]

This is a hundred pound; nay, not so close—
These pictures do shew best at distance, gentlemen,
You see it; presto!— [Puts up the purse.]

Wild. Nay, let's see't again.

Haz. Like to your cunning juggler, I ne'er shew
My trick but once; you may hear more hereafter.—
What think you of this, master Acreless, master
Littlestock,

And master Sellaway?

Acre. We do not believe 'tis gold.

Haz. Perish, then,
In your infidelity!

Wild. Let me but touch it.

Haz. It will endure, take my word for't; why,
look you,

[Takes out the purse again, and shakes it.]
For your satisfaction;—no gloves off,—
You have devices to defalk;—preserve
Your talons, and your talents, till you meet
With more convenient gamesters. [Puts it up.]

Little. How cam'st by it ?

Wild. Thou'dst little or none this morning.

Haz. I have bought it, gentlemen, and you, in a mist,

Shall see what I paid for it. Thou hast not drunk yet : [To *Wild.*

Ne'er fear the reckoning, man.—More wine, you varlets !

And call your mistress [up,] your scolopendra ; ³

If we like her complexion, we may dine here.

[Exit Drawers.

Wild. But hark thee, hark thee, Will, didst win it ?

Haz. No,

But I may lose it ere I go to bed.

Dost think't shall musty ? what's a hundred pound ?

Sell. A miracle ; but they are ceas'd with me.

Acre. And me too ; come let's drink.

Wild. No matter how it came, Will, I congratulate [Aside to *Haz.*

Thy fortune, and will quit thee now

With good news of myself ; my coz, I told thee on,

Is wheel'd about ; she has took a ring o' me :

We kiss'd, and talk'd, time out o' mind.

Haz. I know it ;

My almanac says 'tis a good day to woo in,
Confirm'd by Erra Pater, that honest Jew too ;
I'll pledge thee.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Master Hazard, there are two gentlemen below,

Enquire for you.

Haz. For me ?

³ *scolopendra,*] A venomous serpent ; one of the thousand cant names for a courtezan.

Draw. One's somewhat ancient, I heard him call
The t' other nephew.

Haz. Say I come to 'em presently.—

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Gentlemen, I do caution you before
To be fair condition'd ; one of them, the nephew,
Is of a fiery constitution,
And sensible of any affront ; let this
Character prepare him for you.

Wild. Bring him not hither.

Haz. There is a necessity in't ; I would not for
A hundred pound but entertain him, now
He knows I am here.

[*Exit, and returns with old Barnacle, young Barnacle, and Dwindle.*

Wild. This is old Barnacle.

Acre. One that is to fine for alderman.

Little. And that's his nephew, I have been in's
company.

Sell. Is this the youth Hazard prepar'd us for ?
How busy they are !

Haz. You could not wish [a] better opportunity,
These are all gentlemen of quality ;
I'll call him cousin first, if it please you,
To endear him to their acquaintfance.

Old B. I'll not be
A witness of your passages myself ;
These will report as much as I desire, sir ;
If you be beaten, I am satisfied.

Young B. But do you hear, uncle ? are [you]
sure you have made
Your bargain wisely ? they may cut my throat
When you are gone, and what are you the wiser ?—
Dwindle, be you close to me.

Haz. I warrant you we shall do things with dis-
cretion,
If he have but grace to look and talk courageously.

Old B. He may be valiant, for aught I know ;

Howsoever, this will be a secure way
To have him thought so, if he beat you soundly.

Young B. I do not like the company ;
But I have drunk wine too, and that's the best on't :
We may quarrel on even terms.—Look to
Thy basket-hilt, Dwindle, and have a stool ready.

Dwin. I will give your worship a stool.

Haz. As I am [a] gentleman, be confident.—
I'll wait on you down, sir.

Old B. By no means. Let him beat you to pur-
pose, sir.

Young B. Bye, uncle. [Exit old B.]

Haz. Come, sir. [comes forward with young B.]

Pray, gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome ;
A spark that will deserve your knowledge.

Wild. His kinsman !—You are welcome.

Acre. He has power to command your welcome.

Little. If I mistake not, I have had the happiness
To have been in your company afore now.

Young B. Mine, sir ?—Do you hear ? what if I
quarrell'd
With him first ? 'twill prepare me the better.

[Aside to Haz.]

Haz. Do as you please ; that's without my con-
ditions.

Young B. I will but give him now and then a
touch ;
I will close well enough, I warrant you.—
You been in my company, sir ?

Little. Yes, and at the tavern.

Young B. I paid the reckoning then.

Little. You came into our room.

Young B. Tell me of coming into your room !
I'll come again ; you are a superfluous gentleman.

Wild. How's this ?

Haz. Let him alone.

Little. Sir, remember yourself.

Young B. I'll remember what I please, I'll forget
what I remember. Tell me of a reckoning ! what

is't? I'll pay't; no man shall make an ass of me, further than I list myself. I care not a fiddlestick for any man's thundering. He that affronts me, is the son of a worm, and his father a whore: I care not a straw, nor a broken point for you; if any man dare drink to me, I will not go behind the door to pledge him.

Acre. Why, here's to you, sir.

Young B. Why, there's to you, sir. Twit me with coming into a room! I could find in my heart to throw a pottle-pot.—I name nobody. I will kick any man down stairs, that cannot behave himself like a gentleman; none but a slave would offer to pay a reckoning before me. Where's the drawer?

Re-enter Drawer.

There's a piece at all adventures: he that is my friend,—I care not a rush—if any man be my enemy,—he is an idle companion, and I honour him with all my heart.

Wild. This is a precious humour; is he us'd
To these mistakes?

Little. [His] kinsman gives him privilege.

Young B. I desire no man's privilege; it skills not whether I be kin to any man living.

Haz. Nay, nay, cousin; pray let me persuade you.

Young B. You persuade me! for what acquaintance? mind your business, and speak with your tailor.

Haz. An you be thus rude— [Rises.]

Young B. Rude, sir? what then, sir?—Hold me, Dwindle.

Dwin. Are you ready to have a stool, sir?

Wild. Nay, nay, Will, we bear with him for
your sake,

He is your kinsman.

Haz. I am calm again.—

Cousin, I am sorry any person here
Hath given you offence.

Young B. Perhaps, sir, you
Have given me offence ; I do not fear you,
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my days.

Haz. And may again—

Wild. Be knock'd. A pox upon him !]
I know not what to make on him.

Haz. Let me speak a word in private, sir.

Young B. I can be as private as you, sir.

Haz. Strike me a box o' the ear presently.

Young B. There's my hand on't.

[*Gives Haz. a blow.*

Wild. Nay, nay, gentlemen.—

Acre. Master Wilding.

Young B. Let him call me to account ; the reckoning's paid.—
Come, Dwindle. [*Exeunt Young B. and Dwindle.*

Sell. I did not think the fool durst have done this ;
'Tis a strange youth.

Haz. You shall hear more to morrow.

Draw. All's paid, and you are welcome, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Room in sir Richard Hurry's House.

Enter LEONORA and VIOLANTE.

Leo. Why should not we two live together, being
So equal in our passions ? oh, Violante,
Our knowledge grew from children, and our loves
Ally us in our natures.

Vio. 'Tis my wish
To dwell with thee ; I never knew that woman
In whom I took more pleasure to converse with.

Leo. But I have a father, and remembering him,
A sorrow steals upon me, to betray
My hopes of blessing : for although he love me,

And dearly as he says, for children must not
Dispute with fathers, he affects not him
In whom I place all thoughts that can delight me ;
He loves not Delamore, and what to me
Is all the world without him ? I shall never,
I fear, have his consent to be made happy
In marriage, and this, although our thoughts
Reflect with equal honour on our lovers,
Makes the distinction, and concludes me miserable.
Thy will depends upon no rigid parent ;
Thy path is strew'd with roses, while I climb
A ragged cliff, to meet whom I affect.

Vio. Indeed, Leonora, I much pity thee.

Leo. I prithee counsel me how shall I wrestle
With my sad destiny, and yet preserve
My filial obedience : I must lose
A father, or a husband.

Vio. Would I knew
Which way to bid thee steer ! but lesson'd by
My own affection, I would have thy mind
Constant to him thou lovest ; time may correct
A father's harshness ; and be confident
If poor Violante have a power to serve thee,
She will forget her own heart, ere prove false
To thee.

Leo. Oh my dear soul, I know't.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. Oh, mistress !

Leo. What's the matter ?

Vio. This face betrays some miserable accident.

Leo. Speak, and assure us, what disaster makes
Thy countenance so wild.

Serv. A friend of your's —

Leo. Is sick, is dead, what more ? and yet I have
So few, I can spare none.

Serv. Is dead, since you
Appear so fortified.

Leo. Is my father living,
And Delamore?

Serv. Your father is in health, but—

Leo. Stay, as thou wouldest preserve thy mis-
tress in

The number of the living.

Vio. How my fears
Increase!

Leo. Except Violante, whom I see
Enjoys her health, I have no friend but Delamore ;
I hope he is not dead ?

Serv. Your Delamore is dead. [She faints.

Vio. Friend ! Leonora !—
'Twas indiscreetly done to open sorrow
So like a torrent.—Leonora ! friend !

Leo. Why dost thou call me from him ? sure I
was

Going to meet my Delamore.

Vio. Give not such
Belief to these sad news, until you hear it
Confirm'd.—Didst see him dead ?

Serv. I did not see him.

Vio. Have comfort then, this may be check'd again.

Leo. Would I could hope it !

Vio. Have more courage, friend.—
Didst hear the circumstance ?

Serv. He was slain, they say.

Vio. Nay, then, believe it not ; he was so inno-
cent,

He could provoke no angry sword against him.

Serv. I wish your confidence were not deceiv'd :
The last part of my story will concern
Your faith, and sorrow.

Vio. Mine ? in her I share
Too much ; but prithee, since thou hast not been
Slow to wound her, let me know my affliction.

Serv. The general voice is, master Beaumont
slew him,
Your servant, lady.

Vio. Tell the general voice
It lies : my Beaumont prove a murderer !
And of his friend ! he would not kill an enemy.

Serv. All I can say in proof of this, I saw him
Guarded to prison ; pardon my relation.

Vio. If thou believest thy eyes abus'd thee not,
Thou might'st, with one breath, spoken 'em both
dead,

For the survivor lives, but to give up
His life with more shame ; all my comfort is,
I shall not live to see it. Oh, Leonora,
Who is most wretched now ? let thou, and I,
The few days that we have to live, be friends,
And die in perfect charity : I must leave you
To manage your own grief, I have enough
To break my poor heart too.

[Exit.]

Leo. What seas break in
Upon us ! I that could have died within
A gentle wave, now struggle for my life.
My father ?

[Exit Servant.]

Enter sir RICHARD HURRY.

Hur. What ! it seems you heard the news.
Come, let your sorrows dry up ; you may see
What 'tis to be so rash ; when you choose next,
You'll consult me, I hope. Wipe, wipe your eyes,
Your tears are vain, I could say more.

Leo. What, sir ?

Hur. They are more than he deserv'd ; and yet
'tis better
Thou shouldst bestow thy tears upon his funeral,
Than I sigh at thy marriage : come, heaven has
Been kind in this divorce, preparing thus

Thy better fortune, and preserving mine.
I am sorry for the gentleman that kill'd him.

Leo. Oh, murderer!

Hur. You are a fool, and know not
His provocation : in my youthful days,
I was not patient when affronts were offered me ;
Nothing more dear to gentlemen, than honour.

Leo. Honour in murder ?

Hur. This was otherwise :
In my own defence I would kill a family.
He shew'd his generous spirit, all the town
Speaks nobly of him ; pity him, and pray for him ;
And, were he not desertful, by this time
The general vote had hang'd him.

Leo. Oh, my fate !

Hur. T'other, a loose and inconsiderate man,
Lost in estate, and would have married thee,
To have squeez'd mine ; 'tis better as it is.

Leo. Good sir, be charitable to the dead.

Hur. Be you first charitable to the living.
Speak well, and think so to ; you do not know
What benefit may follow, and however
Your womanish sorrow for the present may
So mist your eyes, they will hereafter open,
To see and thank my care.

Leo. Indeed your language,
Pardon my boldness, sir, is dark and mystical.

Hur. You have your wit to apprehend sometimes,
But 'tis not passion must excuse your duty to me.

Leo. I hope—

Hur. Your hopes may fail you, if you do ;
Be obedient hereafter, if you please,
And love [by] my directions.

Leo. I'll not have
A thought shall disobey you ; and if ever
I love again—

Hur. If ever ! why, suppose
I should propound one to you, now i' the heat

Of this misfortune, can your heart be obstinate
To me, and your own good ?

Leo. This is too soon
In conscience, sir ; before his blood be cold,
To whom I profess'd love, to like another !
The world would much condemn me.

Hur. Is the world
Or I to be preferr'd ? this makes the act
Of your obedience perfect ; and because
I'll have assurance of what power I hold,
This minute I'll prefer one to your thoughts ;
Dispose your heart to love the gentleman
That now's in prison.

Leo. Whom do you mean, dear sir ?

Hur. Hethat kill'd Delamore, master Beau-
mont :

Do not suspect I trifle ; he is of
A noble house, of a fair expectation,
Handsome in every part.

Leo. Shall not he suffer
For the black deed already done ?

Hur. Compose
Yourself to love him, I'll find a way how to
Secure his life, and bring him freely off.

Leo. Oh, [sir,] consider, ere you move too far ;
If having slain my comfort, (for I must
Give it no other name,) call not your justice
To my revenge, yet let me not be forced
To have a thought so full of shame to women,
That he should be my husband : 'tis a stain
Time nor repentance can wash off. I know
You cannot mean so cruelly ; beside,
I shall commit a sin, foul as his murther,
Upon poor Violante, and rob her :
Their hearts love hath seal'd up i' th' eye of heaven,
'Twere sacrilege to part 'em ; she's my friend too,
One that will rather die than injure me :
And he will rather suffer, if he be

Noble, as you profess him, than consent to
So foul a guilt.

Hur. Let me alone for that ;
If he refuse this offer for his life,
Why, let him die ; I'll put him to't. Consider,
In this I shall behold thy naked soul :
Be rul'd, and prosper ; disobey, and be
Thrown from my care and blood. At better leisure
I'll tell you more. [Exit.

Leo. Has heaven no pity for me ?
What killing language doth a father speak !
Poor heart, prevent more grief, and quickly break.
[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Wilding's House.

Enter WILDING and PENELOPE.

Wild. This humour does become thee. I knew,
when
Thou didst consider what was offer'd thee,
Thy sullenness would shake off : now thou look'st
Fresher than morning ; in thy melancholy,
Thy clothes became thee not.

Pen. You're i' the right ;
I blam'd my tailor for't, but I find now,
The fault was in my countenance : would we had
Some musick, I could dance now ; *la, la la, bra, &c.*

[Sings, and dances.
Wild. Excellent ! an she be abed but half so
nimble,
I shall have a fine time on't ; how she glides !—
[Aside.
Thou wilt not fail ?

Pen. This night—

Wild. At the hour of twelve.

Pen. But you must be as punctual i' the conditions,
For my vows sake ; not speak a syllable.

Wild. I'll rather cut my tongue out, than offend
thee ;

Kissing is no language.

Pen. If it be not too loud.

We must not be seen together, to avoid
Suspicion : I would not for a world my cousin
Should know on't.

Wild. She shall die in ignorance.

Pen. No piece of a candle.

Wild. The devil shall not see us
With his saucer eyes ; and if he stumble in
The dark, there shall not be a stone i' the chamber,
To strike out fire with's horns : all things shall be
So close, no lightning shall peep in upon us.
Oh, how I long for midnight !

Pen. I have a scruple.

Wild. Oh, by no means ; no scruples now.

Pen. When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soon
Grow cold in your affection, and neglect me.

Wild. Why, hang me if I do ; I'll love thee
ever :

I have cast already, to preserve thy honour,
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, coz ;
Let me alone to find thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough ; we will love then too.

Pen. When I am married ?

Wild. Without fear, or wit,

Cum privilegio : when thou hast a husband,
Dost think I will forsake thee, Pen ? 'twere pity
O' my life, sweet ; oh, there is no pleasure
To those embraces ! I shall love thee better ;
And the assurance that thou hast two fathers
Before thou hast a child, will make thee spring

More active in my arms ; and I [may] tell thee,
 'Tis my ambition to make a cuckold,—
 The only pleasure o' the world ; I would not
 Wish to enjoy thee now, but in the hope
 Oft'other harvest, and to make thy husband
 Hereafter cuckold ; that imagination
 Sweetens the rest, and I do love it mainly.

Pen. 'Tis double sin.

Wild 'Tis treble pleasure, wench :
 But we lose time, and may endanger thus
 My wife into a jealousy if she see us.
 Farewell, farewell, dear *Pen* ; at night, remember.
 I will not lose my sport for half the country. [*Exit.*]

Enter mistress WILDING.

Mrs. W. Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.

Pen. I have made work for somebody : you have
 put me

Upon a desperate service, if you do not
 Believe me, I am finely served.

Mrs. W. All has succeeded to my wish ; thy place
 I will supply to night : if he observe
 All the conditions, I may deceive
 My husband into kindness, and we both
 Live to reward thee better ; oh, dear coz !
 Take heed, by my example, upon whom
 Thou placest thy affection.

Enter HAZARD.

Pen. Master Hazard.

Haz. Save mistress Wilding.

Mrs. W. You are welcome, sir.

Pen. He is a handsome gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Haz. Gone abroad ?

Mrs. W. I am not certain, I'll enquire. [*Exit.*]

Haz. Your servant.—Ha !

This is the frosty gentlewoman ! in good time ;
I care not if I cast away some words on her :
And yet she's so precise, and over-honest,
I had as good ne'er attempt her. [*aside.*]—Your
name is

Penelope, I take it, lady.

Pen. If you take it,
I hope you'll give it me again.

Haz. What again ?

Pen. My name.

Haz. What should I do with it ? no, no, keep
thy name,
How'e'er thou dost thy maidenhead.

Pen. Can you tell me
Of any honest man, that I may trust with it ?

Haz. I'll tell thee a hundred.

Pen. Take heed what you say, sir.
A hundred honest men ! why, if there were
So many i' the city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter ; but perhaps you live in the suburbs !

Haz. This wench will jeer me.

Pen. I hope you are not one, sir ?

Haz. One of what ?

Pen. One of those honest men you talk'd of so,
One to whose trust a virgin might commit
A maidenhead, as you call it.

Haz. Yes, you may trust me ;
I have possess'd a hundred maidenheads.

Pen. How long ?

Haz. Nay, nay, they are no commodities to keep ;
No fault of our's ; truth is, they are not worth
Preserving, some of your own sex acknowledge it :
And yet, by your complexion, you have your's still ;
Away with't, and in time.

Pen. Why, you are modest.

Haz. You have hit me, lady : come, I'll give
thee counsel ;

And more, I'll help thee to a chapman too,
 Besides, whate'er he pays for't, shall be at charge
 To mould it of himself; how light thou'l be,
 Without thy maidenhead! does't not spoil thy sleep.
 And breed the night-mare?

Pen. Who can help it? you gentlemen
 Are such strange creatures, so unnatural,
 So infinitely chaste, so mortified
 With beef and barley-water, such strange discipline,
 And hair-cloth.

Haz. Who wears hair-cloth, gentlewoman?

Pen Such severe ways to tame your flesh; such
 friends
 To Fridays, Lent, and Ember weeks; such enemies
 To sack and marrow-pies, caudles, and crabs,
 Fidlers, and other warm restoratives;
 A handsome woman cannot reach your pity!
 We may e'en grow to our pillows, ere you'll com-
 fort us;

This was not wont.

Haz. Not wont to be, in my
 Remembrance, lady.

Pen. You are a handsome gentleman;
 Why may not you drink wine sometimes, or eat
 Sturgeon, or forage in your lusty pie
 Of artichoke, or potatoe? or why may not
 Your learn'd physician dictate ambergris,
 Or powders, and you obey him, in your broths?
 Have you so strange antipathy to women?—
 To what end will gentlemen
 Come to, if this frost hold!

Haz. You are witty;
 But I suppose you have no cause of such
 Complaint; however some men do want heat,
 There is no general winter; I know a gentleman
 Can drink, and eat, and bear you company
 Abed, for all your jeering: do not think

'Tis I : thou shalt recant this profane talk,
 And woo me for a kiss, ere I'll stoop to thee.—
 Here's none but friends ; if master Wilding have not
 Told you already, I will justify
 'Tis possible you may be got with child.

Pen. By whom ?

Haz. By him ; you are but cousins afar off ;
 If you allow't, he need not travel far
 For other dispensation. What say [you] to him ?

Pen. Was this at his entreaty ?

Haz. My own mere motion,
 And good will toward him, 'cause I know his mind.

Pen. You are a fine gentleman ! where is your
 land ?

You may be knight o' the shire in time : farewell, sir.
 [Exit.]

Haz. I know not what to make on her ; she
 may be
 A tumbler, for all this ; I'll to her again. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Room in sir Richard Hurry's House.

Enter old BARNACLE and LEONORA.

Old B. Nay, nay, be comforted, and mistake
 me not,
 I did not mention Delamore, to provoke
 These tears : he's gone, think on your living friends.

Leo. If you be one, good sir—

Old B. Yes, I am one :
 And yet, mistake me not, I do not come
 A wooing for myself, I am past tilting,
 But for my nephew ; oh that nephew of mine !
 I know sir Richard Hurry, your wise father,
 Will think well of him. Nay, nay, weeping still ?

Leo. It is too soon to think of any other.

Old B. Too soon to think of any other ! why,
What woman of discretion, but is furnish'd
With a second husband ere the first be coffin'd ?
He that stays till the funeral be past,
Is held a modest coxcomb ; and why should not
Maids be as early in their provision ?

Leo. I blush to think my father of his mind.
Distressed Leonora ! [aside.]—Good sir, lose
No more breath. I am resolv'd to die a virgin :
I know not what love is.

Old B. And yet these tears
Are shed for one you lov'd.

Leo. He that was all
My treasure living, being lost must needs
Be a great part of sorrow ; but my eyes,
Though they can never pay too many drops
To the sad memory of Delamore,
Shed not all these for him ; there is another
That makes me weep.

Old B. Another, whom you love ?

Leo. Heaven knows, I never let into my heart
Affection to a second ; I am so far
From loving him, I wish we may ne'er meet,
I am not safe in my own bosom while
I think upon him, it begets new springs
Within my eyes ; which will in little time
Rise to a flood, and drown me.

Old B. I conceive
This is no friend of your's ; come, I'll relieve you,
Nay, an there be any man that troubles you,
If there be any you'd have talk'd withal,
I'll rid you of that care ; he that shall offer
But to disturb you in a thought, do you mark me ?
I'll take an order with him.

Leo. What will you do ?

Old B. Do not mistake me, neither, I'll do
nothing,

But send my nephew ; he shall top, and top him,
 And scourge him like a top, too.—
 You know not how my nephew is improv'd
 Since you last saw him : valiant as Hercules,
 He has knock'd the flower of chivalry, the very
 Donzel del Phebo¹ of the time, and all
 The blades do reverence him ; I'll say no more,
 Name but the man whom you do frown upon,
 And let me send my nephew to him.

Leo. Shall not need.

I have no enemy to engage his sword,
 My discontents flow from a nearer person,
 I grieve to say, my father.

Old B. How ! your father !
 Say but the word, and I will send my nephew to him ;
 An he were ten fathers he can mollify him,
 To please you, lady ; my nephew, never spare him.
 Oh, had you seen him baffle a squire this morning !

Leo. Pray, no more ; you shall do me a noble
 office
 To leave me to myself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mistress Violante
 Is come to visit you.

Leo. I wait upon her.—
 Your gentle pardon.

[*Exit.*

Old B. Would my nephew had her !
 She is sir Richard's heir, and here he is.—
 Sir Richard.

Enter sir RICHARD HURRY and PROBE.

Hur. Oh, master Barnacle, I'll wait upon you.

¹ *Donzel del Phebo]* The hero, as has been already observed, of the old romance, the *Mirror of Knighthood*.

Old B. That's master Probe, the surgeon.

Hur. No more, you know my meaning.

Probe. Yes, sir

Hur. Let him be buried.

Probe. I understand you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Old B. I have been discoursing
With your fair daughter.

Hur. Where is Leonora?

Serv. She's within, sir.

Hus. Bid her come hither. [*exit Serv.*]—Master Barnacle,

I am something troubled about a gentleman.

Old B. And I am glad I met with you :
If you be troubled with any gentleman,
I'll send my nephew to him.

Hur. To whom, or whither ?

Old B. To any man alive ; I care not whither.

Hur. Send him to Jerusalem.

Old B. That's something o' the furthest ; I shall
be

Unwilling he should travel out o' the kingdom.

Re-enter LEONORA, followed by VIOLANTE.

Hur. Leonora ! nearer—

Old B. Who is that ?

A pretty gentlewoman !—Save you, mistress,
What is your name, I pray ?

Vio. I am call'd Violante.

Old B. Are you a maid ?

Vio. I should be sorry else.

Old B. Do you know my nephew ?

Vio. Not I, sir.

Old B. Not my nephew ! how have you been
bred ?

Why, he's the only gallant o' the town ;
Please you, I'll send him to you.

Vio. What to do, sir ?

Old B. He shall do any thing ; the town's afraid on him.

Vio. Oh ! pray keep him from me then.

Old B. He'll hurt no woman, but for the men—

Vio. There's one has hurt too much already.

Old B. What's he ? I'll send my nephew to him, lady,

If you have any occasion, never spare him.

Vio. Not I, sir.

Hur. Look to it, and correct this humour ; I'll to him presently.—Master Barnacle, Let me entreat your company to a gentleman ; I'll wait as much on you.

Old B. You shall command me : If't be to any man you care not for, We'll take my nephew along.

Hur. It shall not need. [*Exeunt Hur. and Old B.*

Leo. Oh, Violante ! I

Must now require some fruit of all thy promises.

Vio. You hold me not suspected ?

Leo. Leonora

Cannot be so ingrateful ; but we have
Small limit for discourse : my father means
To visit Beaumont now in prison, thou
Wilt hear too soon the story, and without
Prevention, find thyself more miserable.
Oh, Violante, I will suffer with him
Rather than injure thee ; I prithee go
Visit thy friend, not mine, and as thou lov'st me,
As thou lov'st him, or thy own life, Violante,
Bid him be constant to thee ; tell him what fame
Dwells upon noble lovers that have seal'd
Faith to their mistresses in blood : what glory
Can perjur'd men expect, that lose their honour
To save a poor breath ? Bid him be assur'd,
If for the hope of life, his soul can be
So much corrupted to embrace a thought
That I shall ever love him—

Vio. You, Leonora?

Leo. Never, oh, never; tell him so. By virtue,
And the cold blood of my slain Delamore,
Although my father threaten death.—

Vio. Your father?

Leo. Make haste, sweet Violante, to the prison;
There thou shalt know all; there thou shalt have
proof

How much thou art belov'd, and by my death,
If he prove false to thee, how much I love thee.

[*Exit.*

Vio. I am amaz'd, and my soul much distracted
'Twixt grief, and wonder. It grows late i' the
morning,

I'll visit the sad prisoner; my heart trembles;
More can but kill me too: I'm fit to die,
And woes but hasten immortality.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An outer Room in an Ordinary.

Enter HAZARD and Box-keeper.

Haz. How now? what gamesters?

Box-k. Little to any purpose yet; but we
Expect deep play to night. [*Exit Box-keeper.*

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Will Hazard! I have been seeking thee this
two hours,

And now I have found thee, avoid me!

Haz. Thou'rt not infectious?

Wild. No, but I swell with my imaginations
Like a tall ship, bound for the Fortunate Islands,
Top, and top-gallant! my flags, and my figaries

Upon me, with a lusty gale of wind
 Able to rend my sails ; I shall o'er-run,
 And sink thy little bark of understanding
 In my career, boy.

Haz. Pray heaven rather
 You do not spring a leak, and forfeit your
 Ballast, my confident man of war !—
 I have known as stout a ship been cast away
 In sight o' the harbour.

Wind. The wench, the wench, boy !
Haz. The vessel you have been chasing ?—
Wild. Has struck sail, is
 Come in, and cries, Aboard ! my new lord of
 The Mediterranean. We are agreed :
 This is the precious night, Will ; twelve the hour,
 That I must take possession of all,
 Of all ! there are some articles agreed on.

A Lord, and SELLAWAY, pass over the stage.

Who's this ?

Haz. Oh ! the gamesters now come in :
 That gay man is a lord, and with him Sellaway.

Wild. They are well coupled, a lord and Sell-
 away.

Haz. He wears good clothes, you see, and in the
 street

More look'd at than the pageants ; he will talk little.

Wild. To purpose.
Haz. Right ; he cannot walk
 Out of his cinquepace, and no man carries
 Legs more in tune ; he is danced now from his
 sempstress.

Wild. A man much bound to his tailor.

Haz. And his barber :
 He has a notable head.

Wild. Of hair, thou mean'st.

Haz. Which is sometimes hung in more bride-laces²

Than well would furnish out two country weddings.

Wild. Is he a scholar?

Haz. 'Tis not necessary.

He is neither scholar, nor a courtier,

If report wrong him not.

Wild. Will he play [his] money freely?

Haz. With more pride than he wears embroidery.

'Tis his ambition to lose that; and

A wench maintains his swearing: let him pass.

Wild. What's next?

A Knight, and Acreless, pass over the stage.

Haz. A knight, and Acreless.

Wild. Good again.

A knight and Acreless! What's his condition?

Haz. A gamester both ways.

Wild. Where be his spurs?

Haz. Hung in

His mistress's petticoat, for which he pawn'd
His knighthood too, till a good hand redeem it;
He will talk you nothing but postilions,
Embroideries for his coach, and Flanders mares;
What several suits for the twelve days at Christmas,
How many ladies doat upon his physnomy:
That he is limited but a hundred pound
A month for diet, which will scarce maintain him
In pheasants eggs and turkey. For his motion,
Now does his barge attend him, if he came
By water; but if the dice chance to run counter,
He stays till twelve in anger, devours smoke,
And desperately will shoot the bridge at midnight,
Without a waterman.

Wild. The house fills apace.

What are these, ha?

² *bride-laces]* These were fringed strings of silk, cotton or

Enter a country Gentleman and Littlestock.

Haz. A country gentleman, and Littlestock.

Wild. A country gentleman? I have seen him
sure,

Appear in other shape; is he a Christian?

Haz. Why dost thou doubt him?

Wild. 'Cause I have met him with a turban
once,

If I mistake not, (but his linen was not
So handsome altogether as the Turk's)
In cuerpo, with a crab-tree cudgel too,
Walking, and canting broken Dutch for farthings.

Haz. The apparition of an angel once
Brought him to this.

Wild. Dost call him country gentleman?

Haz. His generation is not known in the town;
You see what dice can do! now he's admir'd.

Wild. For what, I prithee?

Haz. For talking nonsense: when he has los
his money
You shall meet him going up and down the ordi-
nary,

To borrow money upon his head.

Wild. His head!

Will he go upon his head, or will he pawn it?

Haz. Pawn it, if any man will lend him money
on't,

And says 'tis good security, because
He cannot be long without it; they shall have
The wit for the use too: he will talk desperately.

worsted-twist, given to the friends who attended the bride and bridegroom to church, to bind up the rosemary sprigs, which they all carried in their hands. After the ceremony, these bridal favours were usually worn as ornaments, sometimes in the hat, at other times twisted in the hair, or pendant from the ear, according to the prevailing mode of those fantastic days.

And swear he is the father of all the bulls
Since Adam ; if all fail, he has a project
To print his jests.

Wild. His bulls, you mean.

Haz. You're right,
And dedicate 'em to the gamesters : yet he will
Seem wise sometimes, deliver his opinions,
As on the bench ; in beer he utters sentences,
And after sack, philosophy.

Wild. Let's not be troubled with him. Who
are these ?
Young Barnacle !

Enter young BARNACLE, reading the Coranto, and DWINDLE.

Will you endure him ?

Haz. Yes, and the vinegar-bottle his man too ;
but now I think on't, he shall excuse me, I'll lose
no time ; if I win, I shall have less cause to repent,
if I lose, by these hilts I'll make him the cause,
and beat him.—

Re-enter SELLAWAY.

Are they at play ?

Sell. Deep, deep gamesters.

Haz. Then luck with a hundred pieces ! [Exit.

Wild. I'll follow.—How now, Frank ?
What, in the name of folly, is he reading ?

Young B. Save you, gentlemen, save you, noble
gallants !
May a man lose any money ? I honour, sir, your
shadow.

Sell. This is another humour.

Young B. Do you hear the news, gentlemen ?

Wild. What news, I pray ?

Young B. The New Coranto,

Sell. Good sir, impart.

Young B. Be there no more gentlemen to hear it here? 'tis extraordinary fine news, in black and white, from *Terra incognita*.

Wild. *Terra incognita?*

Young B. Ay, sir the quintessence of the world: for our four parts, Europe, Asia, Africk, and America, are as the four elements, and this, as the learned geographers say, is like *cœlum*, a fifth essence or quintessence of the world.

Wild. Pray, sir, what news from this quintessence? it must needs be refined novelties.

Young B. From Sclavonia.

Wild. That's no part of *Terra incognita*; we know that.

Young B. But you do not know that Sclavonia I mean; 'tis inhabited by a nation without a head.

Dwin. Without a head! in what part are their eyes?

Young B. Peace, Dwindle!—a cursed kind of people, that have neither law, nor religion, but for their own purposes: their country is somewhat low, and open to the sea.

Sell. Do they not fear drowning?

Young B. They are safest in a tempest; if they be taken at any time by their enemies, and cas' over-board, they turn other creatures, some rocks, some sharks, some crocodiles, and so retain part of their former nature.

Wild. What do those that dwell ashore?

Young B. They follow their work, and make nets not only to catch fish, but towns and provinces: the Jews are innocent to 'em, and the devil a dunce, of whose trade they are.

Sell. A dangerous generation.

Young B. In Periwiggana, a fruitful country, the moon shines all day, and the sun at night.

Sell. That's strange; he has a moral in't: have

not we gentlemen that sit up all night a drinking,
and go to bed when the sun rises?

Young B. In this province the king never comes
out of his palace.

Wild. How does the court remove there?

Young B. When he does purpose to change the
air, he has an elephant richly trapped, that carries
the court upon his back into what part of the king-
dom he please.

Wild. I have heard of elephants that have car-
ried castles.

Young B. Snails, snails, in comparison: and to
increase your wonder, this beast does never drink.

Wild. I would be loth to keep him company.

Sell. How then?

Young B. Eat, eat altogether, and what?—No-
thing but men; and of what rank or condition? none
but great men, and the fattest nobility; but like your
good monsieur, he cares for nothing but the head,
and it is confidently reported, he has devoured
more heads within this three last years, than the
elephant we had in England eat penny loaves in
seven.

Dwin. The devil choak him! would he had
London Bridge in his belly too!

Young B. The subjects of the great duke of
Lubberland have been lately in rebellion.

Wild. I am sorry it will be inconvenient to hear
out your Coranto: I am weary of a little money,
when that's lost, I may be a suitor for the rest of
your news; and so I commend me to all your
friends in Lubberland. [Exit.

Young B. Dwindle, didst hear this? now could
I be angry.

Dwin. Go to play then, sir; if you lose your
money, you may talk roundly to 'em, for they
cannot be so uncivil as not to give losers leave to
speak.

Young B. But if I win—

Dwin. Why, then you may be drunk to night, and I'll [come] the casters ! to you.— [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter LITTLESTOCK and ACRELESS.

Little. A curse upon these reeling dice ! that last in-and-in was out my way ten pieces ; canst lend me any money ? how have the cards dealt with thee ?

Acre. Lost, lost !—I defy thee, if my knight recover not, I must be sober to-morrow.

Little. Oh, for a hundred, and all made now !

Enter SELLAWAY.

Sell. Yonder's [Hazard] wins tyrannically, without mercy ; he came in but with a hundred pieces :

Little. I'll get a fancy presently.

Acre. And how thrive the bones with his lordship ?

Sell. His lordship's bones are not well set, they are maliciously bent against him ; they will run him quite out of all.

Enter young BARNACLE and DWINDLE.

Young B. More money ! Dwindle, call my uncle. I must have it, for my honour ; two hundred pieces more will serve my turn : in the mean time I will play away my cloak, and some superfluous things about me.

Dwin. By that time you are come to your shirt, I shall be here. [Exit.]

Sell. He's blown up too.

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. So, so, the dice in two or three such nights will be out of my debt, and I may live to be a landlord again.

Sell. You are fortune's minion, master.

Haz. You would seem to be no fool, because she doats not upon you. Gentlemen, I must take my chance; 'twas a lucky hundred pound. — Jack Wilding.

Enter WILDING, gnawing a box.

What! eating the boxes?

Acre. Let us in again. [Exe. *Acre.* and *Little.*

Wild. Chewing the cud a little; I have lost all my money, Will: thou hast made a fortunate night on't; wilt play no more?

Haz. 'Tis the first time I had the grace to give off a winner; I will not tempt the dice.

Wild. What hast won?

Haz. You do not hear me complain; I have not been so warm this ten weeks.

Re-enter ACRELESS.

Wild. 'Tis frost in my breeches.

Acre. Master Hazard, I was afraid you had been gone: there's a fresh gamester come in, with his pockets full of gold; he dazzles the gamesters, and no man has stock to play with him.

Wild. What is he?

Acre. A merchant he seems; he may be worth your retire.

Haz. Not for the Exchange, tonight, I am resolv'd.

Wild. Temptation! now have I an infinite itch to this merchant's pieces.

Haz. If thou wilt have any money, speak before I launch out, and command it.

Wild. A hundred pieces.

Haz. Call to the master o' the house, by this token—thou wilt venture again, then?

[*Gives him the money.*

Wild. They may prove as lucky as thine—but what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home, that expects me.

Haz. I had forgot too; you will not play now?

Wild. 'Tis now upon the time.

Haz. By any means go.

Wild. Hum! I have lost my money, and may recover a pretty wench. Which hand? here covetousness, this lechery; money is the heavier. Will, dost hear? I'll requite thy courtesy. Thou hast lent me a hundred pound; I'll pay thee again, and thou shalt have for the use, the flesh device at home that expects [me]; thou shalt supply my place, Will.

Haz. You will not lose this opportunity, and fool yourself!

Wild. I am resolved; five hundred pieces! say I'll come to him. [*exit Acre.*]—You love the sport as well as I; to-morrow you shall thank me for't: be secret, she'll never know thee; for our conditions are to [*whispers him.*—neither light, nor—and she must needs conceive 'tis I.

Haz. Are you in earnest?

Wild. Have you wit to apprehend the courtesy? Let me alone: the wench and I shall meet Hereafter, and be merry; here's my key; 'The merchant's money cools; away! be wise, And keep conditions; touse her at thy pleasure, There will be enough for me: nay, no demurs, You have not lost your stomach to this game? Howe'er I speed to night, we'll laugh to-morrow How the poor wench was cozen'd.

Haz. But wouldest have me go?

Wild. I would have thee ride, boy; I must to
the gamester.

Farewell, remember not to speak a word, but
Kiss and embrace thy belly full.

Haz. If I do not,
The punishment of an eunuch light upon me!

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

A C T IV. SCENE I.

A Street, with Shops.

Enter HAZARD and WILDING, at opposite sides.

Wild. How now, Will, thou look'st desperately
this morning.

Didst sleep well to-night?

Haz. Yes, 'tis very like
I went to sleep; but such a bed-fellow!

Wild. What ails she? was she dull?

Haz. Do not enquire,
But curse yourself till noon; I am charitable,
I do not bid thee hang thyself, and yet
I have cause to thank thee; I would not have lost
The turn, for all the money I won last night, Jack.
Such a delicious thief!

Wild. I think so.

Haz. I found it so, and dare make my affidavit.

Wild. Thou didst not see her?

Haz. Nor speak to her: to what purpose?
She was so handsome i' the dark, (you know
My meaning,) 't had been pity any light
Or voice should interrupt us.

Wild. Now do I
Grow melancholy.

Haz. If thou dost envy me,
 There is some reason for't : thou dost imagine
 I have had pleasure in my days, but never,
 Never, so sweet a skirmish ; how like ivy¹
 She grew to my embraces ! not a kiss
 But had Elysium in't.

Wild. I was a rascal.

Haz. If thou didst know but half so much as I,
 Or couldst imagine it, thou wouldest acknowledge
 Thyself worse than a rascal on record.
 I have not words to express, how soft, how boun-
 teous,

How every thing a man with full desires
 Could wish a lady ; do not question me
 Further ; 'tis too much happiness to remember.
 I am sorry I have said so much.

Wild. Was not I curs'd
 To lose my money, and such delicate sport ?

Haz. But that I love thee well, shouldest ne'er
 enjoy her.

Wild. Why ?

Haz. I would almost cut thy throat.

Wild. You would not.

Haz. But take her, and if thou part'st with her
 one night more for less than both the Indies, thou'l
 lose by her ; she has paid me for my service, I ask
 nothing else.

Wild. If she be such a precious armful, Will,
 I think you may be satisfied.

Haz. Take heed,
 And understand thyself a little better :
I think you may be satisfied--with what ?
 A handsome wench ? 'tis heresy, recant it ;
 I never shall be satisfied.

Wild. You do not purpose
 A new encounter ?

Haz. For thy sake

¹ —— *how like ivy*] The old copy reads, “ *how like joy.*”

'Tis possible I may not ; I would have
 My game kept for me ; what I [now] have done
 Was upon your entreaty ; if you have
 The like occasion hereafter, I
 Should have a hard heart to deny thee, Jack.

Wild. Thou hast fired my blood. That I could
 call back time,
 And be possess'd of what my indiscretion
 Gave up to thy enjoying ! but I am comforted,
 She thinks 'twas I ; and we hereafter may
 Be free in our delights.—Now, sir, the news
 With you ?

Enter Page.

Page. My mistress did command my diligence
 To find you out, and pray you come to speak with
 her.

Wild. When I am at leisure.

Page. 'Tis of consequence,
 She says, and much concerns you.

Wild. Is Penelope
 With her ?

Page. Not when she sent me forth.

Wild. Let her expect : wait you on me.

Haz. I spy my blustering gamester.

Wild. The younger ferret.

Haz. I care not if I allow thee a fit of mirth ;
 But your boy must be in consort.²

Enter young BARNACLE and DWINDLE.

Dwin. Pray, sir, do not behave yourself so furiously,
 Your breath is able to blow down a house, sir.

Young B. My uncle shall build 'em up again :
 oh, Dwindle,

² For *consort*, the old copy has *comfort*; no unusual mistake.

Thou dost not know what honour 'tis to be
So boisterous ; I would take the wall now
Of my lord mayor's giants.

Wild. Do as I bid you, sirrah.

Page. Alas, sir, he'll devour me.

Haz. He shall not hurt thee.

Page. Be at my back then, pray, sir ; now I
think on't,

I have the beard here too, with which I frightened
Our maids, last night. [*Puts on the false beard.*]

Dwin. You know these gentlemen.

Young B. Hazard and Wilding ! how is't ? how
is't, Bulchins ?

Would you had been with us ! I have so maul'd a
captain

O' the train-band yonder.

Page. Is not your name Barnacle ?

Haz. Ancient Petarre.³

[*Pretends to hold him back.*]

Young B. What's this ?

Wild. The admiration of the town.

Young B. For what ?

Wild. For valour.

Young B. This inch and a half !

Wild. There's the wonder ; oh the spirit, the
tall spirit

Within him ! he has the soul of a giant.

Young B. He has but a dwarf's body.—Ancient
Petarre.

Page. Sirrah, how dare you name a captain ?

Thou tun of ignorance !—He shall eat my pistol,
And save me the discharge.

Young B. Tell me of a tun ? I'll drink twenty
tuns to thy health ; who shall hinder me, if I have
a mind to't ? your pistol's a peppercorn ; I will eat

³ *Haz. Ancient Petarre.]* A pleasant allusion to the name
of Ancient Pistol. More loud and fierce than his predecessor.
A tall spirit is a stout, courageous spirit.

up an armory, if my stomach serve, so long as I have money to pay for't, an you were as little again as you are. Fright me with your pot-guns ! my name's Barnacle, sir, call me what you please ; and my man's name's Dwindle, an you go there too : do not think but I have seen fire-drakes afore now, though I never talk'd on't ; and rackets too, though my man be a coxcomb here ; and balls of wild-fire, no dispraise to you : do you think to thunder me with your pick-tooth by your side ?

Page. Let my sword shew him but one flash of lightning,
To singe the hair of his head off.

Haz. Good ancient Petarre !—

Dwin. 'Tis a very devil in *decimosesto* : Peter do you call him ?

Page. Thou dog-bolt, and cousin-german to Cerberus !

Haz. Two heads once remov'd, he's somewhat like him.

Young B. I begin to think—

Dwin. And I begin to—

Page. Again ?

Wild. He does but think.

Page. He think ! is this a place for him to think in ?—

Minotaur, vanish immediately ! or I will shoot death from my mustachios, and kill thee like a porcupine.

Young B. Ancient Petarre, I know thy naime, and I honour it, thou art one of the most vain-glorious pieces of fire-work that ever water wet. I am a gentleman, and if I have said any thing to disgust thee, I can ask thee forgiveness, as well as the proudest vassal on 'em all. Extend thy paw, thou Invincible epitome of Hercules, and let thy servant kiss it.

Wild. Come, pray, sir, be reconciled ; he submits.

Page. I see thou hast something in thee of a

soldier, to no purpose, and I will cherish it. Thou art a rascal in thy understanding; thou shalt excuse me, Turk, in honourable love: I remember thy great grandfather was hanged for robbing a pedlar-woman of six yards of incle, and thou mayst, (maugre the herald,) in a right line, challenge the gallows by his copy. Mongrel of Mongrel hall, I am thy humble servant, and will cut the throat of any man that says thou hast either wit or honesty more than is fit for a gentleman. Command my sword, my lungs, my life—thou art a puff, a mulligrub, a metaphysical coxcomb, and I honour thee with all my heart.

Young B. I thank you, noble ancient, and kind gentlemen.—

Come, Dwindle, we'll go roar somewhere else.

[*Exeunt Young B. and Dwin.*]

Wild. Was ever such an oaf?

Haz. The boy did hit his humour excellently.—Here, cherish thy wit. [Gives *Page* money.]

Page. Now shall I tell my mistress you'll come to her?

Wild. How officious you are for your mistress, sirrah!

What said she [that] I came not home all night?

Page. Nothing to me; but my eyes ne'er beheld Her look more pleasantly.

Haz. Now farewell, Jack, I need not urge your secrecy

Touching your mistress, I have mounted for you: Only I'll caution you, look when you meet That you perform your business handsomely; I have begun so well, she may suspect else, And put thee out of service: if she do, You know your wages; I shall laugh at thee, And heartily; so farewell, farewell, Jack! [Exit.]

Wild. To say the truth, I have shew'd myself a coxcomb,

A pox o' play, that made me double loser !
 For aught I know, she may admit me never
 To such a turn again, and then I have punish'd
 Myself ingeniously.

Enter mistress WILDING, PENELOPE, and LEONORA.

My wife !

Page. My mistress, sir.

Mrs. W. Keep you at distance, Penelope, and Leonora.

Wild. She's as the boy reported, something more

Pleasant than ordinary.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. 'Tis he ; good cousin,
 Pretend some business, offer at some wares,
 Or ask the goldsmith what your diamond's worth ;
 Something to trifle time away, while I
 Speak with my husband a few words.

Wild. She comes toward me.

Mrs. W. I can contain no longer—
 How do you, sweetheart ?

Wild. Well, but a little melancholy.
 You look more sprightly, wife ; something has
 pleas'd you.

Mrs. W. It has, indeed ; and if it be no stain
 To modesty, I would enquire how you
 Sped the last night ?

Wild. I lost my money.

Mrs. W. I do not mean that game.

Wild. I am not betray'd, I hope ; *do not mean
 that game ?* [Aside.]

Mrs. W. You are a fine gentleman.

Wild. 'Tis so ; could she not keep her own
 counsel ? [Aside.]

Mrs. W. And have behav'd yourself most wittily,
 And, I may say, most wrongfully : this will
 Be much for your honour, when 'tis known.

Wild. What will be known?

Mrs. W. Do you not blush? oh fie!
Is there no modesty in man?

Wild. What riddle
Have you got now?—I will not yet seem conscious.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. 'Tis time then to be plain? it was a wonder
I could be so long silent; did you like
Your last night's lodging?

Wild. Very, very well;
I went not to bed all night.

Mrs. W. You did not lie with
Mistress Penelope, my kinswoman?

Wild. Refuse me, if I did.

Mrs. W. You need not swear;
But 'twas no fault of your's; no fault! no virtue:
But 'tis no place to expostulate these actions.
In brief, know, 'twas my plot; for I observ'd
Which way your warm affection moved, and wrought

So with my honest cousin to supply
Her wanton place, that with some shame at last,
I might deceive your hard heart into kindness.

Wild. That, that again, sweet wife, and be a little
Serious: was it your plot to excuse your cousin,
And be the bed-fellow?

Mrs. W. Heaven knows 'tis truth.
Wild. I am fitted, fitted with a pair of horns
Of my own making.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. Thank, and think upon
That providence that would not have you lost
In such a forest of loose thoughts, and be
Yourself again; I am your handmaid still,
And have learn'd so much piety, to conceal
Whatever should dishonour you.

Wild. It buds,

It buds already! I shall turn stark mad,
Horn mad! [Aside.

Mrs. W. What ail you? are you vex'd because
Your wantonness thriv'd so well?

Wild. Well! with a vengeance.

Mrs. W. I did expect your thanks.

Wild. Yes, I do thank you, thank you heartily,
Most infinitely thank you.

Mrs. W. Doth this merit
No other payment but your scorn? then know,
Bad man, 'tis in my power to be reveng'd;
And what I had a resolution
Should sleep in silent darkness, now shall look
Day in the face; I'll publish to the world
How I am wrong'd, and with what stubbornness
You have despis'd the cure of your own fame;
Nor shall my cousin suffer in her honour.
I stoop as low as earth to shew my duty,
But too much trampled on, I rise to tell
The world I am a woman.

Wild. No, no; hark you,
I do not mock you; I am taken with
The conceit: what a fine thing I have made myself!
Ne'er speakon't, thy device shall take; I'll love thee,
And kiss thee for't, thou hast paid me handsomely:
An admirable plot, and follow'd cunningly!
I'll see thee anon again, and lie with thee
To night, without a stratagem. The gentlewomen
Expect thee; keep all close, dear wife, no sen-
tences.—

I am trick'd and trimm'd at my own charges rarely,
I'll seek out somebody again.

[Exit, followed by Paye.

Mrs. W. I have presum'd too much upon your
patience; [Goes to Pen. and Leo.
I have discovered, and I hope 'twill take.

Pen. I wish it may.

Mrs. W. You are sad, still, Leonora.

Remove these thoughts : come, I'll wait on you now
To the Exchange ; some toys may there strike off
Their sad remembrance.

Leo. I attend you.

Mrs. W. Farewell !

[*To Pen.—Exeunt at opposite sides, Mrs. W. with Leo., and Penelope.*

S C E N E II.

A Prison.

Enter BEAUMONT and Gaoler.

Gaol. The gentleman that was yesterday to speak with you,
Is come again to visit you.

Beau. Sir Richard Hurry ?

Goal. The same, sir.

Beau. You may admit him.— [*Exit Goaler.*
Men of his quality
Do seldom court affliction ; this, I must
Allow, is a most noble gratitude
For those good offices my father did him.

Enter sir RICHARD HURRY.

Hur. Sir, the respects I owe you, make me again
Solicitor for your safety ; and although,
On the first proposition, it appear
Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,
Which might dispose you to the slow embrace
Of what I tendered ; yet again brought to you,
After a time, to examine and consider
What most concerns you, I am confident
You will accept, and thank me.

Beau. Noble sir,
You do express so rare a bounty, men

Will slowly imitate ; I am not so
 Lost in my wild misfortune, but my reason
 Will guide me to acknowledge and pay back
 My service and myself, for so much charity
 As you have pleas'd to shew me.

Re-enter Gaoler behind, with VIOLANTE.

Vio. Here's for thy pains ; [gives him money.]—
 they are the same : make good
 Thy word, and place me where I may unseen
 Hear their discourse.

Gaol. This way. [*Retires with Violante.*]

Beau. But with your pardon,
 I would desire to hear again how much
 I shall be oblig'd, that knowing the extent
 Of your desert, I may pay back a duty,
 That may in every circumstance become
 My fortune and the benefit.

Hur. Then thus.

You are a prisoner ; that alone is misery ;
 But your's the greater, in that, guilt of blood,
 Not sums that may be recompens'd, detains you.
 I'll not dispute the circumstance ; Delamore
 Slain by your hand—

Beau. I have confess'd ;
 The first jury having found it murder.

Hur. His blood
 Calls to the law for justice, and you cannot,
 Left to yourself, and looking on the fact,
 Expect with any comfort what must follow :
 Yet I, in pity of your sufferings,
 In pity of your youth, which would be else
 Untimely blasted, offer to remove
 Your sorrows, make you free and right again, with
 Clear satisfaction to the law.

Beau. Good sir,
 Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not,

Howe'er your will and charity may be active
 In my distress to save me, that you can
 Assure my life and freedom ; since in causes
 Of such high nature, laws must have their course,
 Whose stream, as it were wickedness to pollute,
 It were vanity for any private man
 To think he could resist. I speak not this
 To have you imagine I despise my life,
 But to express my fears your will does flatter you
 'bove what your power can reach.

Hur. For that I urge not
 My being a commissioner alone,
 To do you service ; I have friends in court,
 And great ones, when the rigour of the law
 Hath sentenced you, to mediate your pardon :
 Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
 Where provocation, and not malice, makes
 Guilty, to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
 Sometimes to execution. I am so far
 From doubting your discharge, that I dare forfeit
 My life, if I secure not your's from any
 Danger for this offence.

Beau. You speak all comfort :
 Which way can I deserve this ?

Hur. That I'll shew you.
 I had an obligation to your father,
 Whose love, when all my fortunes were i' the ebb,
 And desperately, reliev'd me with large sums ;
 By whose careful manage I arriv'd at what
 I am ; and I should be a rebel to
 Nature and goodness not to love the son
 Of such a friend, by his misfortune made
 Ripe for my gratitude.

Beau. You speak your bounty ;
 But teach not all this while how to deserve it.

Hur. 'Tis done by your acceptance of my
 daughter,
 To be your bride.

Beau. To be my bride ! pray tell me,
Is she deform'd, or wanton ? what vice has she ?

Hur. Vice, sir ? she will deserve as good a husband—

She is handsome, though I say't, and shall be rich too.

Beau. She is too good, if she be fair or virtuous.
Pardon, I know she is both ; but you amaze me :
I did expect conditions of danger ;
A good wife is a blessing above health...
You teach me to deserve my life first from you,
By offering a happiness beyond it.

Hur. If you find love to accept, 'tis the reward
I look for ; Leonora shall obey,
Or quit a father.

Beau. Ha ! goodness defend !
I know you do but mock me, and upbraid
My act, that kill'd her servant : wound me still,
I have deserv'd her curse ; I see her weep,
And every tear accuse me.

Hur. May I never
Thrive in my prayers to heaven, if what I offer,
I wish not heartily confirm'd !

Beau. I now
Suspect you are not Leonora's father ;
'Twere better you dissembled, than made her
So past all hope of being cur'd again :
I marry Leonora ! can her soul
Think on so foul a rape ? she cannot, sure.

Hur. She shall ; I command.

Beau. By virtue, but
She shall not ; nor would I, to grasp an empire,
Tempt her to so much stain : let her tell down
Her virgin tears on Delamore's cold marble,
Sigh to his dust, and call revenge upon
His head whose anger sent him to those shades,
From whence she ne'er must see him ; this will
justify
She loved the dead : it were impiety

One smile should bless her murderer ; and howe'er
 You are pleased to complement with my affliction,
 I know she cannot find one thought within her⁴
 So foul to look upon me.

Hur. Let it rest

On that : will you consent and timely make
 Provision for your safety ?

Beau. For my life,

You mean, now on the chance : then I may live,
 You are confident, and think it not impossible
 Your daughter may affect me ? there's at once
 Two blessings, are they not, and mighty ones,
 Considering what I am, how low, how lost
 To the common air ?

Hur. Now you are wise.

Beau. But if

Your daughter would confirm this, and propound
 Herself, my victory—

Hur. What then ?

Beau. I should condemn her, and despise the
 conquest :

These things may bribe an atheist, not a lover.
 But you perhaps are ignorant I have given
 My faith away irrevocably ; 'tis
 The wealth of Violante, and I will not
 Basely steal back a thought ; and yet I thank you :
 I am not so inhuman.

Hur. Will you not

Prefer your life to honour and religion ?

Beau. For shame, be silent. Could you make
 me lord

Of my own destiny, and that Leonora
 Had empires for her dower, and courted me
 With all the flatteries of life, to quit
 My vows to Violante, I would fly
 Upon her bosom to meet death.

⁴ The 4to. reads, “without her :” perhaps the author wrote
 about her ; the reading of the text is Dodsley’s.

Hur. And death

You must expect, which will take off this bravery.

Beau. And I will kiss it, kiss it, like a bride.

Hur. So resolute!

Beau. And if I cannot live

My Violante's, I will die her sacrifice.

Good sir, no more; you do not well to trouble

The quiet of a prisoner thus, that cannot

Be a too careful steward of those minutes

Lest him to make his peace: tempt me no further;

The earth is not so fix'd as my resolves,

Rather to die than in one thought transplant

My love from Violante.

Hur. Be undone!

And this contempt shall hasten the divorce

Of soul and love; die, and be soon forgotten! [*Exit.*

[*Violante comes forward.*

Beau. My Violante! if there can be any joy
Neighbour to so much grief, I'll pour it out
To pay thy bounteous visit; if my eyes
Admit no fellowship in weeping, 'tis
Because my heart, which saw thee first, would bid
Thee welcome thither, scorning to acknowledge
There can be any thing but joy where thou art.

Vio. But sadness, my dear Beaumont! while
there is

A cause that makes thee prisoner, I must weep,
And empty many springs; my eyes are now
No prophets of thy sorrow, but the witness;
And when I think of death that waits upon thee,
I wither to a ghost.

Beau. Why, Violante?

We must all die: restrain these weeping fountains,
Keep 'em till I am dead, dispense 'em then
Upon my grave, and I shall grow again;
And in the sweet disguise of a fair garden,
Salute the spring that gave me green and odour.
Why should not love transform us?

Vio. Be not lost
In these imaginations.

Beau. Or perhaps
Thou hast ambition, she whose love made up
A wonder to the world, (beside the pledge
Of duty to her lord,) fam'd Artemisia,
Shall be no more in story for her tomb ;
For on the earth that weighs my body down
When I am dead, thy tears, by the cold breath
Of heaven congeal'd, to Beaumont's memory
Shall raise a monument of pearl, to outdo
The great Mausolus' sepulchre.

Vio. No more
Of this vain language, if you have any pity
On the poor Violante.

Beau. I have done ;
And yet I am going now to a long silence ;
Allow my sorrow to take leave, Violante.

Vio. It shall be so.—Be valiant, my heart.—

[*Aside.*]

Beaumont, I come not to take leave of thee.

Beau. Perhaps you'll see me again.

Vio. Again, and often ;
Thy stars are gentle to thee ; many days
And years are yet between thee and that time
That threatens loss of breath. See, I can thus
Disperse the clouds sate heavy on my brow,
[And] wipe the moisture hence ; 'tis day again.
Take beams into thy eye, and let them sink
Upon thy better fortune ; live, live happily.

Beau. Is Delamore alive ?

Vio. Dead, and interr'd.

Beau. From what can this hope rise ?

Vio. From thyself, Beaumont,
If thou wilt save thyself; I have heard all,
And by the duty of my love, am bound
To chide your resolution : can you be
So merciless to yourself to refuse life,

When it is offer'd with the best advantage,
 [In] Leonora's love ? a price that should
 Buy you from all the world. Be counsell'd, sir ;
 Oh, do not lose yourself in a vain passion,
 For thought of me ! I cancel all your vows,
 And give you back your heart ; be free again
 If you will promise me to live and love.—

Beau. Leonora ?

Vio. That best of woman-kind ; a mine of sweet-
 ness.

Beau. But can you leave me then ?

Vio. I justify

Thy choice of me in that ; that to preserve thee
 Dare give thee back again ; be Leonora's,
 For being mine, thou art lost to all the world.
 Better a thousand times thou be made her's,
 Than we both lose ; I'll pawn my faith she'll love
 thee.

I'll be content to hear my Beaumont's well,
 And visit thee sometimes, like a glad sister,
 And never beg a kiss ; but if I weep
 At any time when we are [left] together,
 Do not believe 'tis sorrow makes my eyes
 So wet, but joy to see my Beaumont living :
 As it is now, to hope.

Beau. If thou dost mean thus,
 Thou dost the more to inflame me to be constant.
 Be not a miracle, and I may be tempted
 To love my life above thee ; by this kiss—
 Oh, give me but another in my death,
 It will restore me. By this innocent hand,
 [White] as I wish my soul, I will not leave thee
 For the world's kingdom.

Vio. But you must, unless
 You change for Leonora : think of that,
 Think, ere you be too rash.

Beau. I'll think of thee,
 And honour to be read, *I love Violante,*

But never could deserve her. Live thou happy,
 And by thy virtue teach a nearer way
 To heaven ; we may meet yonder : do not make me
 More miserable than I am, by adding perjury
 To my bloody sin ; the memory of thee
 Will at my execution advance
 My spirit to a [height] that men shall think
 I have chang'd my cause for martyrdom.

Vio. Then here,
 As of a dying man, I take my leave.
 Farewell, unhappy Beaumont ! I'll pray for thee.

Beau. 'Tis possible I may live yet, and be thine.

Vio. These tears embalm thee.
 If in this world [again] we never meet,
 My life is buried in thy winding-sheet.

Beau. This exceeds all my sorrow. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Street.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. I am justly punish'd now for all my tricks,
 And pride o' the flesh. I had ambition
 To make men cuckolds ; now the devil has paid me,
 Paid me i' the same coin ; and I'll compare
 My forehead with the broadest of my neighbours :
 But ere it spreads too monstrous, I must have
 Some plot upon this Hazard ; he supposes
 He has enjoy'd Penelope, and my trick['s]
 To drive the opinion home, to get him marry her,
 And make her satisfaction : the wench
 Has oft commended him ; he may be won to it.
 I never meant to part with all her portion ;
 Perhaps he'll thank me for the moiety,

And this dispos'd on, she's conjur'd to silence.
It must be so.

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. Jack Wilding ! how is't, man ?
How goes the plough at home ? what says the lady
Guinever, that was humbled in your absence ?
You have the credit with her, all the glory
Of my night's work ; does she not hide her eyes,
And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman ?
Turn o' th' side, or drop a handkercher,
And stoop, and take occasion to leer,
And laugh upon thee ?

Wild. Nothing less : I know not
What thou hast done to her, but she's very sad.

Haz. Sad ! I'll be hang'd then.

Wild. Thou must imagine
I did the best to comfort her.

Haz. She's melancholy
For my absence, man ; I'll keep her company
Again to night.

Wild. She thinks 'twas I enjoy'd her.

Haz. Let her think whom she will, so we may
couple.

Wild. And nothing now but sighs, and cries I
have
Undone her.

Haz. She's a fool, I hurt her not ;
She cried not out, I am sure ; and for my body,
I defy the college of physicians :
Let a jury of virgins search me.

Wild. To be plain,
Although she has no thought but I was her bed-
fellow,
You are the only argument of her sadness.

Haz. How can that be ?

Wild. When I had merrily

Excus'd what had been done, she fetch'd a sigh,
And with some tears reveal'd her love to you ;
That she had lov'd you long, but by this act
Of mine, do you mark, she was become unworthy
To hope for so good fortune. I cannot tell,
But she is strangely passionate.

Haz. For me ?

Wild. For you ; but thou art soft and tender-hearted,

And in that confidence I did forbear
To tell her who had done the deed.

Haz. You did so ?

'Twas wisely done : now I collect myself,
She has sometime smiled upon me.

Wild. Nay, believe it,
She is taken with thee above all the world.

Haz. And yet she was content you should---
'bove all the world.

Wild. But 'twas your better fate
To be the man ; it was her destiny
To have the right performance : thou art a gentleman,

And canst not but consider the poor gentlewoman.

Haz. What wouldst have me do ?

Wild. Make her amends, and marry her.

Haz. Marry a strumpet ?

Wild. You had first possession,
An thou'dst been married earlier, couldst but had
Her maidenhead ; besides, nobody knows
But we ourselves.

Haz. Be not abused, I had no maidenhead.

Wild. My greater torment : [aside.]—Come
come, thou art modest ;

Heaven knows, she may be desperate.

Haz. A fair riddance,

We have enough o' the tribe. I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a pear-tree
Of my own garden.

Wild. Aye—of Athens' growth!—¹
I know thou art more charitable: she may prove
A happy wife; what woman but has frailty?

Haz. Let her make the best on't; set up shop
I' the Strand, or Westminster; she may have custom,
And come to speak most learnedly i' the nose:
Bid her keep quarter with the constable,
And justice's clerk, and she in time may purchase.

Wild. She has a portion will maintain her like
A gentlewoman, and your wife.

Haz. Where is't?

Wild. In my possession; and I had rather thou
Should'st have it than another.

Haz. Thank you heartily;
A single life has single care, pray keep it.

Wild. Come, thou shalt know I love thee; thou
shalt have

More by a thousand pound than I resolv'd
To part with, 'cause I would call thee cousin too.
A brace of thousands, Will, she has to her portion,
I hoped to put her off with half the sum;
That's truth; some younger brother would have
thank'd me,

And given [me] my quietus: tush! 'tis frequent
With men that are so trusted. Is't a match?

Haz. Two thousand pound will make a maidenhead
That's crooked, straight again.

Wild. Thou'rt in the right;
Or, for the better sound, as the grammarians
Say, I will call it twenty hundred pound.

¹ *Furnish her expedition, &c.]* The old copy reads:

“ Furnish her expedition with a pair
Of my own garters.

Wild. I—— of Athens grown.”

I have endeavoured to make the lines intelligible at least. There is a popular story of this kind, which is alluded to by Timon. It was a wife, however, and not a mistress who was furnished, or, as Bardolph better has it, accommodated with “ a pear-tree” for her journey.

By'r lady, a pretty stock ; enough, an need be,
To buy up half the maidenheads in a county.

Haz. Here's my hand, I'll consider on't no further ;
Is she prepar'd ?

Wild. Leave that to me.

Haz. No more.

Wild. I'll instantly about it. [Exit.

Haz. Ha, ha !

The project moves better than I expected :
What pains he takes, out of his ignorance !

Enter old BARNACLE.

Old B. Oh, sir, I am glad I have found you.

Haz. I was not lost.

Old B. My nephew, sir, my nephew—

Haz. What of him ?

Old B. He's undone, he's undone ; you have undone him.

Haz. What's the matter ?

Old B. You have made him, sir, so valiant, I am afraid

He's not long-liv'd ; he quarrels now with every body,

And roars, and domineers, and shakes the pent-houses.

A woman that sold pudding-pies, but took
The wall on him, and he trips up her heels,
And down fell all ; the kennel ran pure white-pot.
What shall I do ? I fear he will be kill'd :

I take a little privilege myself,
Because I threaten to disinherit him ;
But nobody else dares talk or meddle with him.
Is there no way to take him down again,
And make him coward ?

Haz. There are ways to tame him.

Old. B. Now I wish heartily you had beaten him
For the hundred pound.

Haz. That may be done yet. . .

Old B. Is't not too late ? But do you think 'twill
humble him ?

I expect, every minute he's abroad,
To hear he has kill'd somebody, or receive him
Brought home with half his brains, or but one leg.
Good sir—

Haz. What would you have me do ?

Old B. I'll pay you for't.—

If you will beat him soundly, sir, and leave him
But as you found him ; for if he continue
A blade, and be not kill'd, he will not 'scape
The gallows long ; and 'tis not for my honour
He should be hang'd.

Haz. I shall deserve as much
To allay this metal, as I did to quicken it.

Old B. Nay, 'tis my meaning to content you, sir ;
And I shall take it as a favour too,
If, for the same price [that] you made him valiant,
You will unblade him : here's the money, sir,
As weighty gold as t' other ; 'cause you should not
Lay it on lightly : break no limb, and bruise him
Three-quarters dead, I care not ; he may live
Many a fair day after it.

Haz. You shew
An uncle's love in this ; [*takes the money.*]—trust
me to cure
His valour.

Old B. He is here ; do but observe,

Enter young BARNACLE.

And beat him, sir, accordingly.

Young B. How now, uncle ?

Old B. Thou art no nephew of mine, thou art a
rascal !

I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman.
Pay for your dice and drinkings : I shall have
The surgeon's bills brought shortly home to me ;
Be troubled to bail thee from the sessions,

And afterwards make friends to the Recorder
For a reprieve ; yes, I will see thee hang'd first.

Young B. And be at the charge to paint the gallows too.

If I have a mind, the waits shall play before me,
And I'll be hang'd in state, three stories high, uncle;
But first I'll cut your throat.

Old B. Bless me, defend me !

Enter ACRELESS, SELLAWAY, and LITTLESTOCK.

Acre. How now ? what's the matter ?

Sell. Master Barnacle !

Old B. There's an ungracious bird of mine own nest,

Will murder me.

Little. He will not, sure ?

Haz. Put up,

And ask your uncle presently forgiveness,
Or I will hough thee.

Young B. Hough me ? I will put up
At thy entreaty.

Haz. Gentlemen, you remember
This noble gallant—

Acre. Cousin of your's, I take it.

Haz. Cousin to a killing—in your company
Lent me a box o' the car.

Young B. No, no, I gave it,
I gave it freely ; keep it, never think on't,
I can make bold with thee another time.
Would 't had been twenty !

Haz. One's too much to keep.
I am a gamester, and remembered always
To pay the box ; there's first your principal ;

[*Strikes him.*]

Take that for the use. [*Again.*]

Young B. Use ? would thou'dst given't my uncle.

Haz. They have cost him already two hundred pounds

And upwards, shotten-herring, thing of noise !

Young B. Oh, for my man Dwindle,
And his basket-hilt, now ! my uncle shall rue this.

Haz. Down, presently, and before these gentlemen

Desire his pardon.

Young B. How ! desire his pardon ?

Haz. Then let this go round.

[*They all kick young B.*

Young B. I will ask his pardon. [*kneels.*]—I beseech you, uncle.

Haz. And swear—

Young B. And do swear.

Haz. To be obedient, never more to quarrel.

Young B. Why, look you, gentlemen, I hope
you are persuaded

By being kick'd so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.

Old B. I suspect him still.

Young B. For more assurance, do you kick me
too. [*Old B. kicks him.*]

Am not I patient and obedient now ?

Will you have any more, gentlemen, before I rise ?

Haz. If ever he prove rebellious in act,
Or language, let me know it.

Young B. Will you not give
Me leave to roar abroad a little, for
My credit ?

Old B. Never, sirrah : now I'll tame you.—
I thank you, gentlemen ; command me for
This courtesy.

Young B. 'Tis possible I may
With less noise grow more valiant hereafter,
Till then I am in all your debts. [*Rises.*]

Old B. Be ruled,
And be my nephew again : this was my love,
My love, dear nephew.

Young B. If your love consist
In kicking, uncle, let me love you again.

Old B. Follow me, sirrah.

[Exit, followed by young B.

Acre. Then his uncle paid for't?

Haz. Heartily, heartily.

Little. I thought there was some trick.

Haz. And whither are you going, gentlemen?

Sell. We are going to visit Beaumont in the prison.

Haz. 'Tis charity: but that I have deep engagements,

I'd wait upon you; but commend my service to him,

I'll visit him ere night: you saw not Wilding?

Acre. We saw his wife and kinswoman enter Sir Richard Hurry's, half an hour ago.

Haz. His kinswoman? I thank you.

You have saved me travel; farewell, gentlemen,
Farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in sir Richard Hurry's House.

Enter LEONORA, VIOLANTE, mistress WILDING, and PENELOPE.

Leo. My father has some design, and bad me send for thee.

Mrs. W. You are both too sad; come, come, we must divert

This melancholy.

Vio. I beseech your pardon;
But is my Beaumont sent for?

Leo. Yes: we are
Too private.

Vio. I much fear Leonora now,
She looks not sad enough: although I could
Resign my interest freely to preserve him,
I would not willingly be present when

They interchange hearts ; she will shew too much
 A tyrant, if she be not satisfied
 With what was mine, but I must be invited²
 To be their triumph. [Aside.

Enter HAZARD.

Mrs. W. Master Hazard ?

Haz. All things

Succeed beyond your thought, pray give me a little
 Opportunity with your kinswoman.

Leo. We'll withdraw.

[*Exeunt Mrs. W., Leo. and Vio.*

Haz. I know not how to woo her now.—Sweet
 lady.

Pen. Your pleasure, sir ?

Haz. Pray let me ask you a question.

If you had lost your way, and met [with] one,
 A traveller like myself, that knew the coast
 O' the country, would you thank him to direct you ?

Pen. That common manners would instruct.

Haz. I think so.

But there are many ways to the wood,—and which
 Would you desire, the nearest path, and safest,
 Or that which leads about ?

Pen. Without all question,
 The nearest and the safest.

Haz. Can you love then ?

Pen. I were a devil else.

Haz. And can you love a man ?

Pen. A man ! what else, sir ?

Haz. You're so far on your way. Now love but
 me,

You're at your journey's end ; what say [you] to me ?

Pen. Nothing, sir.

Haz. That's no answer, you must say something.

Pen. I hope you'll not compel me.

² ————— I must be invited.] The old copy reads,
moited.

Haz. Do you hear, lady ?
 Setting this foolery aside, I know
 You cannot choose but love me.

Pen. Why ?

Haz. I have been told so. Pen's part

Pen. You are easy of belief ;
 I think I should be best acquainted with
 My own thoughts, and I dare not be so desperate
 To conclude.

Haz. Come, you lie ; I could have given it
 In smoother phrase : you're a dissembling gentle-
 woman.

I know your heart, you have loved me a great
 while.

What should I play the fool ? if you remember,
 I urg'd some wild discourse in the behalf
 Of your lewd kinsman ; 'twas a trial of thee :
 That humour made me love thee, and since that,
 Thy virtue.

Pen. Indeed, sir ?

Haz. Indeed, sir ! why, I have been contracted
 to thee.

Pen. How long ?

Haz. This half hour, know thy portion, and
 shall have it.

Pen. Strange !

Haz. Nay, I'll have thee too.

Pen. You will ?

Haz. I cannot help it ; thy kind cousin will have
 it so :

'Tis his own plot, to make thee amends, is't not
 Good mirth ? but 'tis not love to thee or me,
 But to have me possess'd he is no cuckold ;
 I see through his device : thou art much beholding
 to him.

He meant to have put thee off with half thy portion,
 But that, if things come out, we should keep counsel.
 Say, is't a match ? I have two thousand pound too,

I thank the dice ; let's put our stocks together,
Children will follow ; he is here already.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. So close ! I am glad on't ; this prepares
Will Hazard,
And my young cousin. [aside.]—A word, Pen-
lope.

Haz. Now will he make all sure.

Wild. You us'd me coarsely,
But I have forgot it ; what discourse have you with
This gentleman ?

Pen. He would seem to be a suitor.

Wild. Entertain him ; do you hear ? you may do
worse ;

'Twas in my thought to move it : does he not
Talk strangely ?

Pen. Of what ?

Wild. Of nothing ; let me counsel you
To love him, call him husband.

Pen. I resolve
Never to marry without your consent.

Enter ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, and SELLAWAY.

Haz. Gentlemen, welcome.

Pen. If you bestow me, sir, I will be confident .
I am not lost ; I must confess I love him.

Wild. No more then ; lose no time.—Kind gen-
tlemen,
You are come most seasonably to be the witnesses
Of my consent ; I have examin'd both
Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kins-
woman :

No sooner shall the church pronounce you married,
But challenge what is her's.

Haz. Two thousand pound.

Wild. I do confess it is her portion.
 You shall not stay to talk ; nay, gentlemen,
 Pray see the business finish'd.

Acre.

Little.

Sell.

We attend you. [Exe. all but Wilding.]
Wild. So, so ; this will confirm him in the opinion

Penelope was the creature he enjoy'd,
 And keep off all suspicion of my wife,
 Who is still honest in the imagination
 That only I embraced her :—all secure,
 And my brow's smooth again, who can deride me
 But I myself ? ha ! that's too much, I know it,
 And spight of [all] these tricks, am a Cornelius.
 Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant ?
 Why then I have done nothing ; yes, advanced
 The man, that grafted shame upon my forehead :
 Vexation ! parted with two thousand pound,
 And am no less a cuckold than before.

Was I predestin'd to this shame and mockery ?
 Where were my brains ? yet, why am I impatient ?
 Unless betray'd, he cannot reach the knowledge,
 And then no matter :—yes, I am curs'd again,
 My torment multiplies ; how can he think
 He play'd the wanton with Penelope
 When he finds her a maid ? that ruins all.
 I would she had been strumpeted ! he knows
 My wife's virginity too well. I am lost,
 And must be desperate,—kill him ? no. My wife ?
 Not so good :—death is over black and horrid ;
 And I am grown ridiculous to myself.
 I must do something.

Enter sir RICHARD HURRY.

Hur. Master Wilding, welcome,
 You have been a great stranger.

Wild. Do you know me ?

Hur. Know you ?

Wild. They say I am much altered o' late.

Hur. There is some alteration in your forehead.

Wild. My forehead ?

Hur. 'Tis not smooth enough ; you're troubled.
Your wife's within.

Wild. She loves your daughter, sir.

Hur. When saw you master Beaumont ?

Wild. Not to-day.

Hur. I have sent for him ; pray stay, and witness
His further examination. I propounded
A way to do him good, but he is obstinate.

Wild. Would I could change condition with him !
He is not troubled now with being a cuckold.—

[*Aside.*

You shall command.

Re-enter mistress WILDING.

Hur. Your husband, lady.

Wild. Wife,

You are a whore ; you shall know more hereafter.
I must go live i' the forest.

Mrs. W. And I i' the common.

Wild. She'll turn prostitute.

Enter a Servant, and whispers HURRY.

Hur. Attend him hither.—[*exit Serv.*]—Master
Beaumont's come,
Nay, you shall favour me so much.—

Enter BEAUMONT, with Officers.

Here's the gentleman already.

Beau. Sir, your pleasure ?
By your command I am brought hither,—
I hope you have no more to charge me with
Than freely I have confess'd.

Hur. Yes.

Beau. I must answer.

You can have but my life to satisfy ;
Pray speak my accusation.

Hur. Besides

The offence known and examin'd, you are guilty
Of that which all good natures do abhor.

Beau. You have a privilege ; but do not make
me,

Good sir, to appear monstrous. Who are my
Accusers ?

Hur. I am one.

Beau. And my judge too !

I have small hope to plead then ; but proceed,
And name my trespass.

Hur. That which includes all
That man should hate—ingratitude.

Beau. You have
Preferred a large indictment, and are the first
That ever charg'd me with't ; it is a stain
My soul held most at distance : but descend
To some particular ; this offence doth rise
Or fall in the degree, or reference
To persons sinn'd against ; to whom have I
Been so ungrateful ?

Hur. Ingrate as high as murder.

Beau. To whom ?

Hur. Thyself ; to whom that life thou oughtest
to cherish,
Thou hast undone.

Beau. I am not so uncharitable,
Howe'er you please to urge it ; but I know
Why you conclude so. Let me, sir, be honest
To heaven and my own heart ; and then, if life
Will follow, it shall be welcome.

Haz. Still perverse !

Stand forth, my Leonora. [*Leo. comes from behind
the hangings.*]—Look upon her.

Beau. I see a comely frame, which cannot be
Without as fair a mind.

Hur. With her I make
Once more a tender of my wealth, and thy
Enlargement.

Wild. How can you discharge him, sir?

Hur. Take you no care for that, it shall be
secured

If he accept; 'tis the last time of asking,
Answer to purpose now.

Beau. There shall need none,
Sir, to forbid this marriage, but myself;
My resolution, but warm before,
Is now a flame: I honour this fair virgin,
And am too poor to thank your love, but must not
Buy life with so much shame; I am Violante's,
My last breath shall confirm it.

Wild. Beaumont, think on't
A little better; be not mad: if this
Be possible, embrace her instantly.

Beau. She does not look
With any countenance of love upon me:
See, she does weep.

Wild. She'll love thee afterwards;
An she do not, she can but cuckold thee:
There be more i' the parish, man.

Hur. Since you are
So peremptory,—here, receive your sentence.

[*Brings out Vio.*
Live and love happily. *Vio.*

Vio. My dearest Beaumont!

Wild. To what purpose
Is this? he must be hang'd for Delamore.

Hur. Here's one can clear the danger.

Enter Probe.

Wild. The surgeon! Did not you say he was
dead?

Probe. I did, to serve his ends, which you see
noble :

Delamore is past danger, but wants strength
To come abroad.

Leo. You give me another life.

Hur. I see heaven has decreed him for thy hus-
band,

And shalt have my consent too.

Leo. Now you bless me.

Hur. I wish'd to call thee son ; pardon my trial.
Joy ever in your bosoms !

Beau. I feel a blessing
That only can be thought ; silence, my tongue,
And let our hearts discourse.

*Re-enter HAZARD, PENELOPE, ACRELESS, LITTLE-
STOCK, and SELLAWAY.*

Haz. [By] your leave, gentlefolks ; who wishes
joy,
And a bundle of boys the first night ?

Hur. Married ?

Pen. Fast as the priest could tie us.

Acre. }
Sell. } We are witnesses.
Little. }

Haz. Cousin, two thousand pound ; and, lady,
now [To Mrs. W.
I must thank you for this, among the rest.
'Tis time to clear all.

Wild. I will be divorced now.—
Wife, you're a whore.

Haz. Ho ! there ; no bug-words : come,
We must tell something in your ear.—Be merry ;
You are no cuckold, make no noise ; I know
That's it offends your stomach.

Wild. Ha !

Haz. I touch'd not her, nor this, with one rude action.

We'll talk the circumstance when you come home.
Your wife expected you, but when I came,
She had prepared light, and her cousin here,
To have made you blush, and chide you into honesty:
Seeing their chaste simplicity, I was won
To silence, which brought on my better fortune.

Wild. Can this be real?

Mrs. W. By my hopes of peace
I' the t'other world, you have no injury.
My plot was only to betray you to
Love and repentance.

Pen. Be not troubled, sir;
I am a witness of my cousin's truth,
And hope you'll make all prosper in renewing
Your faith to her.

Haz. Be wise, and no more words:
Thou hast a treasure in thy wife; make much on
her.

For any act of mine, she is as chaste
[As when she was new born. Love, love her, Jack.]

Wild. I am ashamed; pray give me all forgiveness.
I see my follies; heaven invites me gently
To thy chaste bed: be thou again my dearest,
Thy virtue shall instruct me. Joy to all!
Here be more [wonders.] Delamore is living,
And Leonora mark'd [out] to enjoy him;
Violante is possess'd of Beaumont too.

Haz. These be Love's miracles: a spring-tide flow
In every bosom!

Hur. This day let me feast you;
Anon we'll visit Delamore.

Leo. My soul
Longs to salute him.

Haz. Here all follies die;
May never GAMESTER have worse fate than I.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

E X A M P L E.

THE EXAMPLE.] This comedy was licensed by the master of the revels in June, 1634. The date of the quarto is 1637 : the title, “*The Example, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury-Lane. Written by James Shirley,*”

PROLOGUE.

*'Twil be a Great Assize ; how things will hit
For us appearing at this bar of wit,
Is most uncertain ; we have nam'd our play
THE EXAMPLE, and for aught we know, it may
Be made one ; for at no time did the laws,
However understood, more fright the cause
Of unbefriended Poesy : since the praise
Of wit and judgment is not, now a days,
Owing to them that write ; but he that can
Talk loud, and high, is held the witty man,
And censures finely, rules the box, and strikes
With his court nod consent to what he likes.
But this must be ; nor is't our parts to grudge
Any that by their place should be a judge :
Nay, he that in the parish never was
Thought fit to be o' the jury, has a place
Here, on the bench, for sixpence ; and dares sit,
And boast himself commissioner of wit :
Which though he want, he can condemn with oaths,
As much as they that wear the purple clothes,
Robes, I should say, on whom, i' the Roman state,
Some ill-look'd stage-keepers, like lictors wait,
With pipes for fasces, while another bears
Three-footed stools instead of ivory chairs.¹
This is a destiny to which we bow,
For all are innocent but the poets now,
Who suffer for their guilt of truth and arts,
And we for only speaking of their parts.
But be it so ; be judges all, and be,
With our consent, but thus far, take me w' ye :
If any meet here, as some men i' the age
Who understand no sense, but from one stage,*

¹ See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 224.

*And over partial, will entail, like land,
Upon heirs male, all action, and command
Of voice and gesture, upon whom they love ;
These, though call'd judges, may delinquents prove.
But few such we hope here ; to the rest we say,
Hear patiently ere you condemn the play.
'Tis not the author's confidence, to dare
Your judgments, but your calm ears to prepare,
That, if for mercy, you can find no room,
He prays that mildly, you pronounce his doom.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Sir Solitary Plot.

Sir Walter Peregrine, *a soldier*.

Lord Fitzavarice.

Confident Rapture, *his follower, a pretended wit*.

Vainman, }
Pumicestone, } *suitors to Jacinta*.

A Scrivener.

A Captain, friend to sir Walter Peregrine.

Dormant, } *servants to sir Solitary Plot*.

Oldrat,

Page to lord Fitzavarice.

Sheriff.

Under-sheriff.

Officers.

Lady Plot.

Bellamia, *lady* Peregrine, }
Jacinta, *her sister*, } *nieces to sir Sol. Plot*.

Waiting-woman to lady Peregrine.

SCENE, London.

¹ This is wanting in the quarto.

THE EXAMPLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in sir Solitary Plot's House.

Enter sir SOLITARY PLOT.

Plot. Dormant ! why, Dormant ! thou eternal sleeper !—

Who would be troubled with these lethargies about him ?—Dormant ! Are you come, dreamer ?

Enter DORMANT.

Dor. Would I were so happy ! there's less noise in a steeple, upon a coronation. Oh, sleep, sleep, though it were a dead one, would be comfortable : your worship might please to let my fellow Oldrat watch, as well as I.

Plot. Oldrat ! that fellow is a drone.

Dor. He has slept this half hour on the iron chest. Would I were in my grave, to take a nap ! death would do me a courtesy, I should be at rest, and hear no noise of Dormant !

Plot. Ha ! what's the matter ?

Dor. Nothing but a yawn, sir ; I do all that I can to keep myself waking.

Plot. 'Tis done considerately ; this heavy dulness Is the disease of souls ; sleep in the night ?

Dor. Shall I wake my fellow Oldrat ? he is refreshed.

Plot. Do, but return you with him, I have business
With both.

Dor. To hear us join in our opinion of what's
o'clock? They talk of Endymion,¹ — now could I
sleep three lives. [Exit.

Plot. When other men measure the hours with
sleep,
Careless of what they are, and whom they trust,
Exposing their condition to danger
Of plots, I wake, and wisely think prevention;
Night was not made to snore in, but so calm
For our imaginations to be stirring
About the world, this subtle world, this world
Of plots, and close conspiracy: there is
No faith in man, nor woman.—Where's this
Dormant?

Re-enter DORMANT, with OLDRAT.

Dor. Here is the sleepy vermin.

Plot. Oh, come hither, sirrah; where's your
lady?

Oldr. Out all this night at play, sir.

Plot. All night! there is some plot; but I am safe
A'thome; your gaming ladies are strangewhirligigs:
But while she plays, and revels with the gallants,
Here I am cabled up, above their shot,
And see in my imagination all their plots.
Nay, we are the quietest couple, never meet,
No, not abed; there may be plots in that:
This part o' the house is mine, and here I walk
And see the soul, the very soul o' the world.

Oldr. It has been day this two hours.

Plot. Then 'tis time
For me to go to bed.

Dor. Would my hour were come once!

Plot. Keep out day-light, and set up a fresh taper.

¹ *They talk of Endymion,—]* This is an allusion to Lylly's comedy of that name, in which the hero is represented as enjoying a sleep of many years.

Dor. By that time we have dined, he'll have slept his first sleep.

Oldr. And after supper call for his breakfast.

Plot. You're sure 'tis morning?

Dor. As sure as I am sleepy.

Plot. And that your lady's not come in?

Oldr. As sure as I have the key.

Plot. Is my niece ready?¹

Dor. Two hours ago, sir.

Plot. So early? there may be a plot in that. Say Her uncle would speak with her. [exit *Oldr.*]—I use every morning,

Before I go to bed, to give her counsel,
In her husband's absence; she is young, and handsome,

And there be plots i' the world.—Dormant, come hither.

What gentlemen do frequently come hither?

Who does visit her most?

Dor. My lady, sir?

Plot. My niece, Bellamia,² sirrah; for my wife, I will let her alone of purpose yet, To mind her game, shuffle, and cut, and dice, And dance the brawls; they cannot cozen me. Say, my intelligence, who does visit most My kinswoman?

Dor. The gay lord's often with her.

Plot. Who?

Dor. He that comes every morning like St. George.

Plot. Ha!

Dor. I do not say to mount her; the lord—

Plot. Fitzavarice?

Dor. The same, sir; he's the most bountiful gentleman,

And makes us all so pray for him.

¹ Sol. *Is my niece ready?*] i. e. dressed.

² *Bellamia,*] So it evidently should be; but the 4to. reads, *Jacinta*.

Plot. More plots! he has a vast estate, and though
Fame speak him noble, I suspect he loves her;
He has my nephew's land in mortgage too:
A mere device, I fathom it. Come hither;
Let not the arras hear us: say, what prank
Of mischief has he done? he should be bountiful
To thee; on what suspicion canst deserve it?
Come, be ingenuous, and confess.

Dor. Who, I be ingenuous? alas! you are de-
ceived.

Plot. Be free.—This groom conspires. [*Aside.*

Dor. Do I look like one that would be ingenuous?

[*Knocking within.*

Plot. What noise is that? more plots! let none
enter.

They are saucy with my doors; 'tis well they are
All heart of oak, and sound, to endure the knocking.

Dor. I hear my lady's footman call the porter.

Plot. I'll keep no gate that will be knock'd o' this
fashion.

I think it were a special policy
To have a kind of a wheel, or turning engine,
Advanced before my door, and admit none
Without a ticket.

Re-enter OLDRAT.

Oldr. My lady is come, sir.

Plot. Is she alone?

Old. The gentleman that complements with my
lady,

And is here half an hour before my lord still—

Plot. Master Cenfident?

Oldr. The same; he man's her ladyship, and she
Is coming this way through the gallery.

Plot. Was ever such an impudence? she will
not carry

Him to her chamber? New plots! obscure me,
hangings. [*Retires.*

CONFIDENT and lady PLOT pass over the stage.

Con. I shall report how much his lordship owes
For this most noble favour.

L. Plot. He deserves,
By many bounties, ever to command me,
And I must thank your pains ; but in my chamber
We may discourse more freely.

Con. You much honour me. [Exit.

Plot. [coming forward.]—*Bounty, and lordships,*
and discourse in chambers ?

This fellow is a rascal. New, new plots !

Dor. If your worship mean to lie with her ladyship—

Plot. By no means.

How happy am I that we keep several quarters !
Some husband would torment himself with watching,
Screw his nose in at a keyhole, or in some cranny
Wedge his long ear : let 'em alone ;—
It makes, it makes, and my lascivious gamester
Find[s all] his plots discovered. All his wit,
Glean'd from Italian sonnets, and loose rhymes,
His bouncing, and his braves shall not disguise
His heart from me ; I see't, I see't already,
And laugh that I am alone, and have my humour.
Oh, 'tis my niece ; away, and dress my pillow.

[Exit Serv.

Enter lady PEREGRINE.

L. Per. Good morrow, sir.

Plot. Morrow ? 'tis now my bed time.

L. Per. You were pleas'd to send for me.

Plot. I did, dear niece.

Before I go to sleep, I must commend
Advices to thee ; 'tis part of my devotion :
In brief, because the day comes fast upon me,
Have a great care you be not seen too public ;

Your chamber's spacious enough to walk in.
 There's danger in society, and the world
 Is full of plots.

L. Per. What plots?

Plot. I know not; but
 Be solitary as I am, and be safe.
 Your husband's debts have made him quit his
 country;

He was an unthrift;—nay, I spare him not,
 Although he were my kinsman;—'twas ill done,
 Whose plot soe'er it were, to lose your jointure;
 Times are necessitous: but while he drills
 His men abroad, take heed you meet not hotter
 Service at home; there be fine lords i' the world,
 And gentlemen that run and carry messages,
 And pages that bring jewels, and can whisper
 The bawdy poesies, and so forth.

L. Per. You are not
 Jealous of me?

Plot. Nor of my wife; I lie
 Alone discreetly, let my madam play,
 Sit up o' nights, and gambol.

L. Per. And do you love her?

Plot. At distance, as becomes a politic man,
 That would not sell his state to buy an heir.
 Our looks so seldom do converse, that if
 We should engender at the eyes, she would
 Not teem so often as an elephant;
 Fools diet with their wives,
 And live in danger of provocatives
 To brisk, and mount the table, precious pastime!
 Come, thou art happy, that thy husband's absence
 Hath given thee occasion to be solitary:
 Trust not the air abroad by my example;
 Take heed of plots, and so good night! [Exit.]

L. Per. Good Morrow.
 I thank you for your counsel, but it needs not.
 I pity the condition of this gentleman,

That makes his life a penance, to seem wise.
 He talks of plots, and is the greatest enemy
 To himself, with his vain fears. But why do I
 Discourse of misery without myself,
 That carry in my bosom every minute,
 All that can make a woman miserable?
 Thought of my husband wounds me, yet I cannot
 Be suffered to enjoy it; like a deer
 I am chas'd by foreign hunters, and not left
 To think what cruelty at home pursues me.

Enter Waiting-woman and Fitzavarice's Page.

You might have known my pleasure, in good
 manners,
 Ere you admitted any.

Wom. "Tis but a page, madam; the poor child
 Wants years to offend. [Exit.

L. Per. He serves the lord Fitzavarice;
 Beshrew your diligence!

Page. Who commends
 To your fair hand these jewels, madam.
L. Per. I prithee carry them back, their inside's
 poison.

Page. I would not be corrupted with the one,
 To betray t'other so; they cannot fright
 When you examine: if you knew his lordship
 So well as I would wish, you would accept
 And cherish these presentments. You are the first
 Lady within my observation,
 That has took time to ask her conscience
 The meaning of a jewel, sent by a lord,
 A young and handsome lord too; 'tis a thing
 At court is not in fashion, and 'twere pity
 One with so good a face should be the precedent
 Of such superfluous modesty.

L. Per. Does your lord
 Instruct you thus?

Page. We take it of ourselves ;
 Pages and waiting-women are apt by nature
 To understand their office : you may be confident,
 My lord means honourably, and as becomes
 A gentleman of high blood ; he will visit
 Your ladyship.

L. Per. I shall not need return him then my
 thanks,
 By messenger.

Page. I apprehend ;
 And wish you a morning fair as your own beauty ;
 My humblest duty.

L. Per. How black sin doth scatter
 Her seed betimes, and every ground is fruitful !

Re-enter CONFIDENT, and Waiting-woman.

Con. Has she the paper ?

Page. And the jewel too.

Wom. I know she'll chide me, but his lordship's
 bounty
 Commands I should be serviceable.

Con. Away ! and wantonness inspire me.—
 Lady—

L. Per. More rude intrusions ?

[*Exit Woman and Page.*]

Con. Patience, noble madam ;
 The message that I bring is more calm and gentle
 Than the cool wind that breathes upon the
 flowers

Soft kisses in the spring ; the woollen feet
 Of time do move with a less noise, than mine
 Beneath this happy roof : vouchsafe your ear
 And words shall meet your sense, and court it with
 Swifter delight than apprehension
 Knows how to reach ; and when I have let fall
 Love, which doth make all language rich, and told
 you

His name that gives his life up in my breath,
 To be made blest by being your's, you'll wish
 I were all voice, and to that harmony
 Chain your own soul for ever.

L. Per. What do you mean
 By this strange language? pray be clearer, sir,
 If you direct it to my understanding.
 What is your business?

Con. I have told you, madam. [Love.]
L. Per. What love, I beseech you, sir?
Con. A love that doth include in his own flame
 What poets made but fiction in the gods,
 When earthly beauties tempted them from heaven;
 A fire which, from the bosom of Love's priest,
 Shoots up religion and a sacrifice
 To what his soul adores, a glorious love,
 And love of you.

L. Per. Of me? it will concern
 That I should know him.

Con. Had his person been
 A stranger, so much worth and fame prefers him
 To every noble knowledge, that you cannot
 Be ignorant what wonder of mankind
 I point at: hath report brought to your ear,
 I' the stock of men, one that hath had the praise
 Of wit, of valour, bounty, a fair presence,
 A tongue to enchant heaven? these wait on him;
 As he, to be your servant: he is a man
 (What pity it is I cannot call him more!)
 The pride and darling both of war, and peace,
 The lord of many worlds.

L. Per. How, sir! He may
 Be bountiful indeed, then.

Con. With your pardon,
 Shall we allow to every common man
 A little world, and not think him worth many,
 Who hath the price of thousands in himself?

L. Per. What miracle is this?

Con. He is a man
 So full of all, that thought, or love can be
 Ambitious of, that nothing can deserve him,
 But she alone that hath in her own frame
 Of woman, all that ever praised the sex ;
 And these are all your own : make him so too,
 And from your loves, the decay'd world shall hope
 To see a race of demi gods.

L. Per. I find not
 By all these marks of honour and of goodness
 What person you commend thus.

Con. Can there be
 Any beside my lord ?

L. Per. Your lord may be
 Besides himself, after so great a character.

Con. The lord Fitzavarice.

L. Per. Cry mercy, sir,
 I know him, and you might with half the expense
 Of so much wit in blank verse, have express'd
 His purpose, and himself; I thank him heartily,
 But am not so much worth, pray tell him so.

Con. Lady, I do not use to thrive so ill
 In my love-undertakings.

L. Per. Is't your trade ?
 It seems so, by your prompt and elegant way.
 Are you solicitor general for others,
 In love, tièd by your place, never to move
 Conditions for yourself? he is but a lord,
 Whose fame you have advanced thus.

Con. You're right, lady.

L. Per. And I was never taught, that wit or
 handsomeness
 Are assur'd by patent. Do you think this lord
 May not find his peers ?

Con. No question, madam.

L. Per. This would be a double knave. [*Aside.*

Con. There may be gentlemen,
 That owe no high and mighty titles, madam.—

L. Per. As gracious with a lady.

Con. And as active.

L. Per. With wit, with valour, bounty, a fair presence,

And tongue to enchant heaven.

Con. As I would wish.—

I only was ambitious to enjoy her

After my lord, if once she were corrupted.

Venus send me good luck, and I [may] be

His taster ; but he's here.—

[*Aside.*]

Enter lord FITZAVARICE.

Trust me another time.

Lord F. Hast [thou] prevail'd ?

Con. I have taken off the impossibility,
Or she deceives me much ; to her yourself.—

I'll take my opportunity. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lord F. Still melancholy !

What do you mean, lady ?

L. Per. I have kept a jewel for your lordship.

Lord F. Will she come to't already ? [*Aside.*]

L. Per. And because

I would not be held guilty of ingratitude,
Not furnish'd with a gift worth your acceptance,
I must present your own again.

Lord F. Why this

I sent you, madam ; do not so dishonour me :
I have plenty of these trifles, shalt have more,
Richer and brighter, to attend thy beauty ;
Here they will shine in their own place.

L. Per. I dare not

Accept of any, they are dangerous.

Lord F. They are not poison'd.

L. Per. Yes, more killing than

The teeth of serpents, or the viper's blood ;
Without a charm, they had ere this undone me.

Lord F. Pray make your sense familiar to me.

L. Per. Can you seem ignorant, by whose direction

They were sent hither ? oh, my lord, but think
 What honour you can gain out of my ruins.
 Why do you still pursue me with this heat
 Of sensual flame, and send these tempters to me,
 After so many vows, to keep my faith,
 And name unstain'd ?

Lord F. Still in these foolish humours !

What did you marry for ?

L. Per. To enjoy my husband.

Lord F. Enjoy him in his absence then byproxy.

L. Per. When he is absent from my heart, I may
 Consent to be as black as you would make me ;
 But while he hath a constant dwelling here,
 I must lose both at once, if I forsake him.
 Oh, think upon yourself, my lord, and make
 Your title good, and justify, that honour,
 By ourselves acquir'd, is richer, than what blood
 And birth can throw upon us : send no more
 Agents to plead your shame, their errand is
 So foul, it must infect 'em, to be false
 Even to yourself. My husband is abroad,
 Too far from home.

Lord F. He's fighting i' the Low Countries ;
 By his example you may skirmish here,
 A little if you please. I do not wish him
 Return'd, although I have his land in mortgage ;
 If you would be less cruel, you may pay
 His debt in other property, and cancel
 The payment in due time.

L. Per. I'll hear no more ;
 You have a stain'd soul.

[Exit.]

Lord F. I do love this lady,
 As gentlemen now call love, and that extremely.
 She is all nun's flesh about her ; but has the devil
 No trick to thaw her chastity ? I must have

Some way to enjoy her body for my credit ;
The world takes notice I have courted her,
And if I mount her not, I lose my honour. [Exit.

Actus secundus

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Street.

Enter VAINMAN, PUMICESTONE, and Scrivener.

Vain. So, so, now we are furnish'd.

Pum. Our acts and deeds are to shew for't.

Scriv. *Sigillatum et deliberatum in presentia notarii publici.*—I thank you, gentlemen.

Pum. In the presence of the notorious publican.

[*Exit Scriv.*

But, do you hear? who shall pay back the money?

Vain. What money?

Pum. The money we have taken up to go a wooing to this kickshaw.

Vain. Share and share alike; however, the security is good, and the scrivener satisfied.

Pum. I have a great mind—

Vain. To pay it all? shalt have my voice.

Pum. Upon condition the lady would seal to covenants, you should find me reasonable.

Vain. For that we must take our fates, one of us is sure to carry her against the world. He that has least wit, has five hundred pound a year, if that, good clothes, and a handsome man with appurtenances cannot tempt an elder sister, would she were sent to a nunnery! let's lose no time, but advance to her instantly.

Pum. Stay, I have it, and no unhappy invention; a device,—if the worst come to the worst, you will thank me for't.

Vain. What is't? Mercury himself be the doctor midwife, and deliver thee.

Pum. The gentlewoman we aim at has a great estate, a fortune for a lord.

Vain. All this I know.

Pum. She has many suitors.

Vain. So much the worse; proceed.

Pum. But none in grace; makes herself merry with 'em, and jeers 'em mainly; cannot love.

Vain. What comfort is this for us?

Pum. Now I come to't; we two do love this lady.

Vain. No matter for that; to the point; we come a wooing to her.

Pum. 'Tis not possible we should both draw the prize, but one can be her husband.

Vain. Of us two, right.

Pum. And yet in our particular there's none of us can say, he shall prevail, and be the man, the man, that must be lord of the estate, jostle the noblemen, and domineer.

Vain. What of all this?

Pum. Now mark me; he that shall conquer this Virginian island, and write himself lord of the golden mines, will have a very fine time on't.

Vain. Very likely; what's the conclusion?

Pum. Nay, tell me first, what will become of him that must sit down with a willow garland, that has seal'd for a thousand pound? with what dear appetite shall he discharge the scrivener?

Vain. One of's must lose, unless we could divide her.

Pum. Then I have thought a way to make us both gainers, in some proportion.

Vain. That were a trick worth our learning.

Pum. Play your cards wisely, and 'tis done.

Vain. As how, prithee?

Pum. Why thus: he that shall marry her of us two, as one of us must speed, shall enter bond at's

marriage, to give the other a thousand pound ; this composition may be allow'd and seal'd to, if you consider, something will be requisite for them that go without the maidenhead ; debts and devises will grow due, and sack will not be unnecessary, to forget her health in ; what think you on't ? and whoc'er obtains the lady will have no cause to grumble at this motion. Is not this equal, and a certainty for both ?

Vain. Let the articles be drawn, 'tis a safe bargain ; here's my hand to't.

Pum. A match ! the writings will quickly be prepared, for things must carry formality and law, we do but talk else.

Vain. With all my heart, subscribe to-night.

Who's this ?

Pum. 'Tis Confident.

Enter CONFIDENT.

Con. My two ingenious sparks, my landed wits, And therefore more miraculous, what makes Your looks exalted, as if Venus were Propitious now ?

Vain. Thou art right, we are in love.

Con. I know't, I read [your] character in your brow ;

I see the desperate archer in each eye, Prepar'd with golden shafts to wound your mistresses ;

Their hearts must bleed, no destiny will help it : You two are Cupid's darlings, and he's bound To bring you all the ladies you can wish for, Humble and suppliant for the game.

Pum. Dost think we shall prevail then ?

Con. Have I ambition

To be your honourer, and o' the nuptial night Light up my epithalamy, to inflame

Your bosoms, and instruct your wanton limbs
The activity of love beyond fierce Aretine ?

Pum. But dost hear ? we are both suitors to one lady ;

Which dost think shall carry her ?

Con. To the same lady ?

Vain. Thou knowest her,

Jacinta, lady Peregrine's sister. much as you please her

Con. The glory of her sex ! you've placed your thoughts

With a discreet ambition.

Pum. Who shall have her,
Dost think ? speak thy opinion.

Con. You, sir.

Pum. Shall I ?

Con. Can you appear doubtful ?

Be not so much ingrate to nature's bounty.

Each part about you in silent oratory

May plead to the Queen of Love ; you've too much excellence.

Were all your other graces worn in clouds,
That eye, that very eye, would charm a Lucrece,
And by the golden unresisted chains

Draw up her soul, and melt it in your bosom.

Your presence is a volume of enchantments,
But move, and every beauty falls before you ;
But if you speak, which needs not to obtain,
You give a louder notice to the world :

Then when you list, you conquer, and create.

One accent of your tongue[']s able to make

A Niobe return from her cold marble,

And spring more soft and active than the air,

To court your amorous breath.

Vain. Hum ! no more, if thou lov'st me : we are upon

A composition ; he that wins the lady

Shall give the other a thousand pound :

If you make him confident to be preferr'd,

He'll never sign to the covenant.

Con. How, preferr'd ?
 Under what misconstruction have I suffer'd ?
 Although I name it justice, he should challenge
 The mistress of his thoughts, can you want merit,
 Who live the example of all wit, to boast
 A victory in your love ? Were I a woman,
 (As nature only huddles into the world
 When she sends forth a man,)—[pray] give me
 license
 To express my thoughts,—and had all that invention
 And truth could add, to advance me to opinion,
 I should be honour'd to be writ your servant ;
 And call obedience to you, greater triumph
 Than to be empress of another world.
 You have so rich a wit, that dotage may
 Be justified upon't ; and nothing but
 A soul purg'd from all dregs, and quitted from
 Mortality, can lay a worthy claim to't.
 You've put a question would afflict an oracle
 To understand, and answer ; which of you
 Should triumph o'er a lady ?—I am mad
 When I consider the necessity
 Of fate, that one of you must be accepted,
 And both so bounteously deserving. Then,
 If I pronounce again that both must have her,
 You'll pardon my ambition, gentlemen,
 Which levels with your wishes.

Pum. Could I speak thus,
 I would not thank the lady should run mad for me.

Vain. Jack, prithee let's furnish him,¹
 He has spoke home and handsomely.

Pum. Let it be five pieces ; oh, wit of wits !

[*Vain gives Con. money.*

Con. You have, gentlemen,
 A care to enlarge my library ; I translate

¹ ————— *let's furnish him.*] The old copy reads, *fancy*. Furnish, perhaps, was not the author's word ; but I can think of nothing better, unless it be *fee*.

These into books, whose title-page shall own
Your name in shining capitals.

Pum. Drink, drink sack,
And [win]² the world with thine own wit, 'twill sell.
Hang other books ! Wilt never switch a play up ?

Con. 'Las ! the comedians have no soul to speak.

Vain. Nay, do not leave us.

We are going to this lady, she rendezvous[es]
To day at lady Plot's, we shall have music,
And dancing ; you will meet my lord there.

Con. I am his creature, and your humble servant.

Vain. Nay, no distinction.

Pum. What brains some men have !
I would change all my acres for his poetry.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter lord FITZAVARICE, and lady PLOT.

L. Plot. Still peevish ?

Lord F. Most invincible ; no temptation
Can fasten on her : would I had ne'er laid siege to
her !

The taking of her province will not be
So much advantage to me, as the bare
Removing of my siege will lose me credit.
I would she were recoverable by law !
There were some hope, by vexing my estate,
And tiring Westminster, within few terms
A gentleman might come to issue with her.
If all were of her mind, what would become on's ?
Lent, everlasting Lent, would mortify
Our masculine concupiscence, and not leave
The strongest body worth an egg at Easter.

L. Plot. I am glad your lordship yet is pleasant
with
Her stubbornness, and were I worthy to
Advise you, it should never trouble your thoughts :

* And [win] the world] The 4to. reads, " divine the world." The error is palpable ; but I am unable to supply, or even to guess at the genuine word. *Win* is a mere make-shift.

I know your lordship is not barren of
Acquaintance.

Lord F. There be more ladies in the world,
And of the game.

L. Plot. The game, my lord ? I hope
You point not this at me, because I use
To pass the hours at play with ladies, and gen-
tlemen.

Lord F. At dice and cards ? you have more
charity,
Than to think I accuse your ladyship ;
Though there be some have dar'd to venture both
ways,
Upon record, [who] yet seem staunch to the world,
Ay, and are thought to pray sometimes ; I would
not
For the Indies tempt your ladyship, I know
You are deaf to all lewd accents.

L. Plot. 'Tis your goodness—

Lord F. Never to try thee. [*aside.*]—'Tis fit
only such
As your cold kinswoman, wenches that have
No spirit, should be tempted to those sports :
Nor is she otherwise considerable
To me, more than my charity may restore her ;
I pity a handsome woman should eat chalk,
And die i' the sullens, if she might be comforted,
And cured.

L. Plot. With a warm bedfellow.

Lord F. You're right, madam.

Enter JACINTA and lady PEREGRINE.

But she's here, and her elder sister.
There is another lady I would not touch now,
I mean i' the lewd way ; she has life and fire,
And moves without an engine ; give me a wench,
That I must mould into a wanton shape, *and wench*,
And quicken her to air by my own art,

A wench that must be purg'd, sublim'd, calcin'd,²
 By the chemistry of love, till she become
 A glorified spirit, and acknowledge
 She took her exaltation from me!
 In that I glory more, than to have perfected
 The magisterium, and boast the elixir.
 But I waste time.

L. Plot. This I cannot help.
 He will not understand. [Aside.]

Lord F. Can you work, lady,
 No cure upon your sister, by the example
 Of your free heart?

Jac. My lord, I chide her for't,
 Tell her what folly 'tis, to waste her health
 With feeding so much melancholy; I wish
 She had my constitution, to laugh
 At all the world.

Lord F. You are satirical.
Jac. No matter what men think of me, my lord,
 I am no great admirer of their virtues.

Lord F. You do not hate us, lady?
Jac. But with pardon
 Of your lordship, it is possible I may never
 Run mad for love.

Lord F. You do converse with us.
Jac. Because I have
 As yet no resolution to be cloistered:
 Sometimes men stir my pity, but most commonly
 My laughter.

Lord F. You are a strange condition'd gentle-
 woman.
Jac. I would be so, my lord, to all that love me,
 And love myself the better for that humour.

Lord F. You'll never marry?
Jac. Certainly, not while I have any wit,

* *A wench that must be, &c.]* The terms in this spirited speech are taken from the laboratory. Explanations of them all may be found in the notes to Jonson's comedy of the *Alchemist*.

And can buy folly at a cheaper rate.
 My sister has taught me; that lady has
 A precious husband too. Shall I, my lord,
 Be bold to ask you but one question,
 What are men good for?

Lord F. Pray, lady, do not fear I come a
 wooing.

Jac. Your lordship's mirth offends not me in
 this.

Lord F. Yet if I could love, I would marry thee,
 Of all women alive.

Jac. Your lordship should
 Have little cause, I hope, to wish so ill to me.

Lord F. What says my lady April here, all
 show'rs? [Goes up to *L. Per.*

L. Plot. My lord is a great honourer of your
 sister.

Jac. 'Tis his fault, in my conscience but I hope
 She'll have a care, poor soul.

Enter VAINMAN, PUMICESTONE, and CONFIDENT.

Con. Let me prepare you,
 And when you see me close with madam Plot,
 You may advance.

Pum. Be brief.

Con. Most noble lady, [To *Jac.*
 I have no time to enlarge myself; your fate's
 In danger, if discretion sit not at
 The helm, with love; the gentlemen, that next
 Present themselves, are not to be admitted
 Guests to your bosom; in the yet dark book
 Of destiny there is a name reserv'd,
 To make you happy; your stars guide you to
 A husband, worthy of this blood, and beauty:
 Think on the prophet.

Vain. Now we may come in.

Pum. Bright lady, make your humble servants
proud

To kiss your white hand.

Jac. Not too fast, gentlemen,
You do not mean to marry me ; some air,
Or I'll go take't abroad : two to one woman !

Pum. The lot gave me priority, you know,
Therefore obey your chance. I must first court her.

Jac. These are the guests he talk'd on, sure.

Vain. What shall I do now ?

Con. Fall in with the chamber-woman, that is
a way

To know the ebb and flowing of her mistress ;
Sail by that wind, I say.

Pum. The truth is, lady,
I love you in the noble way of marriage.

Jac. I am sorry for it.

Pum. Why, my pretty mistress ?

Jac. I cannot love that way.

Pum. Are you in earnest ?

Jac. Do you take me for a jester ?

Pum. Do but name

The way you have the most mind to be loved in.
The high-way, or the by-way, any way,
I am at your service.

Jac. What is that gentleman ?

[*Pointing to Vainman.*

Pum. One that would be in love too,
If he had an apprehension
You'd favour him ; a thing has neither wit
Nor honesty ; he would needs come along,
I could not shake him off, without a quarrel.
You'll quickly find his barrenness, and dismiss him :
He has been practising this fortnight, how
To make a leg ; that learned gentleman
Knows the inside of his soul : for my own part—

Jac. Methinks he is a very handsome man.

Pum. Should he but hear you, lady, he would think
You jeer'd him fearfully.

Jac. And he may have
A generous mind. What's his estate ?

Pum. How's this ?

Jac. If you do love me, give him opportunity
To tell me his poor mind a little.

Pum. I obey.

She's taken with him ; an the worst come to the
worst, there will be a thousand pound good yet.

Con. So resolute ?

L. Plot. That man must have a powerful tongue
must charm her
Into consent of marriage ; her estate
Is worth ten thousand pound.

Con. A glorious sum,

Able to whet ambition. Now the other's
Turn is, to shew himself ridiculous.

Vain. I tell you in three syllables, I love you.

Jac. That gentleman professes the same lan-
guage,
Your friend.

Vain. My friend ? he's none of mine ; true we
have been
Acquainted, met, fell into conference of you,
And came together. Lady, he is no man
Of that clear fame, to engage my serious friendship,
A very puck-fist.

Jac. What's that, I pray ?

Vain. A phantom, a mere phantom.

Jac. Phantom, what's that ?

Vain. A mental tiphon, a windy capruch ; I do
grace him,
Or so, but he is the impudent'st fellow—

Jac. He speaks well
Of you, gave you a worthy character.

Vain. He cannot choose.
He knows me well enough, and all the world ;
Besides, I have a temper must not be

Provok'd with calumnies. 'Tis true he has
Some pretty parts, is held an excellent scholar,
Can sing, and dance, and manage a horse well.
He's born of a good family, can speak,
When he lists, to purpose too, I do confess it ;
But what's all this when a man will be a rascal ?

Jac. What blessed pair of customers have I got !
These would make excellent husbands, and love me
To the purpose. [Aside.]

Lord F. Well, remember, you have promis'd,
Upon condition I dismiss you now,
To give me another answer. [Exit L. Per.

Con. My good lord,
I have an humble suit to you ; I should ask
First how your hopes thrive in that sullen lady ?

Lord F. I must expect ; but what's your busi-
ness to me ?

Con. In brief, to advance my service to
That lady, by your honour's testimony
Of what I may deserve ; I am confident
I shall reward it, by securing her
Fair sister to your wishes ; she's your own :
Or if she prove too honest, I shall make
A recompense by offering to your pleasure
The other, who, by authority of your breath,
May make me lord of her, and her full fortune :
You understand, my gracious lord ?

Lord F. I do so.

Pum. } Your lordship's humble creatures.
Vain. }
What shall we do, ladies ? but I forget,
I have something more to say to you.

Jac. To me, my lord ?

Lord F. Your clients increase, lady ; that gen-
tleman

Tells me, he does love you, and would marry you.
Because I have observ'd his nature, I'll

Give him in brief : he is a fellow will
Undo thee in a fortnight ; though not in
Thy estate, yet in thy mind, a greater mischief.
If thou dost marry him, it will be policy
To turn witch betime, ere he sell thee o'er to shame,
And so much poverty, the devil will not
Trust thee with a familiar ; now believe him.
We droop, methinks.

Jac. So, so,
Here are another couple ! who shall trust
Mankind ? it will be a miracle to find
One honest man i' the bundle. [*aside.*]—Sir, you are
Bound to my lord.

Con. His least favours to me
Are more than my whole life can satisfy.
Oh lady, if you knew him but as I do,
You would be lost in wonder of his goodness.
'bove all, he is adorer of chaste truth,
And speaks religiously of any man :
He will not trust obscure traditions,
Or faith implicit, but concludes of things
Within his own clear knowledge ; what he says,
You may believe, and pawn your soul upon't.
Vouchsafe me kiss your fair hand, whose least touch
Consented to, though I were old and dying,
Would quicken me into a spring.

L. Plot You forget, my lord ; the music was
prepar'd
To dance, and warm her blood.

Lord F. Each take his lady.

Jac. Falstaff, I will believe thee,
There is no faith in villainous man.

Lord F. Begin there. [*Music.—They dance in.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Lady PEREGRINE passes over the stage, followed by
lady PLOT and *lord FITZAVARICE*.

L. Per. Follow her, my lord, she is stolen to her
chamber : this will
Give you admittance through my lodgings ; [gives
him a key.]—I'll excuse
Your absence, there be more ways to the wood,
try all.

Lord F. How much you bless me, she shall want
no trial ;
This opportunity is worth an empire. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in sir Solitary Plot's House.

Enter lord FITZAVARICE and lady PEREGRINE.

Lord F. What shall I say ? consent, dear lady,
to

Be mine, and thou shalt taste more happiness,
Than woman's fierce ambition can pursue ;
Shift more delights, than the warm spring can boast
Variety of leaves, or wealthy harvest
Grain from the teeming earth. Joy shall dry all
Thy tears, and take his throne up in thy eyes,
Where it shall sit, and bless whate'er they shine on.

The night shall sow her pleasures in thy bosom,
And morning shall rise only to salute thee.

L. Per. Enough ; too much. My lord, I hoped
when last

Your opportunity enforced my promise
Of other answer, I should never see you,
If being a sad prisoner to my chamber
Might have prevented your access ; but since
I am betray'd to this discourse, receive
What the necessity of fate compels to.

Lord F. Another answer ?

L. Per. Yes, but such an one
As must at least challenge affinity
With what I said before : not your estate,
Though multiplied to kingdoms, and those wasted
With your invention, to serve my pleasures,
Have power to bribe my life away from him,
To whose use I am bid to wear it. Be yet just,
And seek no further to pollute the stream
Of my chaste thoughts ; I'll rather choose to die
Poor wife to Peregrine, than live a king's
Inglorious strumpet ; can you think, my lord,
Should I give up my freedom to your bent,
And for the pride of wealth, sell woman in me,
(For she must lose that name that once turns
whore,)

Could I arrive at impudence enough
To come abroad, and not be mov'd to hear
My shame from every tongue, but scorn my infamy,
(As 'tis the nature of this sin to strengthen
Itself still with a greater,) could you think,
If no religion can correct your wildness,
Another's price, or pleasure, would not buy me
Even from your arms ? there is no faith in lust,
And she that dares be false to one she loves,
Will twine with all the world, and never blush
for't,

Kiss, and betray as often. Think on this,
And call yourself home.

Lord F. Lady, I have heard you,
And do allow the excuse ; I do not urge,
Although your husband's absence may plead for't,
You should be generally at my dispose,
Disclaim all place, and person, but what's mine,
I am not so ambitious ; my desires
Are humble, and beg only so much favour
To admit me to one service, (you know what
To understand by it,) and if you like not
My activity handsomely, discharge me again.

L. Per. Worse than infection ; how dare you
speak

This blasphemy to honour, or I hear it ?

Lord F. It is not to be avoided ; I have secur'd
Your chamber, lady !

L. Per. Innocence defend me !

Lord F. Once more, and nature work.
You say you love your husband, and account
His absence the misfortune, that doth sit
Most heavy on your soul ; this is encreased
By the despair of his return, since all
Hope's fled, to satisfy his deep engagements,
Which threaten ruin here : I have a mortgage
Of his, for sums lent by my thriving father,
Your jointure, (but releas'd by you, I take it,)
I am so much a servant to thy beauty,
The first night I embrace thy delicate body,
The land's thy own again, a round encouragement !

L. Per. What do I hear ?

Lord F. If lords should pay so dear for every
capering,
'Twould try the back of their estate ; but mark me,
I have not done ; sum up his other debts,
They swell to thousands, be but fair condition'd,
For every time thou admit'st me after, to

Thy pillow, I'll strike off an hundred pound,
 Till all the debts be unravell'd : in the mean time,
 Thy husband shall return, and walk the town,
 Free as an alderman, and be mace-proof,¹
 Shall live, and lie with thee, and love thee too,
 And praise thee for this noble composition ;
 What sayst ? I find thy wisdom coming to thee.
 Should it be known, who'll think the worse of
 thee ?

Alas, good soul, 'twas pure love to thy husband,
 They must imagine, wrought with thee. What
 woman

But would, to save a husband's life and fortune,
 Venture a trifle ? nay, they shall commend
 Thy act, and read the story to their children,
 And envy the example was not their's ;
 I shall have all the blame, but I'll endure't
 For thy sake, all the tyranny will be mine :
 But to secure thy peace, and do thy husband
 A courtesy, I'll run a thousand hazards.
 Do I appear now ?

L. Per. Yes, a glorious monster.—
 Good heaven !

Lord F. Once more, will you consent ?

L. Per. Never, oh never ! let me tell you, sir,
 You have so little prevail'd upon my love,
 That almost I forget my charity ;
 You are a bad man : I'll sooner meet a basilisk,
 And be one.—

Lord F. Nay then. [He draws his poniard.

L. Per. What do you mean ?

Lord F. If soft entreaties,
 With all that man can promise, move you not
 To the delight, I'll snatch it from your bosom. .
 Nay, never shake, I'll change that modest paleness

¹ *And be mace-proof,*] i. e. free from arrests. The serjeants, or city officers, carried a staff or diminutive mace in their hands.

Into a blush, shall speak thy blood as hot
 As mine, or leave thy veins dry as the face
 Of earth, when winter hath deflower'd her cheek,
 And seal'd up all her beauties in a frost.

[*She faints.*

Ha! madam! dead! help! I did but try thee.—
 My lady Plot! a curse upon your plots!—
 Jacinta! ladies! I am undone; no help?

Enter DORMANT, above.

Dor. Peace, you'll wake my master.

Lord F. Help here! the lady Peregrine is dead!

Dor. If she be dead, she will not make a noise,
 Would all i' the house were dead, we should be at
 quiet!

Carry yourself civilly, and I'll send somebody.

[*Exit.*

Lord F. I shall be in for murther; oh my fate!

Enter JACINTA and lady PLOT.

Jac. Alas! my sister!—What have you done, my lord?

Lord F. I know not the extent of my offence,
 But trust me, I'll not fly past the next chamber.
 Shew your best charity. Oh, my soul is wounded.

[*Exit.*

L. Plot. She returns, give her more air.

Jac. Oh, my poor sister, welcome to life again.

L. Per. I know you both; is nobody else with
 you?

L. Plot. No, madam.

L. Per. Not my lord?

L. Plot. I'll carry him the news of her recovery.

[*Exit.*

L. Per. Pray let me see him.

Re-enter lord FITZAVARICE and lady PLOT.

Jac. He's here too soon.

L. Plot. Cheer up your spirit, my lord, and speak to her;

She is alive, and likely.

L. Per. You may come

A little nearer ; if there be no change
In mind, there is in countenance : my lord,
I have had a short, but pleasing vision.

Methought, from a steep precipice as you were falling

Into the sea, an arm chain'd to a cloud
Caught hold, and drew you up to heaven.

Lord F. If you dare hear me speak
Again, I dare say more, but to your ear.

L. Per. I feel a new and secure confidence.—
Will you vouchsafe us favour ?

Jac. We'll not be
At too much distance. [*Exeunt Jac. and L. Plot.*

Lord F. Can there be a hope,
After so great a wrong, to find a mercy ?
You must be more than woman, and you are so.
It was the error of my soul that drew
The heavy mist upon my eyes, they now
See and admire your innocence. Oh, madam,
I have two mighty passions within me ;
Two, that are welcome, yet extremes, a joy,
To see you live, and sorrow for my trespass
Against so bright a chastity, to which
I kneel within my heart, and ask forgiveness.

L. Per. If this be earnest, 'tis a heavenly language.

Lord F. I feel a holy flame disperse rich heat
About me, the corruption of my blood
Is fallen away, and of that virtue, which
A devil in me would have betray'd, I rise

A servant, and admirer : live, oh live,
 Thou best of wives, and practise still new wonders
 Upon the heart of lust-transformed men,
 Until time boast, the example of thy faith
 Hath purg'd the world, and taught us how to count
 Our hours by thy miracles. I am
 In love now with thy goodness ; by thyself,
 I am, and by some rare, and unknown act,
 Must make a recompense to that fair honour
 I would have blasted. Once again forgive me,
 And hide the shame my soul does blush to think
 on.

[Exit.]

L. Per. This is a noble change, and speaks his
 nature
 Not barren, when good seeds are trusted with it.

Re-enter lady PLOT and JACINTA.

Jac. He's gone.

L. Plot. And did not mind us.

L. Per. I am sorry ;

I could have chain'd my ears to his discourse,
 And willingly have grown old to have heard him.
 Madam, the character of praise you gave him
 Is short of that true nobleness I find.

L. Plot. And yet you were not willing to believe it.

I think I know a man.

Jac. How is this, sister ?

I hope you are not in earnest ; though he be
 A lord, as who can help [it], in my judgment
 There are no mountains of such nobleness
 As you commend ; his talk, if he speak not
 Another language to the ear, could never
 Ravish my understanding, though I must
 Confess 'tis wild enough. I do begin
 To fear you, sister.

L. Per. Be more charitable :

I apprehend your trouble, and shall give you
A fair account of his, and my own honour.
I could be merry now. [Exit.

L. Plot. Here are gentlemen.

Jac. My customers.

Enter CONFIDENT, VAINMAN, and PUMICESTONE.

Con. Where is my lord ?

L. Per. He's gone, sir.

Con. I am sure he has left a heart behind with
you,

Most excellent of beauties, in whose trust,
'Tis safer, and more warm, than in his bosom.
Do you not find him a brave gentleman ?
He has but one fault, lady, he's too modest :
But your discretion must help that.

L. Per. I honour him.

Con. 'Tis well, and wisely done.

L. Per. Pray tell me, sir,

I have heard a little trial of your wit,
Are you honest too ?

Con. Honest too ?

I never did suspect your ladyship's
Breeding, and yet this question in public
Would stagger the opinion.

L. Per. But you

Having a leading voice—

Con. I have not art to help you,
Though I confess, I might o'er-rule some wits
O' the lower class :—*are you honest too !*—
Besides the freedom of my birth, and wealth
Of blood, I boast no over-swelling fortunes ;
And to what purpose should my wits be clogg'd
With heavy acres, when the town's exchequer
Is mine, and every mercer is my tenant,
If he pretend to wit, and hope to justify
His shop-book, and orthography of his bills ?
I would not have the scandal on my name,

To be call'd honest, i' the strict sense I mean,
And as it ties my blood up, for a dukedom :
But you are for my lord, and I allow it.—
How thrive my gallants here ?

Jac. They cannot choose
But prosper, sir, and much the better for
Your commendations.

Vain. You may take his opinion, lady, 'tis authentic.

Jac. But a little of your patience :—if I found
Within me that strong appetite to marry,
Who shall protect me from the statute, gentlemen ?
If it be felony to have two husbands,
I will not marry above one for certain.

Con. She's right for that, 'tis dangerous.

Pum. Cast lots.

Jac. And tie my love to chance ! forbid, discretion.

Vain. Choose whom you love best.

Jac. That's to be resolved
By your demonstration, who loves me best ;
For if there be, mark what I tell you, gentlemen,
But the hundred part of a grain difference
In your affections, beshrew me, if
I choose the lightest.

Both. How's this ?

Con. Wisdom, gentlemen,
And must be allow'd.

Pum. Let him be the judge,
He knows us both to a scruple.

Con. Excuse me, gentlemen,
'Tis fit the lady satisfy her judgment ;
Although I hate partiality, it becomes not
I should be here definitive, to perplex
The freedom of her choice.

Vain. What think you to
Agree among ourselves ?

Jac. Sure he that dares
Do most for my sake will deserve me best.

Con. Do you hear that resolution ? be rul'd,
I'll open such a path to your ambition—

Pum. No more.

Vain. At our next visit, you shall know us, lady.

L. Plot. Nay, gentlemen, let's to gleek.

Vain. Command us, madam.

L. Plot. You and my cousin may
To the same exercise.

L. Per. I would be excused
For some few minutes.

Con. If it please you, lady,
We'll pass that time at cent.² Did you not find
My character true of these rotten glow-worms ?

Jac. You did [me] a high favour.

Con. You consult
Your honour in the acknowledgment ; I wait[on] you.

Jac. When will you open, sir, the book of
destiny,
And read the name you talk on ? I am confident,
He must be master of an active soul
Whom you prefer ; if I mislike his person,
I'll marry his wit ; but we lose time ; you'll follow ?

[*Exeunt all but L. Per.*

L. Per. Methinks I feel some new access of
comfort,
Something that tells me, I am near a blessing,
Or else my poor heart flatters me.

Enter Page.

Page. My lord
Commanded me present you his best service,
And with it, these : he bade me say, they are
Prologue to that reward he hath design'd
Your virtue ; I was glad to hear him say so,
And never went more nimbly on his message.

[*L. Per. takes the packet and opens it.*

² *We'll pass that time at cent.*] This game is often mentioned by our old writers, with which it was a favourite. It appears to be a complicated kind of picquet,

L. Per. The mortgage ! this confirms me he is noble ;

A wealthy carkinet !—though I cannot merit This bounty from him, I am rich in thanks. But prithee tell me, boy, didst not thou bring Letters, and other jewels to me ?

Page. Yes.

L. Per. If I remember, you did speak another Meaning, than what you now deliver.

Page. Madam, Although the narrow tie of duty bind me To the discharge of his commands, which it Becomes no servant to dispute, I meet Honest employments with more cheerfulness.

L. Per. Thou hast a modest countenance, here's to buy thee Garters, and roses.

Page. When I go upon Lascivious errands, madam, I take money There is no other benefit belongs to 'em ; But good ones pay themselves. I am rewarded, I shall have cause to thank you for my lord, If he preserve this temper. [Exit.

L. Per. A good boy ! This is not the religion of all pages. They are a present worth acceptance ; The piety came with 'em more than doubles Their value : if vice blush not at rewards. There is no shame for virtue to receive them. But what's all this to me, that am poor still Without my Peregrine ? who all this while Treads the uneven path of war, and danger ; This very minute, for aught I can tell, Wounded upon some service, or engag'd To stand the murdering cannon : oh, my blood Grows pale within me to imagine what Horror attends the soldier.

Enter DORMANT.

Dor. Madam ! madam !

L. Per. Ha ! my heart trembles.

Dor. Sir Walter Peregrine !

L. Per. Thy looks speak comfort ; what of him ?

Dor. He is return'd.

L. Per. Landed ?

Dor. He's marching up the stairs, with another soldade,

Tough as his jerkin ; he has a tilting feather,
And looks so desperately, I fear they have
Brought home two regiments, that will not be
Cashier'd without a shift. They are here already.

[*Exit.*

Enter sir WALTER PEREGRINE, and a Captain.

L. Per. Oh ! let me fly into his arms !—My Peregrine !

Per. My best of life !

L. Per. Let tears of joy salute thee,
Welcome, ten thousand welcomes !

Per. I embrace

Millions of bliss in thee ; but let not
Our joy make us unmannerly ; bestow
One welcome on my friend.

L. Per. Your pardon, sir,
If after many years of absence, I
Dwell long upon a husband's entertainment ;
And if you think I have express'd a truth
Of joy to see him, you will easily
Believe the man whom he calls friend is welcome.

Capt. Madam, you honour me ; it were a sin
Not to be confident.

Per. And are we met ?

L. Per. Never, I hope, to part again ; 'tis time
We now should grow together.

Capt. You'll dispense

With me for some hours, I have friends expect
At my return a visit.

Per. I shall not
Desire you to let fall no mention
Of me ; the little stay I purpose here,
You may imagine, carries danger with it.

Capt. I hope you know me better. [Exit.

Per. Noblest friend!

L. Per. I heard some words sound most unkindly from you,
You nam'd a little stay ; have I scarce seen
My happiness, and must be sad again
To think it will so soon be ravish'd from me ?

Per. Alas, my poor Bellamia, I have made
No purchase but of wounds, since my departure.
I have paid some debts of war, but cannot promise
To caucel one, that threatens me at home ;
What we have more than to supply our wants,
Consumes on the drum head. I was ambitious
To see thee, and this gentleman returning
With expectation to levy men,
Gave me the opportunity ; but I dare
Promise myself no dwelling here, scarce own
My face before a sunbeam ; I must walk
I' the dark to all the world but thee, Bellamia :
But trust me, when my body is call'd hence
By misery of my fate, it takes not all
The soul it brought, much stays to wait on thee.
I know it would afflict thee more, to see me
A prisoner, chain'd to heavy debts, and shame.

L. Per. Thy state is not so lost, and miserable,
As 'tis presented in thy fears ; look here,

[*Show's him the mortgage.*
And thank a providence, that smiles upon us,
This is recovered : we have some land
Again, by whose revenue we may live,
And expect better fortunes ; I have jewels too,
Bright ones, and rich.

Per. You have indeed.

L. Per. Possess

What I enjoy, and let us live together.

Per. It cannot, cannot be ; alas, Bellamia,
How flattering imagination would cozen us !
I am beyond sea still, in my cold tent,
Where, though my sleeps be broken with the
noise

Of war, I now securely dream of thee,
And of my coming home, and talking to thee,
That thou art rich in land again and jewels,
Shadows, mere shadows : I am weary of
This dream, some charitable cannon wake me.

L. Per. Sir, you may trust your eyes, these are
no forms,

In airy apprehension, but the truth of things,
That call you to believe, and use them [too]
As timely benefits : yet I may allow you
To wonder, there's a story will deserve it.

Per. I know not what I fear ; do you think 'tis
true then ?

I will have reason for this faith : pray tell me,
How came you by this wealth ? certainly I left
No sums to purchase these ; more, my injustice
To thee, whose plentiful estate I ruin'd.—

L. Per. A friend, a noble friend.

Per. That died, and gave thee
A swelling legacy ; and thou hast made
This use on't to release thy desperate land,
Buy thee a carkonet, and this proud blaze
Of other jewels ?

L. Per. If you please to hear me,
I must declare, these are the bounty of
A living friend.

Per. Living !

L. Per. A gentleman.

Per. A gentleman ! forbear, I am not well.

L. Per. One you are bound to honour.

Per. Thou hast undone me. Do not, do not name him ;
I know, and feel too much.

L. Per. Believe me, sir,
My story's full of innocence, and when
You have more knowledge of this friend, you'll quit
Your fears, and call him to your heart.

Per. My heart
Is very busy, yet you may tell me
His name, to whose strange bounty I am so
Obliged.

L. Per. More to his virtue ; though his title
Carry the shine of honour, he has a soul
More glorious : have patience but to hear me,
You will confess it, and reward his piety
With praise above a man, and be in love
With him yourself.

Per. In love—

L. Per. The lord Fitzavarice.

Per. Ha ! the wanton lord Fitzavarice !
Thou most undone of women, did my absence
So forfeit me, or ebb of wealth corrupt
Thy giddy soul, thou couldst imagine I
Would thank thy lust to picce up my wild ruins ?—
Transform me, gentle heaven,
For if I be a man, and hold the knowledge
Of this dishonour, I shall do an act
Equal to this, and murder this false woman !—
Have I thought life not tedious for thy sake,
And in my poverty summ'd up wealth enough
But in my hopes to see thee ? were my winters
Not cold, when I but thought I had Bellamia ;
Were all the toils, and troubles of my spring
Not valued for this harvest ? Curse upon
Thy salary ! were it a price to buy
All kingdoms that the sun e'er shed a beam on,
Earn'd from thy body's infamy, I'd choose
To live i' the galley first, and chain'd to the oar,

Give up my breath through torture. I'll to prison,
 And welcome all the stings that want of liberty,
 Disease, and famine, can let fall upon me,
 And call thee yet more killing than all they,
 Till my hard creditors forgive me in pity,
 And curse thee into all I have suffer'd.
 Wives shall accuse thy perjury, whose act
 Is able to make all the truth suspected ;
 And virgins, frightened at thy name, resolve
 Never to marry ; while the race of men
 Curse thee, for whom they ne'er shall spring again.
 But I let passion fool me, and my tameness
 May prompt thee to more sin ; I'll be reveng'd ;
 But first on him, that grafted shame upon me :
 It shall be thy first punishment, to see
 Him bleeding. Where is he ? come, what fine
 conveyances
 To keep your goat close, till time play the bawd,
 And secure all your ruttings ? I must find him.—
 Appear thou stain to honour, lordly devil !
 Where art ? Fitzavarice ! Fitzavarice !—

Enter DORMANT.

Whose reeking squire are you, sir, ha ? my lord's ?
 Shew me straightwhere this fox doth earth himself,
 Or I'll— [Draws his sword.]

Dor. I know not where my lord is ; but there's
 one abed.

Per. Abed ? expecting her, where ?

Dor. But he's asleep, you'll wake him.

Per. Shew me, villain, quickly.

Dor. Oh, this way, sir. [Exeunt.]

L. Per. Has misery a name beyond my suffering ?
 Have love, and fortune both conspired to drop
 Their stings into my bosom ?

[Within.]—Help ! Dormant !

Enter sir SOLITARY PLOT in his shirt, pursued by sir WALTER PEREGRINE.

Plot. A plot! a plot to murther me! hold!
what art?

My nephew; ha!

Per. 'Tis not he.—Uncle, you must
Excuse my complement; he shall not fly me.

[Exit.]

Plot. Who goes about to fly? he did not wound
me.

A naked man is soon undone; 'tis wisdom
To sleep hereafter in a shirt of mail.
When came he hither from the Netherlands?
He is sent upon some murdering design;
But why with his sword drawn, why not a knife?
Some great man is in danger. Ha! my niece
weeping,

I'll sift her—Bellamia.

L. Per. Oh my husband, sir.

Plot. Nay, then there is a plot; whom would he
kill?

L. Per. The lord Fitzavarice.

Plot. I knew it was some great man must be
visited

Beneath the ribs; men of such vast estates
Are not long-lived.

Re-enter DORMANT.

Dor. I know not what to do, sir.

Plot. He's i' the conspiracy; reveal the plot to
me.

Dor. My fellow Oldrat met him, sir—

Plot. Ha! more traitors.

I did suspect that fool's simplicity;
What man is to be trusted? If these men

Thrive in their first attempt, the state's in danger.
This Oldrat is a politician.

I'll stand upon my guard, entrench, and dare
The ghost of Tilly.³

Dor. 'Tis not very warm, sir.

Plot. Your cold considerations are best,
But I'll to bed again.

Dor. They are here, oh!

[*Exit.*]

Enter sir WALTER PEREGRINE, and OLDRAT.

Plot. Away !

Shall we be never free from plots ? [*Exit.*]

Per. Has he been gone this hour, sayst ?

Oldr. Yes, and please your worship.—

Would I were well gone too ! [*Exit.*]

L. Per. Yet will you hear me, sir.

Per. And trust the language of your tears ?
they're false ;

Your gamester shall weep blood : here we untwist
Our hearts : set up o' the trade, the youth will join ;
Thou mayst be still Bellamia, but not mine. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV. SCENE I.

A Street.

*Enter sir WALTER PEREGRINE and Captain ; as
coming from a Tavern.*

[*Within.*]—All's paid, and you are welcome,
gentlemen.

Capt. So, so ; this tavern was well thought upon :

³ Tilly, the Imperial general. He was known to the readers of Shirley's time for the horrible massacre of Magdeburgh. Tilly was killed in 1633, in attempting to force the passage of the Lech.

In my opinion, 'tis a great deal better
 Than to have trusted your own passion
 In such a cause, which easily might engage you
 To danger, when your rage grew high, and loud.

Per. I have obey'd your counsel ; you will carry
 this ?

Capt. I have promis'd you.

Per. And yet you must acknowledge
 The wrong is greater than to be contain'd
 Within this narrow leaf, and till I have
 Revenge, it swells each minute to a volume.

Capt. My lord is noble this way, and be confi-
 dent,

Will render you an account, worthy his person ;
 Though I am sorry to salute him first
 With a defiance.

Per. Shalt not, for all the world,
 Do thyself prejudice in his favour, I'll
 Disengage thee again.

Capt. Now you dishonour me ; though he has
 been pleas'd
 To use me nobly when we met at Bergen,
 That must not bar the office of a gentleman
 To his friend : he has been a soldier himself,
 And must grant this an act of my profession.
 You are certain he has done the injury ?
 For 'tis not safe to trust suspicion
 In things of this high nature ; life and honour
 Must not be question'd upon naked fears,
 And windy suppositions,—pardon me
 This plainness ; you imagine I dare fight.

Per. Shall I believe 'tis day, when I behold
 The sun disperse his beams about the world ?
 Do I know cold, or heat, or when I thirst ?
 Shall I be confident we talk together ?
 My cause will ask the same degree of faith,
 As built on equal certainty.

Capt. I urge it
No farther : is not that he ?

Enter lord FITZAVARICE and Page.

Per. 'Tis the same.

Capt. Withdraw, be careful of yourself; I'll meet you

At your uncle's house, and give you an account
Of this employment.

Page. She is an excellent woman,
If it be no wrong to her goodness that I spend
My childish character.

Lord F. Thou art right, she is,
Indeed, boy, and shews fairer for that goodness.
I have done nothing yet to cherish her
Rare piety, or to deserve my pardon.
I'll study both.

Capt. My lord, an humble servant—

Lord F. Captain, you honour me,
Welcome to England ; how do all our friends
I' the Low Countries ?

Capt. Happy in being your servants.

Lord F. When landed you ?

Capt. But this morning ;—I am fortunate
In this opportunity, my lord, to speak with you,
And to present—

Lord F. Some letters ? you oblige me.
How does sir Walter Peregrine ?

Capt. Well.—
If it please you, command your boy more distance—
This paper comes from him. My lord, I should
Be guilty of much sin to your own honour,
Not to a sure myself noble construction
From you, I had no thought within this hour,
To have brought more than my [most] humble service
To your lordship, which shall still be fairly your's.

[*Delivers a paper.*

Page. I do not like this soldad's embassage :

A challenge ! some young gentlemen that have
 Strong purses and faint souls do use to fine for't,
 As citizens do for sheriffs : the town swash-
 bucklers

Practise these feats, and live by't ; but my lord
 Hath beaten that opinion out of some ;
 It should appear, all are not yet converted.

Lord F. How's this ?

Capt. He appears noble, and not moved.

Lord F. Are you acquainted with his discon-
 tents ?

Capt. He has imparted some, but I have no
 Commission to expostulate.

Lord F. I thank you,
 You shew yourself a gentleman, and his friend.
 He shall hear from me. I had ambition
 To enjoy you longer ; but the terms of honour
 Threaten on both sides. Know me for your servant.
 Pray heaven he injure not the innocent lady !
 He has directed where to send to him,
 And so again I thank you, noble captain.

Capt. Your lordship's honourer. [Exit.

Lord F. This came unlook'd for, but I must not
 wave it ;
 O' the sudden whom shall I employ ? I cannot
 Want friends ambitious of these engagements :
 The next I meet.

Enter CONFIDENT.

Confident ? he has profess'd his soul was mine,
 I'll try him for his body in this action :
 Yet he that is not honest, dares not fight, sure.

Con. My honourable lord.

Lord F. Oh, master Confident,
 Your hopes thrive in your mistress.

Con. Your lordship
 Was pleas'd to advance 'em ; she affects my wit,

And bold discourse, I turn and wind her soul ;
She loves me infinitely.

Lord F. I hope not. [*aside.*]—Hark ye,
Be not too forward ; I'm acquainted with
Her disposition, do not flatter her,
Nor seem to doat, she'll triumph then : if you
Would make all sure, be ruled by me, and slight
her,

And she will court you, 'tis the trick of ladies ;
If you abuse her, 'twere not much amiss.—
I would not have the wench undo herself
Upon this fellow. [*aside.*]—I advise the best
And speediest way, for I expect your promise,
When she is your's, to bring us more acquainted.

Con. Be confident, my lord, good manners will
Instruct me to allow you the first fruits ;
It was the fashion of our northern princes,
And challenge it from your poor homager.
I shall be as warm the first night with her land,
And monies. Then it seems you have no hope
To spring her sister ?

Lord F. Since our last salute,
Icicles hang upon my lip.

Con. My wife,
For I dare speak her so, with smiles shall chase
That winter, and shoot spring throughout your
blood.

You shall not only from her lip taste cherries,
But she shall plant 'em with her amorous kiss
Upon your own, and they shall grow from thence
To tempt the Queen of Love to Adonis' garden.
It shall be happiness for me, to watch
The Hesperides, but in no dragon's shape,
That you may rifle with security
The golden orchard ; I shall boast enough
By having an Elysium to serve you.
Her eyes are wealth enough to me, above
A rock of diamonds, her breath rich gums,

Sweeter than those the Phœnix makes her altar,
 When she is her own sacrifice, and fans
 The glowing pile with her gray wings ; her voice
 Enough for me, whose harmony would build
 Up Thebes again, and make it after move,
 And follow her ; one touch of her soft palm
 Is health enough to me, and were I old
 As Eson, would restore my active nerves,
 And state my youth at thirty : I can gather
 Warm snow from her fair brow, her chin, her
 neck,
 And at my eyes drink enough immortality.
 Sated with these, I'll find new appetite,
 And come a wanton strawberrying to her cheeks.

Lord F. No more ; you have express'd in this
 your faith
 To me, which I am bound in honour to
 Acknowledge, and without more study, have
 A fit occasion to requite, and shew
 How near I place your love. There is a difference
 Between another gentleman and myself,
 Grown to a challenge ; I must answer it :
 You that are so well read in books, cannot
 Be ignorant of man ; I'll trust my life
 And honour with no second but yourself.

Con. My lord, I see you know me, and am blest
 The chosen man to serve you ; from a troop
 Of lives at your command, I should have envied
 His fate, on whom else you had thrown this honour,

Lord F. So resolute !— [Aside.]
 You have not seen sir Walter Peregrine ?
 He is return'd.

Con. I hear some whisper—
Lord F. I have nam'd
 My enemy, the defiance comes from him.
Con. He's jealous of his wife, good gentleman,
 And would be a cuckold upon record.
Lord F. Call on me

An hour hence, I'll be at home, and use
Your friendship for the burden of an answer.

[*Exit.*

Con. I shall think time hath lost his wings till
then.—

He put me to it cunningly, but his
Discovery reliev'd me ; though I make
A noise i' the town, and am admir'd for bouncing,
I am cool enough i' the dog-days : my lord's scri-
vener.

Enter Scrivener.

Fortune presents him to my wish, the man
Of all the world most useful to my purpose.

Scriv. Master Confident Rapture, your most
humble servant.

Con. When saw you the squires Vainman and
Pumicestone ?

Scriv. Not since I procur'd 'em a thousand
pound.

Con. Now you put me in mind of debts, has not
Sir Walter Peregrine a name within
Some list of your's ? has he no creditors
By your acquaintance ?

Scriv. I beseech you do not
Vex me with his remembrance. I have paid
Some monies for him ; he has other friends
That would be glad to embrace him.

Con. Sure he would not
Be such a traitor not to secure thee.

Scriv. Would I could reach him !

Con. Why he is return'd,
Within this four and twenty hours ; you may
Salute him too. Alas ! a sum may be
The ruin of thy fortunes ; could he have
So little charity ?

Scriv. I would shew
As much to him, if I could set my fangs on him.
Con. I have ever wish'd thee well, and if thou
dar'st

Be secret, I'll direct thee to recover him,
I cannot say the debt ; may be, the knight
Is poor still.

Scriv. Hang him, master Confident !
It will refresh my heart to be revenged ;
Some say men's blood, I say their bones are
sweetest.
I'd make him an example ; I'll not tell
My shirt on't ; how, honest master Confident ?

Enter sir WALTER PEREGRINE.

Con. Fate doats upon thee, he, the very he !
Be artful ; I'll salute him, and delay
His pace with some discourse, whilst you
Fetch shoulder-clappers. [*exit Scriv.*]—Noble sir
Walter Peregrine,
I feel a spring-tide in my heart of joy,
Swell to congratulate your safe return ;
The town has droop'd for your society.

Per. You are still the elegant time wit ; I am
happy
To witness both your brain and body flourish.

Con. What news abroad ? all expectation
Is fix'd upon this summer's war, we breathe
Nothing but German air ; although the chance
Of war be uncertain, you can tell which hand
Is fortunate ; how have the dice run hitherto ?

Per. There's not much won, or lost.
Con. No towns of note
Taken ? no convoys of provision
Cut off ?

Per. Sir, you are inquisitive, as if

You would turn Gallobelgicus ;¹ I am
On some some affairs now, that importune their
Dispatch ; my stay being short I must attend them.

Con. Nay, prithee, knight, be courteous, 'tis an
age
Since we convers'd ; is't true what loud fame
scatters

Of the great general's revolt ?²

Per. We have
But the relation.

Con. He is slain for certain.

Per. There was an execution.

Con. And what treasure
Was taken by the enemy ? they talk
Of millions.

Per. Enough to keep the Eagle
In a good diet. I beseech you, pardon me,
We shall hereafter meet, and have more freedom
To enlarge ourselves ; and when you have my par-
ticulars,
I will be bold to inquire in the exchange
Your news at home.

Con. I observe trouble in you,
I hope you are in no danger.

Per. If you'll give me
The liberty of a subject, and allow me
The king's highway, I shall have less suspicion
You will not pay my debts.

Con. I beg your pardon ;
Pray do not wound my service to you with
A jealous thought, I will not for the world
Engage you another minute.—

¹ *Gallobelgicus;*] The title of a periodical pamphlet of foreign intelligence in circulation at this period.

² *Of the great general's revolt ?*] He means the celebrated Wallenstein ; the Emperor, who feared his influence with the army, had him treacherously assassinated. He died in 1634.

Re-enter Scrivener with Officers.

Now for the blood-hounds.

Offi. Sir, we arrest you.

Per. Is the mischief fallen ?

Offi. Your sword shall keep the peace.

Scriv. 'Tis at my suit.

Per. Thine ?

Scriv. I do but lead the dance to twenty more.

Per. Hear me ; what's your demand ? let me
not go

To prison.

Scriv. An action of a thousand pound more,
For the lord Fitzavarice.

Per. Ha ! then I am betray'd ; that lord's a
villain ;

That I could reach his heart ! Release my body
But for two hours, my soul be forfeited
For ever, if I render not myself
Your honest prisoner.

Scriv. That were a pretty jest.—

Look to your charge.

Con. Here is a duel taken up discreetly. [*Exit.*

Per. Black Jew ! base lord ! damn'd villain !

Scriv. They can tame you. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Room in sir Solitary Plot's House.

Enter JACINTA, VAINMAN, and PUMICESTONE.

Jac. Why, look you, gentlemen, I'll not puzzle you
To find out dangers, famine, fire, and sword,
Or desperate things.

Vain. Trifles, for thy sweet sake.

Pum. I would not wish you upon easy terms.

Jac. To prevent these, I have thought a way
myself,

And with less cost, to try you ; I have made
 A vow I will not marry these six months,
 During which time, if you dare, for my sake,
 Visit me every day, and never speak to me,
 Nor, in my company, to any other—

Vain. How, lady ?

Shall I not answer any gentleman
 Or lady, that shall put a question to me ?

Jac. By no means.

Vain. You will give me leave to answer you,
 If you should ask me any thing ?

Jac. Not a syllable,
 Though I desir'd to know what o'clock 'tis ;
 There's your obedience : at six months end
 I may reward your silence.

Pum. She'll make him the Dumb Knight.³

Jac. I will not engage you to be a mute so long,
 You shall be allow'd to speak, and see me.

Pum. You are noble, lady.

Jac. But with this condition,
 That whatsoever I entreat you say
 Or do, you put in act the contrary,
 The very contrary ; you understand me ?

Pum. How's this ? if you command me to affect
 you,
 What can I do ?

Jac. I will not be so cruel.
 If these conditions please, you may proceed.

Vain. But hark you, lady, I may laugh before
 you,
 And in your absence have the liberty
 To use my tongue ?

Jac. What else, sir ?

Vain. And when must I begin to mum ?

³ —— *the Dumb Knight.*] The allusion is to a character in a play of this name, written by Lewis Machin. The time for which Pyrocles (the dumb knight) was condemned to silence was a twelvemonth.

Jac. I'll tell you.

Pum. Another word;

If we be just to your commands, dear lady,
At six months end, how shall we both be satisfied ?
You have forgot the statute.

Jac. He that shall

Express most care to do his penance for me,
Must be the man, I say no more ; imagine.
My lord Fitzavarice.—

Enter lord FITZAVARICE.

Now begins your trial.

Lord F. How fares your virtuous sister, lady
Peregrine ?

Jac. That gentleman can tell you.

Lord F. He tell me ?

Jac. Yes, he had a message to deliver you.

[*Vain. makes pitiful signs, and shrugs.*

Lord F. Sir, you much honour me.

Jac. Nay, let him know't.—

Here have been turns, my lord, since you were here.

Lord F. Is she in health ? you do not mock me ?

Jac. If you love me, tell him the whole story,
prithee,

For my sake.

Pum. How she jeers him.

Lord F. Pox on your subtle shoulders ! are you
drunk ?

If I shall think you jeer me, be still silent,
I'll make you speak.

[*He kicks Vain., who goes off shaking his head
and shoulders.*

Jac. Ha ! ha !

Pum. Ha ! ha !

Lord F. What do you laugh at ?

Pum. At his folly, my noble lord.

Lord F. 'Tis well you do, sir.—What's your meaning, lady?

Jac. You shall know presently, if you entreat That gentleman to stay.

Lord F. He is not going.

Jac. But your commands upon him will make sure.

Lord F. Let me entreat you not to leave me, sir.

Pum. I leave you, my noble lord ! if every sand Within my glass were a long life, I should Employ 'em all in waiting on your lordship, And think the time were poor and short to serve you.

I leave you, my good lord ? I'm not about it.

Jac. Pray, sir, stay.

Pum. Your lordship's humble servant, some affairs

Press my departure.

Lord F. You'll not mock me, sir ?

Jac. You shall stay.

Pum. Lady, I am gone.—My lord, I must beseech Your pardon ; for the world, I dare not slip A minute.

Jac. Then go, you may go.

Pum. Not for a kingdom, lady ; I will stay, And grow here, for your service.

Lord F. How came these gentlemen by these strange humours ?

Jac. I'll tell you, sir. [Walks aside with lord F.

Enter lady PLOT, and DORMANT.

Dor. Sir Solitary Plot, your husband, and my worthy lord and master, commends his service to your ladyship, and prays you would please to accommodate him with your coach.

L. Plot. This fellow's infected too with serious folly.

Dor. Towards midnight he does purpose to take
the air, and make some visits.

L. Plot. Visits and air at midnight? Pray return,
My lord ambassador, to sir Solitary,
I will give order, when I go to bed,
To have the coach made ready for his progress.
Stay, I have a great desire to see his worship.
Has he the same complexion still? I prithee
Leave off thy gravity, and answer me,
Is he in bed?

Dor. No, madam, a most strange
Disaster broke his sleep, and we shall be
At counsel presently; do not I talk
Already like a statesman?

L. Plot. It shall be so; come nearer.

[Whispers *Dor.*]

Lord F. This your device? 'tis pleasant, and
pursue it.
Your sister—

Enter lady PEREGRINE.

L. Plot. Be you sure, and secure. [*exit Dor.*]—
Jacinta, you must with me.

Jac. Whither?

L. Plot. To my husband's chamber.

Lord F. Madam, your husband is return'd, I hear.

L. Per. I hope you have not met.

Lord F. Why, noble madam?

*Re-enter VAINMAN, as peeping if lord F. were
gone, and beckons to PUMICESTONE.*

We shall be friends; if you have mercy to
Forgive what's past, my soul shall not deserve
His ill opinion; I hope all is well
Between you two.

L. Per. No hearts did ever meet
More lovingly, until he saw—

Lord F. What, madam ?

L. Per. The presents that you sent me.

Lord F. It was my fear.

Jac. Servant.

Pum. Madam.

Jac. My dumb knight too ! we shall have the more mirth. [Exit.

L. Per. Would I had been poor still ! Although you bring

All innocent thoughts, my lord, I must beseech you
Never to see me again ; oh, never, sir :
It will be dangerous to express your virtue,
And every minute you stay here is fatal ;
Alas ! I fear he's come.

Enter CONFIDENT.

Con. My lord, I have been active,
And all my body's in a bath to find you.
Sir Walter Peregrine is arrested.

Lord F. How ?

L. Per. Oh misery of miseries ! [Faints.

Lord F. Look to your mistress.

Con. Her ladyship's pardon ; I observ'd not her
So near ; 'tis very certain.

[Waiting-woman leads off lady Per.

Lord F. I suspect
This knave. [aside.]—Alas, poor gentleman, and yet
'Tis no misfortune to me, things consider'd.
Now he is safe, and I may walk securely :
In prison let him lie and cool his valour.
I shall be in charity with the tribe of varlets,
For this good turn, this taking him i' the nick ;
And owe the wretch a sum, for being so fortunate
To set the mastives on him.—I owe thee, too,
For thy good news ; come, Confident.

Con. To my ambition.

Do you hear, my lord ? the good news is not all
You owe me for ; I knew it would be grateful ;

You owe me for the act ; it was my wit
 Betray'd him to the arrest, held him in prate,
 Whilst the honest knave your scrivener fetch'd the
 vultures

With fangs keen as the devil's.

Lord F. How I am bound to thee !

Con. I knew 'twas necessary. Every man
 That vows his service, has not that extent
 Of brain, to bring about these fine things for you.
 What think you of the mademoiselle, his wife, now ?
 You have no opportunity, no power
 To humble her proud body, while her husband
 Sets up 'a frippery with his gay wardrobe !
 Grows into new acquaintance with diseases,
 And comfortable vermin ; breaks stone walls
 To shew the proverb, and his hunger mighty !
 Curses his stars, and learns to cant, and praise
 The steam of ale, with an unchristian toast in't ;
 Doth reverence Bermudas,⁴ and the ghost
 Of checse, with the Egyptian idol, onions,
 And crusts to break an elephant's tooth ! All this
 I have done for you, my good lord.

Lord F. For which

I must pronounce thee a rascal. Sordid wretch,
 Was this your act for me ? Curse on thy soul for't !
 My honour bleeds to death ; see me no more.

Enter Scrivener.

Scriv. My lord.

Lord F. You are come in a good time, sir.

[*Exeunt Lord F. and Scriv.*

Con. Are you

So cunning, my young lord ? I must make my lady
 Sure, ere he talk, and tell her this ; 'tis not
 The constitution of every lord,
 To take unkindly when a man compounds

* *Doth reverence Bermudas.*] i. e. the intricate passages and alleys in the neighbourhood of the Strand, where debtors lay hid from their creditors.

A duel for him : if I be driven to't,
 I can forswear't again. Let valiant fools
 Brag of their souls, no matter what they say,
 A coward dares, in ill, do more than they. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Under Sheriff's House.

Enter sir WALTER PEREGRINE, Captain, and Under Sheriff.

Sher. 'Tis all the favour I could shew him, sir,
 To make my house his prison. [Exit.

Per. 'Tis but hell,
 One story higher.

Capt. You must arm yourself
 With noble fortitude, passion but unmans us,
 And makes us less forbearing.

Per. Dost think, friend,
 The sense of all my debts could shake me thus ?
 I knew 'twould come, and in my fears examin'd
 The mischief they present ; 'tis not their weight
 Affrights me, let the vultures whet their talons,
 And creditors, with hearts more stubborn than
 The metal they adore, double their malice :
 Had I a pile of debts upon me, more
 Heavy than all the world, it could but with
 The pressure keep this piece of earth bencath 'em ;
 My soul would be at large, and feel no burden :
 That which I count my torture exceeds all
 That yet has been in mention. At a time,
 Almost the very minute, when my hopes
 Were ripe to punish him, and revenge had
 mounted
 Her steely arm, whose fall had crush'd the soul
 Of my fame's ravisher, to be snatch'd up
 By a whirlwind thus, disarm'd of all my hopes,

My hands bound up, not able to relieve
 My bleeding honour ! this, this murders me,
 And that all this should be his cursed plot,
 That gave me my first wound.

Capt. Do you think my lord
 Can shew himself so dishonourable ?

Per. Can lords
 Be cowards ? does't not appear, when I am pursued
 By his own blood-hounds ? has he not laid on me
 (And what may not by this example follow,
 To sink me to a dungeon) all the debts
 I owe him ? nay, is it not clear, he practises
 Intelligence abroad ? provoking others
 To lay their sums upon me, that I may
 Consume a prisoner, and assure his lust
 More scope to revel with my adulterous madam,
 My wife, whose name is torment to my heart,
 'Bove all the engines meant to wound mankind ?—
 Oh woman, that hast forfeited the glory
 Of thy creation, and become man's ruin !

Capt. This is a circumstance, I confess, but yet
 Cannot make me conclude my lord so ignoble.
 I know he had a wanton pile of flesh ;
 But a more noble soul, than to betray
 His enemy so basely.

Enter Sheriff and Scrivener.

Per. Is't not mischief
 Enough to feel the cruelty of a prison,
 But that black fiend must persecute my eyesight,
 Th' adopted son of Lucifer ?

Scriv. I have
 A letter from a noble friend of your's.

Per. Carry it to hell.

Sher. Correct your passion,
 And leave your understanding free, to know
 Your happiness : this man, howe'er your rage

Let fly at him, will deserve better character,
When he appears the means of your enlargement.

Capt. How, master Sheriff?

Per. The means of my enlargement?

Take heed how you do mock me, sir.

Scriv. Your sword— [Gives him his sword.
You are free again, each particle of a debt
Discharg'd.

Per. By whom?

Sher. Not a fee left unsatisfied.

Per. I am in a wilderness.

Scriv. You may come out when you please. If
your worship
Will be at leisure to peruse this paper,
There is his name, hath been at all this charge ;
Who has commanded me to ask your pardon,
And on my knees I beg it ; I am undone else,
For ever, with his lordship.

Per. } Lord Fitzavarice ?
Capt. }

Scriv. It was without his knowledge : master
Confident

Charm'd me into it ; the devil did assist.

Capt. The devil ?

Scriv. Yes, we three ; I am sorry for it,
And if your worship have occasion
To use a hundred pieces more, I have 'em
Ready at your service.—Pray entreat him to
Accept it, I expect no scribbling for it,
Nor use, nor principal, nor his word ; but to
My lord, that I may be the driver still
Of all his monies.

Capt. I was confident,
And long since clear'd his lordship in my thoughts.

Per. Was there ever such a thing in nature ?

Capt. You must take the man's benevolence,
He is undone else ; come, there is no harm in't.

[*Scriv.* gives *Per.* money.]

Scriv. If they be not weight, I'll change 'em.

Capt. No, no.

Scriv. I humbly thank your worship.

[Exit with Sheriff.]

Per. I am all wonder.

[Reads.]

*When you find all things fairly discharged,
though you acquit not me, be pleased to continue a
voluntary prisoner for some few minutes ; there is
necessity we should discourse, and conclude some-
thing else for both our honours.*

Cap.. You must pronounce him innocent ; had
he been

A coward, as you thought him, at less charge
He might have sav'd his honour, and secur'd
Your absence.

Per. I begin to be ashame'd,
And my suspicion cowardly falls off.
Yet certainly all this proceeds not from
Devotion to me ; it is a bounty
He looks my wife should thank him for ; ha ?

Capt. Now I see all your empty jealousies ;
But think and be convinced : were his thoughts foul,
As you imagine, to your lady, it
Had been ridiculous to set you at liberty,
The only bar to his design ; lust is not
So tame, and foolish ; common policy
Would have instructed him to have let you rather
Languish and rot in prison : be collected,
And think whom your false fears have injured,
A noble wife and friend.

Per. I am to blame ;
This act hath made me understand two souls ;
I'll take 'em both to mine, and ask forgiveness.

Capt. Your lady.

Enter lady PEREGRINE.

Per. Forgive me, my Bellamia,

Thou appear'st white again, and only I
Black with my false suspicions of thy goodness.
My lord has given me a satisfaction
Large as his virtue ; welcome to my bosom,
My best, my chaste Bellamia.

L. Per. This is joy
Able to drown my poor heart ; but is all
This peace concluded ?

Per. Thus again confirm'd.

L. Per. Just heaven hath heard my prayers ;
happy Bellamia !
What riches I embrace, what worlds of treasures !
In every kiss, how many lives I take
From those sweet smiles !

Capt. Who could suspect this lady ?

L. Per. But I am lost again ; in what place
am I ?
Is't not a prison ? oh, that sad thought shoots
A trembling through me.

Per. All is cur'd again,
Bellamia ; I am free too, out of debt—
Nay, I did wonder at it.

L. Per. You amaze me.

Per. Was't not a brave physician, that could cure
Two such distempers, when my soul and fortune
Lay gasping, to recover both ? 'tis done,
Done by thy friend, and mine ; that honest lord
Hath paid all, to the scruple of a fee :
What thanks shall we both pay him, my Bellamia ?
Can he hath done this miracle, allow
A place for lust within him ? 'tis impossible.
But he is coming hither, stay not thou ;
It will require more leisure to express
Thy gratitude ; return, and tell thy friends
The wonder first, that when I shall present
His person next, they may have spacious souls,
To admire and entertain him.

L. Per. I obey you.

Do not allay this unexpected joy
 With a sad change, good heaven ! [Exit.

Capt. You will expect him.

Per. Religiously, an age I'll wait for him ;
 I prithee stay, and witness with what cheerfulness
 I'll ask his pardon.

Capt. He is come.

Enter lord FITZAVARICE.

Per. My lord,
 As you have made me object of your mercy,
 By such an act of bounty, as no times
 Have gloried in, and in that shown the clearness
 Of your brave soul, uncapable of stain ;
 Still let it shine with charity, and make
 Me confident of pardon, for an injury
 I blush, and dare bleed for, to shew repentance.

Lord F. Are you then satisfied ?

Per. I am, my lord.

Lord F. I was bold, but with no purpose to
 disparage
 Your credit, to discharge some trifling debts.

Per. They were great, my lord, and must enlarge
 My acknowledgment ; you have obliged two lives
 To pray for you.

Capt. And the whole age to admire.

Lord F. You would encourage me.—
 One word, [*takes him aside.*]—your honour's safe
 again.

Per. And happy.

Lord F. Mine suffers ; 'tis but young and grow-
 ing on me ;
 It bleeds by your suspicion. I was bound
 To this expense ; 'tis a malicious world,
 And men are apt to imagine I was glad
 You were in prison, to preserve my skin
 With some excuse : this brand must not come near
 My forehead ; though your sea be calm, I would not

Have my fame lost i' the tempest of men's tongues,
 I have made no reply, in point of man,
 To your challenge, and the noise may be dispers'd :
 Nor will what you are pleas'd to accept, render
 Me less unquestion'd, but beget men's fears
 At a high rate I have brib'd your patience
 Basely ; perhaps, their impudence will reach
 To say, I have bought my passage to your lady,
 And your consent to the shame.

Per. I will proclaim you
 Noble to all the world, and my preserver.

Lord F. There's nothing but your sword can do
 me right ;

We shall not trouble seconds, if you please
 The captain [may] stand for both ; he is a gentleman
 Known truly valiant, which implies he cannot
 Deceive where he is trusted ; I'll expect :
 You'll follow, as you are a gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Capt. He seems troubled. What's the matter ?

Per. Didst think it possible so fair a sky
 Should be deliver'd of a tempest ?

Capt. How ?

Per. I'll tell thee as we walk ; thou must not
 leave us.

That man is miserably compell'd that must,
 To save his fame, be to himself unjust. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Room in sir Solitary Plot's House.

Enter sir SOLITARY PLOT, DORMANT, and OLDRAT.

Dor. The coach will be made ready.

Plot. So, so ; let's think and talk of something
 else

Time's precious, let's talk wisely, 'twill concern us.

My brain is not in tune about my nephew;
 Who knows upon what plot he is sent hither?
 The Dutch are grand projectors; let's examine
 Where he is gone now?

Dor. My opinion is, to kill somebody or other.

Plot. That would be known; and yet I heard a
 buzz,

Some nobleman was aim'd at: we were best
 Say nothing, and discover him to the state;
 We may be else in danger, and made accessories
 To the parricide, which is not as the vulgar
 Interpret, killing of a father, but
Parem cedendo, killing of a peer,
 A peer o' the land, mark that!

Oldr. I understand

A *procedendo* well enough; but who
 Shall serve the writ?

Dor. Under your pardon,
 How can you prove he is a murderer?
 Let him first kill somebody, no matter who it be,
 and then you may discover him with a safe conscience.

[*Oldrat laughs.*

Plot. What's the matter?

Oldr. I am of an opinion, under correction, that if we should discover him, we should not carry it so privately, but it would be known, and then we shall be in as much danger o' the tother side, for concealing it.

[*Dor. laughs.*

Plot. Who's that?

Dor. Now I think better on't, it cannot be conceal'd, under your favour, fellow Oldrat, for if we do not discover, the state will not be so wise as we are, and then 'twere pity o' their lives; besides, if he go on to kill whom he list, and nobody hear on't, he may undo the town by degrees in a moment,

and neither we, nor any that is hurt, the wiser
for't. [Oldrat laughs again.

Plot. Who is it laughs ?

Oldr. Not I, sir ; ha ! ha !

Dor. Nor I, sir ; ha ! ha ! [Exit.

Plot. Stand both before me, is there not some
spirit

I' the room ? has not some conjurer a plot upon
me ?

Cato was wise, and never laugh'd, but when
Out of his casement he beheld an ass
Eat thistles. Where's the may-game ? will none
answer ?

Sure they did laugh at me ; but I'll prevent 'em,
And vex their spleens. Away ! I will not trust
A laughing vizard, there's a killing face
Behind it ; oh the juggling of the world !

[Exit Oldrat.

Am I ridiculous at home ? there is
Some plot in agitation ; I smell a rat.

Re-enter DORMANT.

Dor. If t' please you, sir, there is a dumb am-
bassador

Desires to speak with you.

Plot. A dumb ambassador ?

When does he look for audience ? of what nation ?
Where in the map is Dumbländ ? I should much
Affect that country ; let him have access.—

[Exit Dor.

Enter VAINMAN.

I understand you are a dumb ambassador ;
Your business, pray, with me ? you are no lawyer,
Nor no divine, I take it ; are there no women
Nor magpies in your country ?

[Vain. makes signs, and salutes him.

Plot. This fellow must have a rare understanding,

For nature recompenseth the defects
Of one part, with redundancy in another :
Blind men have excellent memories, and the tongue
Thus indispos'd, there's treasure in the intellect :
Yet there may be a plot ; he's sent to observe me,
A state spy, but I'll cozen his intelligence,
And be as dumb as he.

[*Aside ; they make signs one to another.*

Enter PUMICESTONE.

Plot. What are you, sir ?

Pum. I am his interpreter.

Plot. Oh, then first answer me ; how came he
dumb ?

Pum. With melancholy, sir ; he has a strange
Humour to cross the method of the world.

Plot. As how, sir ? pray be plain.

Pum. Why, sir, to make
The night his time for study, talk, or business,
And never go to bed but in the morning ;
But keep this to yourself, for 'tis a secret.

Plot. Study ? what did he study, pray, o' the
nights ?

Pum. Why, plots, nothing but plots : he did
suspect

All mankind, nay, their shadows in the hangings,
If they but laid their heads together, were
Dangerous, and talk'd treason ; such a fool,
A serious fool, was never before extant.

Enter JACINTA.

Jac. How does my solitary uncle ?

Plot. Ha, cousin, forbear ; we are engaged upon
Affairs of weight ; that's an ambassador.

Jac. What language does he speak ?

Plot. None, none ; but this is his interpreter.

Jac. Interpreter ? and yet he speaks no language !

Plot. He'll overhear you ; 'tis a dumb ambassador.

I pray be gone ; you are a woman, go.

Jac. And can you get no other company
Than dumb and mad folks ?

Plot. Who is mad ?

Jac. That gentleman.

Be you but master of some sense awhile,
I'll make't appear he has none.—Come forward,
sir.— [To *Pum.*

Do you observe his motion ? I entreat
He should come forward, and he plays the crab.—
Stand still, sir, I beseech you.

Pum. With your pardon,
I must be in action ; it does stir my blood,
Which would congeal through cold else in my
veins.

Jac. If it be beneficial to your body,
Practise this motion still.

Plot. 'Tis very strange ! He now appears a
statue :

Are they not both mad ? do you think, *Jacinta*,
They have no plot in this ? how came they thus
Distracted ?

Jac. This grew mad with catching cold
Abed, and lying from his wife.

Plot. Cold causes
Are very dangerous.

Jac. You are something guilty on't.

Noise within ; re-enter OLDRAT and DORMANT,
disguised as constables, followed by lady PLOT.

L. Plot. What if my husband be asleep ?

Dor. We'll wake him.

Oldr. Good madam, be not troublesome, do not you know who I am? I charge you to resist us; come your ways. Where, where be these traitors? Let me see, where is sir Solitary? I thought he would have shewn more wit than to conceal traitors in his house.

Plot. Traitors?

Oldr. Traitors we look for, and traitors we will have, an they be above ground.

Dor. I saw two suspicious persons come into the house with my own eyes, and they must out: there they are! I'll take my oath, master constable.

Jac. Master Vainman,
And master Pumicestone, you two suspected
For traitors! oh the rotten hearts of men!

Oldr. Reprehend them.

You, good knight, must go too, go cheerfully, 'twill be the better for you: if you discharge an honest conscience, you may have the favour to hang till you be dead.

L. Plot. Did ever any man was sure o' the gallows, shake so?

Jac. This fright may work some good effect upon him.

Many men have been frightened from their wits;
Having none left, why is't not possible
He should be frightened back again into 'em?

Vain. One word, I beseech you; 'tis time to speak.

L. Plot. I hope you did not mean this for his cure;

I am not so weary, cousin, of my freedom.
He that's full master of his reason, may
Be master of his wife too, which I like not.

Enter lady PEREGRINE.

L. Per. My uncle ! sister ! madam !

Plot. Ha ! more plots ?

Jac. What's the news, sister ? you look pleasantly.

Pum. Your face is full of sunshine, madam.

L. Per. Bless me, but what are these ?

Oldr. We are subjects of command ; she will discover us.

L. Per. Men ? apprehended ? what new fears invade me ?

Dor. What shall we do now ?

Jac. E'en what you please.

[*She pulls off their beards.*

L. Per. Why, this is Dormant, your servant, uncle.

Oldr. Who would have thought it ?

L. Per. And your man Oldrat.—What's the matter, gentlemen ?

Have you an interlude ?

Pum. If they be no officers, we can be no traitors.

Dor. 'Twas mistress Jacinta's plot, we did but act it.

Jac. I was desirous of a scene of mirth ; How far we should have driven it I know not.— Just so ridiculous are all your plots, uncle ; Ha ! ha !—

You had your parts, my brace of learned gentlemen Whom I discharge from fear and further penance.

L. Per. Make not yourself the general derision, Your drudges' mirth.

L. Plot. Nay, let him have his humour.

Jac. If you have still ambition to be laugh'd at And think it possible I can love such motleys, Come thus a wooing every day ; I shall find Some trick at last to make your worships famous.

Vain. What think you o' this ?

Pum. One of us is sure to carry her. What think you o' the device, an the worst come to the worst, for the thousand pound ?

Vain. We must agree, pay it, and be revenged.

Pum. Do not you think you have undone us now, And that we shall despair, and drown ourselves, Or slip out of the world in a clean halter ? No, we will live to vex thee : for my part, Because thou gavest me liberty to speak, To shew I scorn to obey thee, and in malice To thy injunction, I will never speak Again to any woman ; in revenge, I'll be more dumb than he was.

[Exit.]

Vain. And because

Thou didst enjoin me silence, from henceforth I'll practise talk to weary all thy sex. I will be [still] the everlasting talker, And rail upon all women, till I have worn My tongue to the root ; I'll study presently A satire that shall eat thee through the bones, And send thee first to an hospital.

[Exit.]

Plot. I see I am a fool, a melancholy, Suspicious fool, and all my plots are nothing.

[Exit.]

Jac. Let's follow, and either make him mad outright,

Or bring it to a cure : your part's not done yet.

L. Plot. This will undo me ; now must I to prison.

[Exeunt.]

Dor. What dost thou think they mean, Oldrat ?

Oldr. I think ? I hope they mean well, And lovingly; and let us, like honest servants, Into the cellar, and pray for 'em.

Dor. A match !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Without the Town.

*Enter lord FITZAVARICE, sir WALTER PEREGRINE,
and Captain.*

Per. Then nothing will prevail but we must
fight?

Lord F. And no place more convenient. Draw,
sir Walter;

And, Captain, now indifferent friend to both,
For I have no suspicion thou canst stain
Thyself by partiality, witness with
The heart I bring, I have no thought so black
As murder, or revenge; but to preserve
My honour, which no balm can cure, if once
But the suspect of coward fall upon it.

Per. I am not so unjust, my lord, to doubt
Your courage.

Capt. You have given proof, my lord, abroad,
That you dare fight.

Lord F. Though I affect no glory
From actions of this nature, yet the world
At home must be convinced, our fame is lost else:
Had Peregrine been coward, or not known
For valour, I had run less hazard of
My fame, by being silent; but as I am
Beneath him in opinion, a young man
Circled with expectation of something,
That must declare me worthy of a name,
And love of men, I must attempt this danger:
But let me tell thee this, which perhaps may
Render thy sword more fatal to me, I
Did love thy lady with a sinful purpose,
Pursued, even persecuted her chaste soul,

To satisfy my wantonness ; but found
An innocence so rich in her, as may
Alone excuse the ill of all her sex :
Nor has the goodness only the effect
To preserve her, but it return'd my eyes
With so much shame upon myself, that I
Threw off my lust, and doted on her virtue.
Heaven shut his mercy up, if I dissemble !
This unjust obligation to cherish,
I did reward with trifles, which perhaps
Gave fuel to your jealousy ; but know,
I have design'd a larger recompense,
Which your sword may confirm to her in few
minutes :
For if I chance fall by it, she is declar'd
The heir to my estate, and she deserves it,
Which she'll employ, no question, to assure
Your peace, and pardon for my death. Come
on, sir.

Per. I am more lost than ever ; let my wonder
Be past, or you will fight against a man
Whose soul's a great way off — Didst hear this,
captain ?

Capt. With pardon of your lordship, since you have
Declar'd so freely, what I think wins credit
With him too, your intentions to his lady,
There is no cause you should engage your bloods
To any loss.

Per. You are my preserver, sir,
Make me not so ingrateful to advance
My sword against your life, that gave me all
The benefit of mine ; I have assurance
Enough of you, and my wife's honour.

Lord F. There's
A purse of gold is troublesome, it may
Be useful to the surviver. Come, sir, fight ;
By your own lady's virtue, I shall else
Provoke you rudely.

Per. For her sake, my lord,
We should be friends.

Lord F. That will not help my fame,
Nor your's, if you regard what threatens it.
I must not live upon the charity
Of people's tongues, their justice shall acknowledge
I do not fear to bleed; let it be argument
To inflame thee, that thou mayst be happier
Upon my loss, since my last minute gives
Thy wife possession of all my fortune.

Per. That rather charms me from each violence.

Lord F. This must compel you then. Till now

I never [They fight.
Thought thee ingrateful; by thy fame I charge thee,
By thy Bellamia's love, fight not with pity,
Let me be worthy at least to fall with honour:
Fight so, as howsoever fate determine,
I may get honour, though in death, and not
Suffer without a wound. [they are both wounded.]
—So, here's some blood yet.

Per. I did but imitate, my lord, your character.

Capt. Blood of both sides! nay, then, I interpose.—

As you are gentlemen, for other titles
Weigh nothing here, be just to both your honours;
You have done well, exceeding well, unless
I shall conclude there's malice on one side:
Be yourselves now, and on such noble terms
Be reconciled again; sir Walter is
No enemy at heart, and the world must
Be satisfied, my lord, in your just valour.
Think what blest Providence has mark'd you both
For noble ends.

Per. I'll trust him with my sword,
Which rather shall make next impression here,
Than be his danger.

Lord F. I am overcome;
Take me thy captive.

Per. My most honour'd friend!

Capt. So, so, 'tis fair on both sides ; but, my lord,
You bleed much : can you spare it ?

Lord F. Well enough ;
I'll wait upon you home.

Capt. First have a surgeon.

Lord F. What, for a scratch ?—Let me present
thee safe
To thy Bellamia ; she but with a smile
Can cure all wounds.—Come, captain.

Per. We both wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Room in sir Solitary Plot's House.

Enter JACINTA and lady PEREGRINE.

Jac. You tell me wonders.

L. Per. I shall much repent
My discourse to thee, if it do not raise
Thy admiration ; 'tis a noble lord,
Thou art bound to make him restitution.

Jac. Of what ?

L. Per. Of fame ; you were jealous of our
honours.

Jac. I have read the chronicles, but never met
With a young lord has done the like.

L. Per. To what

Virtue in time will he grow to, Jacinta ?

Jac. Virtue ? there is another thing, not usual
In men of his rank ; I allow a gentleman
To pay his own debts, but another man's,
Wants a record ; besides all this, to love
Another man's wife, a handsome woman too,
And be at cost to keep her honest ! Miracles !

L. Per. What joys flow in my heart ! Thou
art sad, sister.

Jac. No sadness ; but I have another passion
That troubles me.

L. Per. You'll be in time converted,
And leave your wild invectives against men ;
'Tis possible you may marry, if you could
Find such another man to be your husband.

Jac. No, I would not.

L. Per. What ?

Jac. Find such another man to be my husband.

L. Per. Thou would'st have him ; how now,
my witty sister ?

Jac. It cannot be conceal'd.

L. Per. Has little Cupid
Been practising with his bird-bolt ? if thou be'st
not,
I'll wish thee heartily in love, to punish
Thy want of charity against all men
And marriage ; 'tis but justice : nay, be not me-
lancholy,
He will be here presently.

Jac. He shall be welcome.

L. Per. He shall.

Jac. Be very welcome hither : he once said,
If I remember well, could he but love,
He would marry me of all women alive.
My fortune's not to be despis'd ; however,
My heart is rich enough ; but it shall languish
To death, ere I will tell him so.

*Enter behind, lord FITZAVARICE, sir WALTER PERE-
GRINE, and Captain.*

L. Per. But dost love him
Indeed ? now but for pity I could laugh.

Jac. You may triumph, sister, you have cause.

L. Per. And thou canst have no argument to
despair.

Come, shall I tell my lord ?

Jac. What?

L. Per. That thou lovest him.

Jac. Do him not so much injury; my passion
Can still walk in disguise, though I confess,
Since your relation, 'tis become more troublesome
To be confined.—Oh love! I never thought
To have felt thy sting; I dare not stay to see him;
I shall betray myself with many blushes.—
Farewell, my lord Fitzavarice. [*Going, he meets her.*

Lord F. Not so,
He'll rather meet a welcome to this bosom.
Repent not, lady; you are but lovingly
Betray'd, and 'tis my happiness, I should
Have pleaded at this bar. In this prevention
I am doubly blest; be constant, and divide
With me both heart and fortunes: thou must needs
Be excellently good in being her sister.

Jac. I must confess, my lord, I honour you;
But not for any titles, although some
Women may be allow'd the ambition,
But for your noble nature.

Lord F. I am confirm'd.

Per. But all is well again, and must exalt
Thy truer joys, by finding us both live,
And knit into a peace no time can violate.

Lord F. Let me salute THE EXAMPLE of chaste
honour:
Sister I now must call thee, and shall glory
To own that title by Jacinta's love.

Per. } All blessings crown your wishes!
L. Per. }

Capt. I have a heart to wish you joys.

Lord F. They will be all a debt
To your noble care of us.—Master Confident!

Jac. One of my servants, but not yet discharg'd.

Enter CONFIDENT.

Lord F. You come to turn and wind this lady's fancy

With your wit now, but your devices fadge not ;
 It is three minutes since she was dispos'd of.
 And though my stock of brain will not reach to
 Make a large jointure of so many hundred
 Sonnets per annum, and rare elegies,
 Some fresh, and some that have lain seven years
 pickled,

In other languages ; yet she'll be content
 With a less witty fortune, my estate, sir.

Con. 'Tis happiness enough for me
 To snuff your marriage-taper, whose bright shine
 Shall put out the world's eye.

Lord F. Spare, spare your fancies.
 But I'll not now arraign you,—if you mean
 To have me know [you] again, chaffer some wit
 Away for honesty ; I'll conceal your shame.

Con. There's hope then of your pardon : when
 I rise
 From what has justly forfeited my name,
 To shew the world your chiding is not lost,
 Your lordship will not be ashamed again
 To own me for your servant.

Lord F. I shall be a glad witness, and admirer.
 —How now, music ? [Music within.]

Enter DORMANT.

Dor. Will't please you, gentlemen, to have a
 song ? sir Solitary, and my lady are at it ; he is
 grown the most jovial gentleman.—Hark !

SONG [*within.*]

L. Plot. *Welcome, welcome, again to thy wits,
This is a holy day.*

Plot. *I'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,
But merrily pass the time away :
They are mad, that are sad.*

L. Plot. *Be rul'd by me,
And none shall be so merry as we.*

Plot. *The kitchen shall catch cold no more.*

L. Plot. *I'll have no key to the buttery door.*

Plot. *The fiddlers shall sing,
The house shall ring,
And the world shall see,*

Both. *What a merry couple,
Merry couple,
Couple, couple,
We will be.*

Enter sir SOLITARY PLOT, and lady PLOT.

Plot. We are new-married, gentlemen ; I must invite your lordship for my guest. Your tunes are melancholy. Welcome home, my wandering nephew.—

You shall be welcome too, sir.

Capt. I'm your servant.

Plot. When shall we dance, Jacinta ?

Lord F. Sure this humour

Is very young.—Pray, madam, is he serious ?

Is there no plot in this ?

L. Plot. Beyond my hope
He is recover'd, sir ; and I must stand to't,
And turn a miracle, a lady huswife.

Plot. No more, lest with the joy I run into
A madness worse than melancholy. You tell
Me wonders,—bless my senses !—and shall we
dance ?

Lord F. I am for any mirth; the day requires it,
In which Love, too long blind, hath found his eyes,
And leads the way to his own Paradise.

EPILOGUE.

Praise a fair day at night, the proverb says,
And 'tis the evening that must crown all plays.
For although writers may be first allow'd
To speak themselves, their judgments are too proud
That, waving all authority beside,
Think 'tis enough when they are satisfied.
We must appeal to you, unless you smile
We have but cherish'd vain hopes all this while;
But if you like, by this we shall best prove it,
You'll follow THE EXAMPLE, if you love it.

THE
OPPORTUNITY.

THE OPPORTUNITY.] This comedy was licensed in November, 1634 ; and given to the press in 1640. The title of the old copy is, “ *The Opportunity, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury-Lane. Written by James Shirley.* ”

This was among the Plays revived after the Restoration.

TO

MY TRULY NOBLE, AND MY EVER HONOURED
FRIEND,

CAPTAIN RICHARD OWEN.

SIR,

THIS Poem, at my return with you, from another kingdom (wherein I enjoyed, as your employments would permit, the happiness of your knowledge and conversation), emergent from the press, and prepared to seek entertainment abroad, I took boldness thus far to direct to your name and acceptance; promised by my confidence in your love to poesy, wherein your clear judgment and excellent abilities would at first have made me less adventurous. Be pleased, till time mature a worthy satisfaction to your favours, to smile upon this tender of my gratitude; and while your services call you hence to enlarge your honour, by making your faith and valour more exemplary against a rebellious enemy, let me preserve a peace at home, in the contemplation of your friendship, and be happy to profess myself

Your humble servant and honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Ferrara, *suitor to the duchess of Urbino. and in disguise in her court, under the character of his Ambassador.*

Aurelio Andreozzi, *a noble gentleman of Milan, mistaken for Borgia, a gentleman banished from Urbino.*

Pisauro, Andreozzi's friend.

Ursini, *favourite of the duchess of Urbino.*

Mercutio, *father to the banished Borgia.*

Lucio,
Pietro, } *courtiers.*

Julio,

Pimponio, *servant to Andreozzi.*

Grutti, *an innkeeper.*

Ascanio, *his son.*

Servants.

Duchess of Urbino.

Cornelia, *daughter of Mercutio, attending on the duchess.*

Melinda, } *ladies attending on the duchess.*

SCENE, Urbino.

THE
OPPORTUNITY.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street, before an Inn.

Enter AURELIO, PISAURO, and PIMPONIO.

Aur. Expect me an hour hence ; my friend and I
Will walk and see the city ; make it your
Care to get supper ready.

Pimp. If I do not,
I know who's like to fare the worse.

Aur. And be not
Drunk, sirrah, at our return.

Pimp. Yes, I do use
To be drunk before you, often !—

Aur. About your business.— [Exit *Pimp.*
And how dost like the town, and situation ?

Pis. Trouble me not to answer such dull ques-
tions ;
I see ne'er a handsome girl yet, not a piece
Of a bona-roba : an the duchess hold
But the complexion of those we have seen,
I will not be corrupted with the palace,
To be her bedfellow.

Aur. You'll change opinion ;
Perhaps we have seen none but the rubbish yet.
There may be beauties, signior, will tempt

Your most fastidious appetite ; I fear
I shall have much ado to stave thee from 'em.

Pis. To quit that fear, let's leave the city instantly ;

The meal will not digest women, I eat in't.
Not *stave me from 'em!* We are for the wars ;
This town will turn my blood ; I will not give
A julio¹ for my courage in twelve hours,
Unless they tie their women up.

Aur. Thou hast
A mind to shew thou canst be satire ; patience
But till to-morrow, and we'll hence.

Enter LUCIO.

Luc. Sir, let my heart present your welcome
home ;

You've been too long a stranger, I am happy
To embrace you again.

Aur. Me ? meaning me ? do you know me ?

Luc. I hope you are not jealous of my friendship ,
I thought our familiarity, before
The sad misfortune came, that made you banish
Yourself from Urbin, had possess'd you throughly,
How firm I dare be to you.

Pis. Do you know him ?

Aur. Dost thou know him ? I ne'er saw his eyes
before,

To my best memory.—Are you not mistaken ?

Luc. Perhaps in your affection, which no art
Hath ever made me guilty to deserve ;
I never did betray my friend, to make you
Affect these clouds ;—but be it so.

Aur. There is
But one half hour added to our ages
Since first we saw the city.

Luc. In good time.

¹ A julio.] i. e. a Roman crown.

I will be bold to acquaint some body else,
In whom you have more faith.

[*Exit.*

Aur. What riddle's this?

Pis. Is not

The gentleman o' the t'other side on's wits ?²

What did he call you ?

Aur. Nay, I know not ; he
Said we had been familiar,—in his dream, sure ;
For waking I ne'er saw him.

Pis. You should have ask'd his name.

Aur. To what purpose, prithee ?

Enter PIETRO.

Why does that gentleman stare upon us so ?

Piet. Are you return'd ? this is [a] confidence
You may repent.

Aur. Save you, signior !

Piet. And you too.

Pis. Do you mean both on's ?

Piet. One has some need ; you are welcome, signior,

To Urbin.

Aur. Thank you ; what's your name, I pray ?

Piet. If you have forgot mine, I remember
Borgia.

A friend of your's desires but to renew

Acquaintance with you.

Aur. What friend ?

Piet. You will hear more.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Jigs ! shall I after him, and knock
Him o'er the pate ?

Aur. For what ?

Pis. For looking on us
So scurvily.

² O'the t'other side on's wits.] i. e. I suppose, on the wrong
side of his wits. The old copy reads, o'the two sides on's wits.

Aur. That may be dangerous.
Did he not name Borgia?

Pis. But whether
He meant himself, or you, I understand not.

Aur. He might as well have call'd me Bethlem
Gabor;³
Let's walk on still.

Enter JULIO.

Jul. Ha!
Borgia? 'tis he, my noble friend return'd;
Welcome, a thousand welcomes in thy bosom!
Why do you wear this strangeness in your face?
Can a few years render me lost to Borgia?

Aur. Sure he does call me Borgia.

Jul. Thou wert
Unkind in thy departure; with what devotion
Could I have been a partner in thy travel
And have an equal fortune!⁴ being absent,
Why was not I summon'd to wait upon thee
In any part of the world? but again welcome!
When arriv'd you?

Aur. I am very like somebody,
They all mistake me thus.—We have seen no
friends since.

Jul. Is this gentleman—

Aur. One dear in my acquaintance.

Jul. I am your servant.—Your unexpected sight
Will glad Mercutio's heart, your noble father,
Who hath long mourn'd your absence.

Pis. Good old man,
He will rejoice to see him here, no doubt on't.

Aur. Remember my father's name.

[*Aside to Pis.*]

³ See p. 13, and vol. ii. p. 427.

⁴ *And have an equal fortune.*] The quarto reads, *unequal fortune*. Perhaps the author wrote, "And brave unequal fortune!" Great indulgence is required for the attempts to restore the genuine readings of these wretchedly printed dramas.

Jul. You have lost an uncle, but all his estate
Your father is possess'd of.

Aur. Dead!

Jul. His age

Was fit for heaven, his wealth is added to
Your father's, to make your's the greater fortune.

Pis. Take it upon you. [*Aside to Aur.*

Aur. Pardon, noble friend,
I was persuaded time and absence had
Wrought such a change upon my face, that no man
Would know me again; but though I may to some
Appear a stranger, I must stand discover'd
To a friend's penetrating eye; again
Possess your faithful servant.—What's my name?

[*Aside to Pis.*

Jul. Dear Borgia!—

Pis. Borgia; I must remember you. [*Aside to Aur.*

Jul. Shall I wait on you to your father, sir!

Aur. What were I best to do?

Jul. Your sister's grown a gallant gentlewoman,
The only beauty of Urbin, and waits on
The duchess; her soft lips will seal your welcome.

Pis. A handsome gentlewoman! go.

Aur. He does but jest; they are all witches here.

Pis. No more jeers;
Go, or be lame for ever.

Aur. Is she grown

Worthy that honour⁵ you express? and has
The duchess taken her to grace?

Jul. 'Tis more than whisper'd,
The favourite loves her.

Aur. Who?

Jul. He that was cause
Of your remove, Ursini.

Aur. Cry you mercy,
I know him well enough; but does he love her?

Jul. 'Tis rumour'd so i' the court.

⁵ Worthy that honour, &c.] Old copy, houre, &c.

Pis. You will be tripping
Your own heels up.

Aur. I hope my sister's honest.

Jul. Who, Cornelia?

Aur. Remember that name, too?

Pis Let me alone
To remember her; Cornelia; for more
Security, I'll put her in my table-book.

Jul. There is no lady in the [court] preserves
A clearer fame; as modest as she's fair,
And so ingenuous.

Pis I would excuse
Her modesty; but she may be converted:—
*In time the sturdy oak,*⁶ we know, and so forth.

Enter MERCUTIO and LUCIO.

Aur. You speak a welcome character.

Jul. Your father:

It seems his willing ear hath catch'd the news
Of your arrive.

Pis. Kneel down.

Aur. See if he first knows me;
'Tis a wise father now knows his own child.

Mer. My dearest Borgia, comfort of my age,
My joy of soul, a father's prayers and blessing
Make thee a happy man! my eyes must speak
Part of my joy in tears; welcome from Naples.

Aur. Your pardon, sir,
That thus I steal upon you; I would hope
My sister—

Pis. Cornelia.

[Aside to *Aur.*

Aur. Cornelia is in health.

⁶ *In time the sturdy oak, &c.]* An allusion to the following line in that inexhaustible source of ridicule to our old poets, the *Spanish Tragedy*; or rather, perhaps, to Watson's Sonnet from which it was taken:

"*In tyme small wedge will cleave the sturdies oake."*

The same expression occurs in the *Paradise of daintie Devises*, which is of an earlier date than either of them.

Mer. And will be a glad soul to embrace her brother.

Aur. Your pardon, sir, that I seem'd strange to you.

Luc. 'Tis recompense now that you please to own me.

Mer. Julio, an honest gentleman, and one That loves us, Borgia

Aur. I hear my uncle Has left us—

Pis. A good estate ; there's the less cause To mourn for him.

Aur. We must all tread that path. Here is a friend of mine, to whose trust and favour I have been much engag'd.

Mer. Sir, what I want In language, I'll supply with other welcome ; Please you to honour my poor roof.⁷

Pis. The service Of my unworthy life is your's, command it. I would you had another handsome daughter ! [*Aside.*]

Mer. I presume you were presented a glad object To Lucio ; your affections grew from children.

Aur. To Lucio ! we carry but one heart.

Pis. Do not forget his name now.

Mer. But, my son, We dwell too long thus public ; let us perfect

Enter PIETRO.

Our ceremony at home.—Pietro,
One of the favourite's creatures.

Piet. 'Tis the duchess' Command, Mercutio, you wait upon her Presently at court, and bring young Borgia Along wi' ye, to expect her grace's pleasure. [*Exit.*]

⁷ *To honour my poor roof*] The quarto reads *wife*. The words are scarcely cater-cousins in appearance ; but I can think of nothing better, unless it be *house*.

Mer. We must obey.

Aur. What makes your countenance change, sir?

Mer. My fears, poor Borgia, for thee.

Aur. For me?

Pis. How's that? his fears?

Mer. While my aged arms are in
A loving contention to embrace thee,
I wish thee hence; this ground betrayed thee.
Embark again, the seas have us'd thee kindly;
Trust them again, or any land but this;
This will undo us both: the joy of seeing thee
Made me forget thy danger.

Aur. Danger, sir?

What have I done, to call these fears upon you?

Pis. Take heed, be wise, I know not what to
think on't.

Mer. What hast done, sayst [thou]? nothing to
dishonour thee:

Thou kill'dst him fairly.

Pis. Kill'd! I think you were best
Be Aurelio again, and leave your sister:
But I'll fish out the circumstance; walk melancholy.

[*Aside to Aur.*

Aur. Prithee do.

[*Walks aside.*

Pis. Although your son has pleas'd
To call me friend, I find he has reserv'd
Something he would not credit to my bosom:
I have observ'd his trouble, but unwilling,
By moving questions, to renew his sufferings.
If my particular knowledge of his fate
May be no prejudice, though it be without
My verge to serve him, I can willingly
Share in their grief that love him.

Mer. You speak nobly.

'Twas his misfortune, sir, provok'd, to kill
A gentleman, brother to Ursini, who
Was favourite to the duke deceas'd, and now
Graced by the duchess, by whose power he may
Command him dead; these summons I suspect.—

But take my counsel, Borgia, and deceive
 His expectation of revenge ; once more
 He bids thee fly would stay thee in his heart.⁸
 Let me run their displeasure.

Aur. Not for me, sir;
 I am resolv'd 'tis better die at home,
 Than waste my life an exile ; I'll to court wi' ye.

Pis. You are not mad.

Aur. Thou art a fool ; cannot I cast
 Borgia's skin off when I please ? I must
 See my fair sister ; at a minute's warning,
 Thou art evidence for me.—Father, I wait you,
 My sister's there, you say ; do not doubt me ;
 At worst, I'll have a trick to keep my head on.—

[*Aside to Pis.*

Come, friend, and gentlemen.

Jul. We attend.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

Enter Duchess and Ursini in conversation, followed by Cornelia, Melinda, and Laura.

Duch. You have prevail'd, Ursini : yet we thought,
 Of all men living, you would least have been
 A suitor for his pardon ; but 'tis sign'd ;
 He owes you for his life.

Urs. Your mercy, rather.
 I have consider'd, madam, I did lose
 A brother, whose repair I shall not find
 Now in another's blood ; the gentleman
 Hath suffer'd, though not what the laws determine,

⁸ *He bids thee fly would stay thee in his heart.*] This is the best sense which I can extract out of the old reading,

He bids thee fly ; would slay thee in his heart, &c.

Resolved, in the next speech, is used in the old sense of persuaded, convinced, &c.

Many years penance, so severe, perhaps,
 That he is come, by offering himself now,
 A sacrifice to your justice, to prevent
 A death more killing, still to live a stranger
 To his own friends and country.

Duch. If your charity
 Extend so far, the rest we have dispense'd with.
 He is return'd, for certain : he is either
 Weary of life, or master of a confidence
 That might have been his ruin.

Urs. This will make
 Your act of mercy¹ shine the brighter, madam.

Duch. It will ; but let me ask you, good my lord,
 Does this proceed out of a clear forgiveness ?
 Time, I allow, may qualify the thought
 Of our revenge, and something else of pity
 May so take off the roughness of our soul,
 That we may have a noble charity
 To our enemy ; but has your end no mixture
 Of something else, that may advance a hope
 To satisfy desire some other way ?
 No turn to profit or delight ? Be plain ;
 For I must know your breast.

Urs. You shall see through me ;
 I dare not wear a thought less than transparent.
 I love his sister, madam, fair Cornelius,
 With those intents become me ; in that flame
 I sacrifice all thoughts that wound her brother,
 And wish no happier satisfaction :
 And by that charm of her consent to love,
 My brother is reviv'd in Borgia.

Duch. You are brief, yet plain ; how point Cornelius's
 Affections.

Urs. I have woo'd her but in compliment :
 And though there may be reasons² to admit

¹ Your act of mercy, &c.] Old copy, art.

² For reasons, the old copy has sonnes ; just above we have re-derived for revived, or some similar word.

My services, I find she is all obedience
To her father, whom the apprehension
Of his son's fortune may have indispos'd
To a present reconciliation.

Duch. This one act
Will make him kind, and form him to your wishes.

Urs. If they might have the happiness to be
Propounded by your highness to Mercutio,
I prophesy success ; pardon, great madam,
If, after all your princely favours, I
Beg this with many blushes : love is graced
By dwelling on your breath.

Duch. Ursini, since
The duke died, you have found no loss in our
Esteem ; to his ashes I have paid that duty,
To grace whom he affected, and be confident,
We shall not deny this ; is he not come yet ?

Urs. He will attend your grace.—Who waits ?

Enter PIETRO.

Piet. Signior Mercutio
Expects your grace's pleasure ; with him his son,
Borgia.

Cor. My brother !

Duch. Though we pardon him,
We must put on a brow of some displeasure,
And chide his fault ; he may be encourag'd else
To a second insolence.

Urs. Gently, I beseech you ;
There may be a punishment within your eye
To kill him, and so make the benefit
Is meant him of no virtue, or to himself,
Or my design.

Duch. How is the name of gentleman
Dishonour'd by such desperate undertakings ;
That, more than guilty of human blood, do kill
Even charity !

Enter MERCUTIO, AURELIO, and PISAURO.

Urs. They are admitted.

Duch. Is that he ?—

We sent for you, Mercutio, to tell you
 How much you owe to good Ursini's love,
 At whose earnest solicit we have sign'd
 Young Borgia's pardon ; if [*Gives him a paper.*]—
 you examine well,
 You will have cause to place him in the first
 Rank of your friends.

Mer. Shall I believe my eyes,
 My understanding ? how is Mercutio blest !
 Look, boy, the pardon.—Heaven reward thy charities !

My lord, for saving one, command the lives
 Of all our family ; thou soul of honour !

Look, Borgia.

Pis. What do you mean ?
 Kneel to the duchess, and acknowledge.—

Aur. What ?

Pis. A pardon for your life.

Aur. I am lost here, [*pointing to Cornelia.*]
 Pisauro ; an excellent creature.

Pis. You'll spoil all,
 She's yet your sister ; I do like her too.
 Kneel for your pardon, and you may choose your gallows

In time ; would I were hang'd on no worse piece
 Oftimber ! how nimbly would I climb the ladder !
 Have you no sense ? humble your knees to thank
 Her highness, and that gentleman. [*Aur. kneels.*]

Duch. Why does
 That fellow kneel, Ursini ?

Urs. 'Tis signior Borgia ;
 His heart is full of thanks.

Duch. I look not for 'em.—
 What do I feel ? [*aside.*]—Command him rise.

Urs. Dear madam,
Look calm upon him.

Pis. She'll reverse the pardon.

Cor. Are you my brother, sir?

Aur. [rising.]—As sure as you are my sister; do you doubt me?

Cor. How now, Cornelia! [aside.]—Pray excuse me, brother,

My joy to see you safe doth half transport me.

Duch. Mercutio

Pis. I am converted now,
And do believe there are some handsome women.—
Young gentleman, not too much, too much at once,

Remember you're her brother:—he is taken.

Mer. Your grace is pleas'd to enlarge my happiness;
My daughter is much honour'd: but I must beseech your lordship to allow we may in such a cause as this, enquire her judgment.
And since by the bounty of your highness, I have a son now, whose joy may be concern'd in't;

I would not willingly conclude her marriage Without his voice too.

Urs. I am confident To incline his favour, since she has declar'd Herself no enemy.

Duch. Cornelia.

Urs. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Aur. You have deserv'd My life, which ought to waste itself in service.

Urs. I am an honourer of your fair sister; It rests in you to perfect my ambition, And make her mine.

Aur. How do you mean, my lord?

Pis. Now he's put to't; she is Ursini's mistress. As he is Borgia, he can have no

Pretence to oppose him ; if he discover
 And be Aurelio again, he destroys all
 Hope for himself, for I perceive he's taken with
 her :

I know [t] by the motion of his nose, which pants
 Like the bellows of an organ. [Aside.]

Urs. Sir, your father's
 Voice speaks in your's ; you now command my
 destiny :

If you will make me happy—

Aur. Noble sir,
 I am sorry where such infinite merits plead,
 I have no power to serve your noble wishes,
 And keep the honour of a gentleman.

Urs. Your family, I take it, can receive
 No stain by my alliance.

Aur. 'Twere a blessing.

Pis. How will he come off? [Aside.]

Aur. Mistake not, I beseech you,
 I have already engaged myself to a gentleman
 Of a noble house in Milan, one Aurelio
 Andreozzi—

Pis. That's himself ! [Aside.]

Aur. Who, on the sight of
 Her picture, which I gave him, courted me
 To woo the substance for him, promising
 To follow me in person ; being one
 To whom I had many obligations
 In the Milan court, I pawn'd the credit
 Of a gentleman to assist his fair desires,
 If in few days he came to Urbin ; but
 I am confident his young affections,
 Which had no other life but what a dead
 Representation could infuse, will soon
 Vanish again, and leave me to be serviceable
 In what you will command me ; and be sure
 I will not rack your patience to much length :
 If in few days he appear not, I will think

My promise disengaged,³ and direct all
 My abilities to make your wishes prosper ;
 It will become my gratitude.

Urs. You speak nobly.

Aur. The pleasures of the court will so abate
 His thoughts this way, that I presume your lordship
 Will soon be master of that amorous province
 You aim at, and much honour your poor servant.

Urs. Let this confirm, I am your's. [*they embrace.*

Pis. So, so ! this was
 Indifferently well carried, I was jealous
 Of a more lame come off. [*Aside.*

Urs. Add this one
 To your other princely favours, madam, and
 Admit this gentleman to kiss your hand.

Duch. Without much suit my heart would have
 convey'd

That to my lip ; a very handsome gentleman ! [*Aside.*

Cor. What said the duchess ? do not her eyes fix
 Upon my brother ? How now, Cornelia !
 I am his sister ; yet
 I had no acquaintance with [these] turbulent pas-
 sions,
 When I last saw him. [*Aside.*

Mer. What does her highness mean ?
 She speaks to Ursini, but her eye directs
 Some language this way.—Borgia, dost observe ?

Aur. And wonder ; but I see nothing in her eyes
 To be afraid of.

Pis. If the duchess should be in love with him,
 Here were a purchase ! I do verily
 Believe here will be an end of all our wars,
 If he have but the grace to march upon
 This service, and charge home : smiles, smiles
 upon him !

³ *My promise disengaged.*] The 4to. reads *disobliged* ; but this is
 too pedantic an expression to have come from Shirley : it must
 be an error of the press.

Well, Aurelio Andreozzi, 'tis very possible
 You may meet with your match : if he mount her,
 I'll bring a ladder to his sister's fort,
 And then the town's our own. She calls him to
 her. [Aside.]

Mer. Cornelia, canst thou interpret this?

Cor. Her grace is very pleasant.—Good, good
 heart,

Be patient. [Aside.]

Pis. She plays with him ! good, better!—

Ay, is your spirit up, my nimble duchess ?

Would I had the conjuring of it down ! Ursini
 Looks like a whelp had lost his tail, already.

Urs. I was jealous she would chide and frown
 upon him,

Pray'd her be gentle, and look calm ; is't come

To this ? [Aside.]

Duch. Ursini, I have thought how to supply
 That place of secretary that is vacant ; see
 That Borgia be sworn ; we apprehend
 His fitness.

Urs. Madam ?

Duch. I hope this will please you,
 Ursini ; we can grace whom you present :
 He is more gentleman than to forget
 How for your sake we honour him.—I shall
 Betray too much of woman. *[aside.]*—Borgia,
 Attend us.—Come, Cornelia, Ursini ;
 Mercutio, make the court not so much stranger.

[Exeunt all but Aur. and Pis.]

Aur. I'll follow.—What dost think of this,
 Pisauro ?

Pis. I think the duchess loves thee ; and make
 use on't ;

Lose no applications, thou art her secretary,
 A degree to more inward endearments.

If she do love thee, and—

Aur. What, prithee ?

Pis. She knows best
What appetite she has ; let me counsel thee :
Be not modest, we are made.

Aur. What ?

Pis. Thy father a count, thou a duke, Ursini
A coxcomb, I a fine gentleman, and one
That would be glad of the worst of your new female
Acquaintances.

Aur. There are no faces here ! *

Pis. Be not you a tyrant ; I'll do penance
In a white sheet with your sister, for't. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter PIMPONIO.

Pimp. No signior Aurelio come yet ? no master
to be heard on ? He is a fine gentleman to use his
squire o' this fashion. Where should he be ? he
commanded me not to be drunk ; he is drunk, and
drunk, and dead drunk, he would have had the
grace to reel home to his lodging before this time
of night else. Let me see, what if the flesh have
led him aside ? * He is fallen into some brake,
some wench has tied him by the legs, and nothing
else can excuse him to me : yet, now I think on't,
he does forget Pimponio ; he was not wont to be
his own purveyor : my art for the choice of his
pullen has been allow'd. If he do get—and so forth
an excuse for physic, and come home foundered,
the disease was none of my choosing ; it came not

* *There are no faces here.*] This is a retort of what Pisauro
had said of the ladies of Urbino in the opening scene.

⁵ *What if the flesh have led him aside ?*] The 4to. reads *a to*
side, of which I can make nothing : perhaps a word or more has
dropt out.

through my office.—Stay, what if my signiors be dead? umph? dead? my heart misgives; they may be kill'd:—my master has the spirit of fighting in him, and his companion is the devil at it; an oilet hole or two in their hearts⁶—and, in a strange place, my signiors are never miss'd! "Tis so:—if he be dead—bring forth the portmanteau.

Enter ASCANIO.

Asc. Sir?

Pimp. Bring forth my portmanteau, my diminutive knave, and tell thy father I would speak with him. [*exit Ascanio.*]—He is dead; he would not have trusted me so long with his money else: now will I make myself his heir, defy the world and Aurelio's ghost—

Re-enter ASCANIO, with the portmanteau.

But first of all, I must outface mine host; so let me examine: [*opens the portmanteau.*]—very good linings! Bag and baggage, you are mine own.—Thy father, call him hither.

Asc. He is coming, sir; 'tis very late.

Pimp. Never too late to tell money.—Fetch me a brace of gennets, I will mount them,—a covey of courtezans [*exit Ascanio.*]—Stay, Pimponio, be not mad before thy time; who shall I say I am? a prince at least; I have it. Here comes mine host.

Enter GRUTTI, followed by ASCANIO.

Grut. What would this fellow have? No news of your master?

Pimp. Speak that word no more, on thy allegiance; here, go to bed, and rise with a clean shirt.

[*Gives him money.*

Grut. This is gold; what does the fellow mean?

⁶ An oilet hole or two] The 4to. reads, "An aglet hole," &c. I recollect no example of this expression; the other is common enough.

Pimp. No fellows, neither ; 'tis time to shew myself. Where is thy boy ?

Asc. Here, signior.

Pimp. Kneel down and ask my blessing.

[*Gives him money.*

Asc. This does look [like] a blessing ; shall I ask another ?

Pimp. Ask any thing but what I am.

Asc. You are—

Pimp. Stay there, 'tis dangerous to pronounce me yet ;

I will be still disguis'd, my men are absent.

Asc. Your men ?

Pimp. Thou art wise, thine ear ; I am a prince.

Grut. How, signior ?

Pimp. The reason of my shape thou shalt know hereafter ; thus Jove has been disguised.

Asc. Is not your name Pimponio ?

Pimp. It was my pleasure they should call me so ; I have not found them trusty. How fares the duchess ?

Asc. What do I hear ?

Pimp. This boy shall wait on me ; I'll have you all.

Grut. Whither ?

Pimp. What country shall I choose to be a prince of ? Italy is too well known, Spain stands convenient, and far enough, where I have been too ; I'll have you all to Spain.

Asc. What to do, signior ?

Pimp. For your preferments ; when thou hast got a chapman for this tub thou liv'st in, let me know't.

Grut. Boy, this is a Spanish prince.

Asc. A prince of oranges ; he a Spanish prince !

Pimp. They will not travel thither to disprove me. [*aside.*]—To tell [you] the truth, I suspect my two grooms have betray'd me ; I came hither to be a suitor to your duchess.

Asc. In these clothes ?

Pimp. You do not know my plot ; these gentle-

men, my servants, should cunningly have preferr'd me to be the duchess' fool.

Grut. Her fool ! 'tis very likely.

Pimp. But for a time,—there's mystery in that. By this means I resolv'd to try her nature And disposition, ere I married her, For I can have at this present four kings' daughters ;—the eldest of them is but seven years old, which shews the parents doat upon me, and would make sure of me betimes.

Grut. I do believe your grace.

Pimp. Grace ! umph ! thou must be advanced; let me see, what office ? oh, thou shalt have a place, at my return, in the gallies ; dost hear ? a yerking preferment.

Asc. And what shall I be ?

Pimp. Thou shalt be—a picaro,—in your language a page ;¹ my chief picaro : by degrees you may send for all your generation, I will see them mounted.

Enter PISAURO.

Pis. Where's Pimponio ?

Pimp. A pox pimp you ! they are alive again ; now am I a dead man.

Pis. There is a certain moveable yclep'd a portmanteau.—

Pimp. Would your tongue had been clipp'd !

Pis. Wherein there are some golden friends of ours.

Pimp. All your friends are well.

Pis. Let me see their complexions ; where are they ? Look for the signior your master a month hence.

Asc. His master ! do you observe ?

Pimp. Does he not carry it handsomely ? he knows not I have discovered myself to you.

¹ A picaro,—in your language a page ;] Pimponio is pleased to be facetious : *picaro* (Spanish) is, as has been already explained, a *rogue*, a *jail-bird*, &c. but the word has been naturalized every where, and means, *in all languages*, pretty much the same.

Asc. With your pardon, sir, is not this signior
a prince disguis'd?

Pis. A prince of puppets! who? Pimponio?

Asc. And you one of his servants, to whom with
Your other fellow, call'd signior Aurelio,
His person stands discover'd; he came hither
To court our duchess; he has promis'd us,
At his return to Spain, to make us grandes.

Pis. Has he betray'd himself? nay, then, my duty.—
If't please your excellency—

Pimp. Away, away!

Pis. A prince cannot be hid, though under
mountains.
But, my dear prince, the bags must go with me,
While you keep state i' the inn.

Pimp. Who shall maintain?

Pis. If I did think thou wouldest carry it hand-
somely—
Well, I'll excuse thee to thy master; here,
When thou hast domineer'd away this bag

[*Gives him one of the bags.*
Thou mayst hear more; keep thine own counsel, and
Thy master shall not own thee. If thou hast
Any vagary, drink and indulge thy genius;
I'll see thee again before thy reign be out.
No words, but be a prince, and scorn to know us;
And so I take leave of your excellency.

Pimp. I shall not know myself [soon]; am not I
A prince indeed, that have been long conceal'd?
This is a bag, and full of golden friends; umph!
However, I will spend it like an emperor.
These are not robes fit for a prince, I take it.—
Grutti! boy!

I entertain you both, my groom and page,
And say unto you, Snakes, go cast your coats!
Here's earnest for new skins; [*gives them money.*]
—when things are ripe
We will to court.

Grut. What thinks your grace of going to bed?

Pimp. I am too sober ; let the whole house be drunk first,

'Twill please us well to see the servants gambol ;
We purpose to be drunk ourselves in state too :
Let me have fifty strumpets.

Grut. Fifty trumpets !

Pimp. Strumpets, I say ; they'll make the greater noise.

Asca Your grace will be a Hercules.⁵

Pimp. I will, and thou shalt be captain of the pygmies under me. This room's too narrow, beat down the walls on both sides, advance your lights, and call the country in ; if there be a tailor amongst them he shall first take measure of my highness, for I must not longer walk in *querpo*.

Both. We attend your excellence. [Exeunt.

S C E N E. II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter JULIO and LUCIO.

Luc. I'm lost i' the wonder, Julio.

Jul. A strange turn

From that cold temper we imagin'd in
Her highness !

Luc. I have heard of charms and philters.

Jul. If travel have these glorious effects,
I'll abroad too.

Luc. He has a handsome person.

Jul. And discourses,—grant it.

Luc. Is master of a noble soul.

Jul. Soul ! nay,

Let that alone ; ladies do not look after
The soul so much, the body will serve their turn,
So it be nimble, and at their devotion.

If you observe, he is graced by all the ladies,

⁵ For this allusion, see *the Picture.* Massinger, vol. ii. p. 188.

As if he were their general minion ;
I do not like his sister's eyes upon him,
They whirl too much, and seem to shoot an envy
Upon the duchess' favours.

Luc. I am confident
Thou hast no murmur in thy thoughts against him.

Jul I but express my wonder,
In that I think the whole court had a share :
He knows I love him ; 'twill become his fear
How to secure Ursini.

Luc. He preferr'd him
First to her highness.

Jul. Not with expectation
To be supplanted. I make question,
If the humour hold, whether she may not marry him :
That's a round higher than her favourite
Had hope to climb.

Luc. Although I honour Borgia,
And wish him heartily advanced, I would
Not kneel to him ; my voice is for Ferrara,
He is a prince ; I would not for my state
This should break off his treaty.

Jul. Thy - - - - -

Luc. Come,
She cannot fall so low, the passion is
Too violent to last.—Who are these?

Enter Ursini and the duke of Ferrara.

Jul. The ambassador and Ursini: what's the matter?

I fear some discontent.

[They retire.]

Urs. My lord, let me

⁸ Jul. Thy - - - - -] Here occur two hopeless lines:
"Thy ambassador
"To his master, he is scarce minded."

"To his master, he is scarce minded.
Whether they were jumbled out of their place at the press, or
as it rather seems, are the fragments of the original text, it is
not now possible to decide.

Prevail so far ; I hope you imagine I
 Am firm to you ? I have more cause to be
 Impatient, my whole strength at court's concern'd :
 But have more noble thoughts than to suspect
 You can be slighted ; think 'tis but a dream ;
 In justice to your cause, and royal master,
 Put on no face of discontent, return,
 And see how things will close.

Duke. 'Tis an affront
 'bove satisfaction ; but the disgrace
 Reflects beyond my person.

Urs. Had she studied
 Honours to his ambition, it had
 Not wrong'd her prudence, to have shewn you more
 Respect.

Duke. But I was not considerable :
 The young gentleman had taken up her eyes,
 Her tongue, her feet, her understanding too ;
 I might have wither'd in my seat, no beam,
 No discourse that way, but that once she was
 pleas'd

To ask me how I lik'd the gallant's dancing ?
 I'll not disturb her revels.

Urs. Yet, my lord,
 Have so much fortitude, 'twill be a means,
 If you return, to make her find her error
 Unto your person. Were she not my princess,
 I should profess myself ashamed ; but come,
 Let me beseech you to go back, leave not
 The presence so : for your own honour, sir,
 Observe a little more ; I hope you shall not
 Repent my counsel.

Duke. I would you would excuse me,
 I shall but vex my eyes.

Urs. Expect a change.

Duke. You have power with me, my lord.

Urs. You honour me. [*Exeunt duke and Urs.*

Jul. What will become o' this ? what think you
 now ?

They do resent it ; and, for aught I hear,
Have little hope to mend it.

Luc. Can she be
In love so soon ? well, Borgia, if this
Hold, I'll applaud thy fate.
Jul. For after this
Allowance, he'll be duke of Urbin to-morrow.
Give thee joy, bully ! let me see ; if he
Turn prince, 'tis best for us [both to] turn beggars.

Luc. Beggars ?
Jul. Court beggars ; he'll deny us nothing.
Now for some witty knave to find out suits !
I must keep some in pension for that purpose,
They are profitable vermin.

Enter PISAURO.

His companion !

Pis. Save you, gentlemen ; what do you mean ?
Why stand you bare ?

Luc. In being Borgia's friend,
It will become us.

Jul. He knows no title yet,
But chief secretary to her highness ; what honours
Are in her breast laid up for him, we know not ;
He has a mounting fate, and in his, we
Pronounce you happy.

Pis. We shall all be princes
In time ; but, gentlemen, let's be more familiar,
We think so well of things : does he preserve
The duchess' smile, or does she use to make,
At some time o' the moon, sport with her subjects ?

Jul. You are wide all the heaven, ⁹ sir ; had you
come

A little sooner you had heard discourse,
To clear your doubt ; he's here himself.

[*Exeunt Jul. and Luc.*]

⁹ Jul. *You are wide all the heaven.*] A well-known latinism.

*Enter AURELIO.**Aur.* Pisauro !

What will become of us ? 'tis as thou say'st.

Pis. What, prithee ?*Aur.* The duchess is mad.*Pis.* How !*Aur.* Why,

She is is certainly in love ; shalt in, and see
 How I am us'd—and yet I now come forth
 To recover breath ; I have danced myself to a jelly :
 The ladies have no mercy ; but the duchess—

Pis. What, prithee ?

Aur. Is, as I told thee, mad ; I prithee counsel
 me ;

Although her grace be pleas'd to shew me favours,
 'Twere boldness to believe, and thank her.

Pis. How !

I hope thou art not mad.

Aur. I know not whether

The fit will last : I may hold some proportion
 With Cornelia, my supposed sister ; she,
 Poor wretch, does cast such speaking eyes upon me
 As she were jealous of the duchess too,
 And wrings me by the hand when I dance with her.

*Enter PIETRO.**Piet.* The duchess, sir, calls for you. [Exit.*Aur.* I attend.—

What were I best to do ?

Pis. Dost make['t] a question ?

Lose not the fortune that's presented in
 The duchess' love ; thy stars ordain'd thee for her ;
 I'll make a shift with Cornelia ; look high
 And prosper ; when thou'rt a duke—I say no more.

Aur. What shall we do with Pimponio ? that fool
 May betray all.

Pis. He is a prince before you.
I have made him sure, and swell'n him into a pride,
He shall not know you ; but of that hereafter.
Away, and please the duchess.

Enter Duchess, *Ladies*, Duke, and Ursini.

Aur. Your grace's pardon ?

Duch. 'Tis late ; good night, my lord ambassador.
[*Exeunt all but Duke and Ursini.*

Duke. 'Tis well I am bid good night yet ; all my
hopes

Vanish in mists ; what think you now, cousin ?

Urs. I know not what to think ; let me wait on
you

To your lodgings.

Duke. They join to the court.

Urs. 'Tis the less service.

Duke. To morrow morning, if I may be honour'd
With your presence, I'll impart a secret to you,
And be happy in your counsel.

Urs. I obey

Any commands.

Duke. For this time give me pardon ;
Good night, my lord. [Exit.

Urs. A happy night to your lordship.—

After so many years spent in the court,
Am I to learn the trick on't ! these are actions
Against my first rules ; I am ignorant
Of this new court philosophy : what should
The duchess mean, so prodigal of her graces
To one she scarce remembers, with such open
Neglect to th' duke's ambassador ? I was fearful
She would not use him kindly enough : were't not
Affection to his sister ties up my
Revenge, I'd drop it on his heart ; but I
Must work with art, and by a counter magic
Dissolve his spell, or form him to my purpose.—

Enter LAURA and MELINDA.

You have been waiting on the duchess, ladies?

Lau. She dismiss'd us.

Urs. With what circumstance?

Is she still pleasant?

Mel. Strangely altered

Since young Borgia took his leave, and melancholy:

Well, I suspect—

Urs. What, madam?

Mel. She'll scarce sleep

To night, for dreaming o' the gentleman.

Urs. He is gone then?

Lau. Yes, we saw his departure, my lord,
He kiss'd us both, but we put forward first;
He is the handsomest gentleman! do you think
He wears his own hair?

Mel. I was about to ask

Him once, but thought he was [too] modest,
And would have blush'd; I would I had his picture!

Urs. His substance, madam; but take heed, the
duchess

Must have no rival: how do you affect his talk?

Lau. That was not my part to observe; we did
divide

Our provinces, each lady took a member
To examine; when we have conferr'd our notes,
I'll tell you what the body of ladies think of him.

Mel. Nay, we'll take him in pieces ere we have
done.

Urs. And who shall set him together again? my
ladies,

I wait on you.

Lau. Your lordship will too much honour us.

Urs. 'Tis the way to my own lodging.

Mel. If it were not the way, my lord, your lord-
ship

Could not be destitute of a lodging at court.

Urs. Your charity would relieve me ; use my service.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Outside the Palace.

Enter Duke, and PIETRO with a light.

Duke. There is no such affliction to the soul
As that which should preserve it, love ; a passion
That with consent betrays our understanding,
And leaves man but a heap of flame and ruins.
I was safe till I had seen her, busy fame
Took but possession of my ear ; my own
Rashness and vanity engag'd my person
To see what was commended, and I suffer for't.—
Leave me.

Piet. 'Tis dark, my lord.

Duke. Thou liest, 'tis light,
And by these fires I see too much. Away !
I shall soon reach my lodgings, night and I
Shall agree well together. If my stay
Be long, remember that thou left[st] me under
The palace windows : leave to be officious,
And obey me. [*exit Piet.*]— Till this night she
gave me fair
Respect, and seem'd to allow the loving treaty :
I was dull not to uncloud me all this while ; —
The knowledge of my person had engaged her,
Beside my act of love, and so much confidence,
Past all retreat ; and yet she is a woman,
Whose nature is unsteady as the waves,
Upon which foolish man runs desperate,
To meet his ruin.¹

¹ *To meet his ruin.*] This is patched up from the old copy, which reads, "To me a ruin."

Enter AURELIO.

Aur. Fortune, thou smil'st too much, I shall suspect

Thy giddiness ; take eyes to thee, and see
To what a flattering height thou hast exalted
A credulous man.

Duke. What voice is that ? it had
A sound of melancholy ; darkness secure me
Aur. But why make I ridiculous application
To fortune ? Love is only active here ;
The tyrant Love, more blind than chance : I am
Full of distraction ; there's a labyrinth
Within, and more I tread, the more I am lost.
Betwixt the duchess and Cornelia
My soul divides : I must not be a fool,
And for the fable of [mere] amorous love
Leave state that courts me with a glorious title.
And yet Cornelia is free,² and looks
With all the charms of love upon her brow.
What will she do when she believes I am
No brother ?

Duke. 'Tis the newague, Borgia,
That shakes the court ; how confidently he talks
To himself ! a light strikes from the duchess' window,
And music ; I'll observe, the gallant may
Have some appointment. [Song above.]

After the song, CORNELIA appears at an upper window.

Aur. Alas, poor love-sick lady ! what if I
Attempted farther ? the excuse will fall
More easy on a stranger.—Lady, hist !

² And yet Cornelia is free.] The 4to. reads, " And yet Cornelia is fury." Free (frank) seems a very feeble substitute, but I can think of nothing better.

Cor. Who's that?

Aur. One that does wish the happiness
To see your face ; you have blest my ears already.

Cor. What are you?

Aur. My name is Borgia ; if you be
A fair one of the court, time is not old
Since I was a guest there.

Cor. 'Tis he ; I will

Not lose this opportunity.—Sir, your boldness
Speaks you a stranger, and in part excuses.
You are alone ?

Aur. I am.

Cor. I expect not

Upon so small acquaintance you should know,
My voice again ; I am the duchess, sir.

Aur. Your grace's humble creature ; may I hope
You'll pardon this attempt ?

Cor. Upon condition

You will forget the freedom of our nature,
And not grow insolent upon our favours
We were late pleas'd to shew you ; 'twas not love,
But mirth we meant our court, the wantonness
Of revelling nights ; which we upon retirement
Know how to check, and punish too, in men,
That dare licentiously apply to our
Dishonour. If your service in that place
Of secretary we have nam'd you for,
Be diligent and faithful, we repent not
That choice ; but on your life feed no ambition
Higher, it will be a degree next treason
To us, and the honour of Ferrara's duke,
With whom, because you are our secretary,
We let you know our thoughts are fix'd to marry.

Duke. What blessing hath my ear took in ? she is
Resolv'd to my desires.

Cor. Are you gone, sir ?

Sleep wisely if you can, we shall expect
Your attendance in the morning ; but no thought,
On forfeit of your life, beyond what's duty.

Duke. I have enough ; to morrow I resolve
To be myself, and with a state becoming
Ferrara's duke, challenge this happiness.—
Forgive, dear princess, I suspected thee. [Exit.]

Enter Duchess, above.

Cor. The duchess ! she'll spoil all. [Aside.]

Duch. I heard your voice more loud than usual ;
Whom spake you to ?

Cor. Here's no body, an please your grace.

Duch. You held some dialogue at the window,
then ;

I'll know.

Cor. My brother Borgia, madam.

Duch. Borgia ! leave us.

Cor. I hope he's gone. [Exit.]

Aur. I must confess you are my princess, madam,
To whose least command I owe my blood and fortune.

Duch. He speaks to me ; how does he know I
am here ?

Aur. And do not think I can be lost so much
In duty to interpret there was any thing
In me, that could deserve more than your pastime ;
And let me fall and die beneath your anger,
When I transgress so far as to forget
My humble fate, which only can be blest
With my obedience to you : I had not
One saucy application of your favours ;
My heart shall bleed to death ere it shall find
One thought of so much impudence.

Duch. How's this ?

Surely Cornelia^{*} has usurped my name,
And frighten'd him : what should make her officious ?
He is her brother, I must hear no more
Of this. [aside.]—You are mistaken all this while ;
I am Cornelia, your sister.

* Surely *Cornelia*, &c.] The old copy reads, " Since *Cornelia*," &c.

Aur. Is the duchess gone?

Duch. You well distinguish voices; yes, she's gone.

Aur. My joy of soul, dearest Cornelia!—
'Tis she that I must trust to.

Duch. Is't e'en so?— [Aside.]

Dear brother, leaving all your studied compliments,
I do not like your dilatory reasons
To Ursini; I may hear you as a brother,
But must not trouble you to choose my husband:
It is the duchess' pleasure I should marry
Ursini, an advancement more than I
Can hope from your election of a stranger.
And set your heart at rest; howe'er I seem'd
Inclining, destiny is not more fix'd,
Than the affection I owe Ursini;
Him I resolve to marry, and before
The next day's light is wasted.

Aur. I am undone
O' both sides! [aside.]—Hear me yet but speak.

Duch. What would you say, brother?

Aur. I am not thy brother.

Duch. How! not Borgia?

Aur. Not Borgia; the whole town is mistaken,
My name is Aurelio Andreozzi.
I was born in Milan, with my friend design'd
To see some service in the German wars;
At the first sight I must confess I lov'd thee:
To enjoy thy conversation more freely,
I was content to seem what men would call me.

Duch. You tell me wonders.

Aur. I can give thee proof,
But to no purpose now; and tell thee too
Enough to make thee think I may be worthy;—
But since 'tis so, I am glad you have discover'd
Your resolution so soon. Good night to you!
I'll make no noise to morrow, when I take
My journey.

Duke. I have enough; to morrow I resolve
To be myself, and with a state becoming
Ferrara's duke, challenge this happiness.—
Forgive, dear princess, I suspected thee. [Exit.]

Enter Duchess, above.

Cor. The duchess! she'll spoil all. [Aside.]

Duch. I heard your voice more loud than usual;
Whom spake you to?

Cor. Here's no body, an please your grace.

Duch. You held some dialogue at the window,
then;

I'll know.

Cor. My brother Borgia, madam.

Duch. Borgia! leave us.

Cor. I hope he's gone. [Exit.]

Aur. I must confess you are my princess, madam,

To whose least command I owe my blood and fortune.

Duch. He speaks to me; how does he know I
am here?

Aur. And do not think I can be lost so much
In duty to interpret there was any thing
In me, that could deserve more than your pastime;
And let me fall and die beneath your anger,
When I transgress so far as to forget
My humble fate, which only can be blest
With my obedience to you: I had not
One saucy application of your favours;
My heart shall bleed to death ere it shall find
One thought of so much impudence.

Duch. How's this?

Surely Cornelia¹ has usurped my name,
And frighten'd him: what should make her officious?
He is her brother, I must hear no more
Of this. [aside.]—You are mistaken all this while;
I am Cornelia, your sister.

¹ Surely *Cornelia*, &c.] The old copy reads, "Since *Cornelia*," &c.

Aur. Is the duchess gone?

Duch. You well distinguish voices; yes, she's gone.

Aur. My joy of soul, dearest Cornelia!—
'Tis she that I must trust to.

Duch. Is't e'en so?— [Aside.]
Dear brother, leaving all your studied compliments,
I do not like your dilatory reasons
To Ursini; I may hear you as a brother,
But must not trouble you to choose my husband:
It is the duchess' pleasure I should marry
Ursini, an advancement more than I
Can hope from your election of a stranger.
And set your heart at rest; howe'er I seem'd
Inclining, destiny is not more fix'd,
Than the affection I owe Ursini;
Him I resolve to marry, and before
The next day's light is wasted.

{ *Aur.* I am undone

O' both sides! [aside.]—Hear me yet but speak.

Duch. What would you say, brother?

* *Aur.* I am not thy brother.

Duch. How! not Borgia?

Aur. Not Borgia; the whole town is mistaken,
My name is Aurelio Andreozzi.
I was born in Milan, with my friend design'd
To see some service in the German wars;
At the first sight I must confess I lov'd thee:
To enjoy thy conversation more freely,
I was content to seem what men would call me.

Duch. You tell me wonders.

Aur. I can give thee proof,
But to no purpose now; and tell thee too
Enough to make thee think I may be worthy;—
But since 'tis so, I am glad you have discover'd
Your resolution so soon. Good night to you!
I'll make no noise to morrow, when I take
My journey.

Duch. Stay.—He must not be so lost ;
 This is a strange discovery. [*aside.*]—If you can
 Bring testimony that you are not Borgia,
 You shall not, sir, repent your coming hither ;
 Nor yet despair of any noble ways
 That may reward your good opinion.
 'Tis late ; a lover's dream charm all your senses,
 And waking find your wishes ! If you please,
 Until I ask a further satisfaction,
 Be still conceal'd. [Exit.]

Aur. There may be hope. Although
 My first love, I confess, reflect on this,
 The duchess yet had not been much amiss [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Inn

Enter GRUTTI, and ASCANIO in a Switzer's habit.

Grut. Why, I shall hardly take thee for my own natural child.

Asc. Let me alone with my don ; if I^d do not fit him, let me never find the way into my own breeches again. I would be loath to die in a wrong case, and be mistaken in another world. Is the music ready, and the wine, father ? can the fellows do their dance handsomely, instead of a masque, to entertain his highness ? I am sorry my legs are out of tune, I have a great mind to be capering.

Grut. My own wit, my own natural wit, to a hair !

Asc. Not too much hair of your own, and wit together, father ; 'tis not the fashion. Do you hear ? whatsoever I say, be you drunk time enough to justify it ; the bills shall be discharged without scrupulous examination : souse [him] in wine and

give him sea room ; if his head leak we will pump his breeches, he shall not sink with all his ballast, I warrant him.

Grut. A witty crack, and my own boy still.

Asc. Your own boy ? take heed what you say, lest you be driven to justify it : you have no mind to wake my mother from her grave, 'tis enough I ask your blessing. I do long to be metamorphosed, and pursue his princely humour out of breath.—
[music within.]—Music ! 'tis well, his grace is upon entrance.

Grut. Dispatch, boy.

Asc. I know my cue to enter.

[Exit.]

Enter PIMPONIO, dressed like a Spanish don, and Servants.

Pimp And how, and how do things become ? We were in clouds but now.

Grut. Your highness is broken out.

Pimp. Broken out ! where ?

Grut. Out of the clouds, an please you.

¶ *Pimp.* There is no infidel among you then ; you all believe I am a prince. Do you hear ? at all adventures let it go no further ; there are no traitors, I hope, amongst you ?

Grut. Traitors ! we will cut off any man's neck that dares but think so.

Pimp. Do, and I will justify it ; hang necks among friends. Although I am pleas'd to reveal the majesty of my person to you, it is not fit every one should know so much ; you are strangers, and therefore I dare trust you ; but the duchess must not hear on't, upon your lives. She and I must be better acquainted ; when I see my time, I'll tell you : the toy may take me i' the head to look like a fool again ; it may ; greatness is given to humours, and giddiness will run in a blood : if it do, do not know me.

Grut. For what?

Pimp. For any other than I seem?

Grut. Not a fool?

Pimp. Thou art an ass; a prince may play the fool within his own dominions, or any other, provided they be of his own allies and confederates; I know where I am:—but we are not merry; reach me a chair and a bottle of wine, every one take his charge.

Grut. Will not your highness have the dance first?

Pimp. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunk.

1 *Serv.* We do not observe men of your nation to be so jovial.

Pimp. Not subjects, I grant you that; but we have privilege. Music, and give fire at once. Sound a health! [*music within. Pimp. drinks.*]—So; but methinks it were necessary there were some difference in our drinkings; all are not princes; reach me a bigger bottle, I will preserve my state, this is a princely draught. Sound a health! [*music; drinks again.*]—So!—

We drink alone; why have we not a concubine?

2 *Serv.* Brave prince, with what a majesty he drinks!

Pimp. Now let 'em brisk the dance you have prepar'd;

I am ready to accept it. {*Exit Grut.*

The Dance, which ended, re-enter GRUTTI.

Grut. An it shall please your grace, there is a High German desires to speak with you.

1 *Serv.* The High German that was at court? he's a man of mighty parts, and known to all the princes in Christendom; what comes he for?

Grut. I fear you are betray'd, sir, and that the duchess has sent for you.

Pimp. For me! I will not come yet.

2 Serv. Do not affront him, sir, for your own sake ; this High German has beaten all the fencers in Europe.

Pimp. Let him beat all the world, what's that to me ? shall he make a prize of me ?

Grut. But if he come ambassador from the duchess—

Pimp. That's another matter ; give me the t'other bottle.—Now let all the cantons of Swiss come.

Re-enter ASCANIO, in a Switzer's habit.

Which is the High German ? let me see him.

Grut. That, sir.

Pimp. He's one of the lowest High Germans that ever I look'd upon.

Asc. I kiss thy highness' hand.

Pimp. And we embrace [thy] lowness. Do you hear, sir ? are you a High German ?

Asc. I was so at the beginning of the wars ; What we are beaten to you may discern.²

Pimp. Are you beaten to that ? you'll be a very little nation an the wars continue.

Asc. I have a message to deliver you. The fair duchess of Urbin, whom I wait on, Hearing a person of your blood and quality So meanly lodg'd, by me desires you would Accept an entertainment in her court.

Pimp. We give the duchess thanks ; How knew she I was here ?

Asc. It was impossible
You should stay undiscover'd many hours.

² *What we are beaten to, &c.]* This alludes to the victories of Gustavus Adolphus over the Imperialists. It may be just necessary to mention here, that the dramas of this period make frequent mention of a High German (a huge animal) about the town, who seems to have been "a master of fence," or common challenger.

Princes have strange intelligence, and you may
 As soon tie up the sun-beams in a net
 As keep yourself unknown ; for my own part,
 I am honour'd in the embassy, and shall
 Be proud to write myself your pensioner,
 As I am to all the royal blood in Christendom.

Pimp. O, pensioner ! 'tis the least honour we intend thee.—I am a natural prince, as sure as I live. [*aside.*]—Here, wear this gold ; there's more to drink our health. [*gives him money.*]—We are pleas'd no man be sober at our return, as he will answer it ; you may be all my subjects ; if I marry the duchess, I'll hang you all.

All. How ?

Pimp. In chains of preferment ; drink, I say, and drink to purpose. What will become of me now ? Stay, a word with you, High German ; what will the duchess do with me, do you think ?

Asc. 'Twere sin to say she'll honour you, for you Are above all addition but her love ; Your wit, your blood, your person !—Do not lose The opportunity ;—yet I prophesy You will be affronted.

Pimp. No matter, I have been affronted a hundred times ; but by whom ?

Asc. Questionless by some great ones— And perhaps beaten.

Pimp. I have been beaten too upon good occasion, and will again, to save my honour ; beaten ? I can take the strappado,—beside, in this part I am insensible ; a kick is cast away.

Asc. If you be valiant and endure, it will Engage her love the more, [sir ;] but I know Your breeding will afford you impudence To overcome their envies, and secure This dukedom to yourself ; go on [,sir,] boldly, My counsel shall attend.

Pimp. I will go on, and fear no beating. Well,

I cannot knight thee yet,—prove but a witch,
I'll make thee one of my privy counsellors. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter MERCUTIO, JULIO, and LUCIO.

Mer. No more, my duty will not let me hear it.

Luc. How, not your duty, sir?

Jul. You are not angry?

Mer. You are his friends, I should not else be
pleas'd.

Luc. We have said nothing to afflict you thus,
We did expect this would have made you merry.

Jul. A son's preferment was not wont to be
Such discord to a father, a loving father,
For so we took your constitution.

Luc. Preferment? 'tis too poor a word.

Mer. You were best tell me too he may be duke.

Jul. He is i' the road, I know not how he'll
miss it.

Mer. This is three-quarters treason; though I
love

My son, I must not cherish this ambition.

Jul. But it will be more than three-quarters
treason

If you presume to check the duchess' pleasure,
And murmur thus if she resolve to marry,

And make your son a duke; you'll not turn rebel?

Mer. Defend, allegiance! Gentlemen, mistake
not,

Although I love my son, I'll not be guilty
Of any thought to cross her; but I should
Be sorry he should cast away himself.

Jul. How do you mean?

Mer. As men do use when they
Do hang or drown themselves.

Luc. Have you sense,
And talk thus wildly?

Mer. Yes, and understand
The riddles you have told me.

Luc. Do you count
Your son lost by the duchess loving him?

Mer. Go find your wits again, and use 'em better.
Can you be so ridiculous to think,
So wise, so modest, so religious
A lady can forget her state and honour,
To place affection on my son?

Jul. There have
Been precedents to make it seem no wonder.

Mer. She had better ta'en his head off, there had
ended
My cares :—
The boy['ll] run mad; and what can follow, think ye?
Go to, I'll to her highness presently.

Jul. What to do?

Mer. To pray her leave him to a natural death,
And choose some other to undo with pride
Of her large favours ; gentlemen, examine
But yourselves, could either of you two promise
To keep your wits, if such a grace were offer'd
To you? would it not tempt you to be mad,
To think of being a duke? speak honestly,
Is't fit indeed you should be less than mad?
There be some men i' the world have lost their
senses
When they but chew'd the cud of a bare lordship;
I have known a knighthood has turn'd some men's
wits,
The very noise o' the spurs ; then do not blame me
If I desire my son sober and sensible.
And, now I think on't, I'll first seek him out. [*Exit.*

Enter LAURA and MELINDA.

Luc. I think the old man's mad indeed.—³
Dear madam Laura.

Lau. Sweet, sir, I cannot stay. [Exit.

Luc. Then I can walk and wait on you. [Exit.

Jul. You have the same haste too ;
Thou art a piece of the duchess' cabinet,
I must hear some news.

Mel. Alas, the court is barren.

Jul. I know a trick to make thee fruitful yet ;
Nay, I can mend my pace, lady, an you put me
to't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter CORNELIO and PISAURO.

Cor. Good sir, the reason why you wonder at me,
Above all other women ? what in me
Appears so full of prodigy ?

Pis. I'll tell you,
You're young and handsome.

Cor. Should I grant I were,
This were no miracle.

Pis. With all this youth
And handsomeness you are a maid, and live
At court too ; this, I hope, 's not ordinary.

Cor. What wonder will your fancy create next ?

Pis. You're sound too, or your physnomy de-
ceives me.

Cor. The privilege of my brother's friend must not
Engage me to a mockery.

³ *Luc.* I think the old man's mad] Lucio does not understand him. The waspish vanity, and perverse exultation of the old man are, in truth, very skilfully and humorously pourtrayed.

Pis. I was
 About to say you're patient too ; I see
 Something would make you angry : but return
 To your first temper, and I'll soon acquaint you
 With all my purpose, lady ; to all these
 Commendations, which meet not in all women,
 You have birth and fortune, and the favour of
 The duchess.

Cor. All these carry no such wonder,
 If I have understanding.

Pis. No, no, you
 Are all the wonder, madam ; that, with these
 Advantages on your side, to draw men's
 Affections, yet, as you despair'd to have^{*}
 A husband, (to the discredit of your sex,
 Who article at twelve to be dissemlers,)
 You are in love.

Cor. In love ! is that a sin ?

Pis. Nay, nay, you court a gentleman with eyes
 That are not lawful.

Cor. How, sir ? be not rude.

Pis. I can say more.

Cor. Is it your mirth or madness ?

Pis. No, no, [tis] you are mad, [nay,] worse,
 I'll prove it :
 You doat upon your brother ; come, 'tis impious.
 Purge, purge betime, your blood is foul ; I'm plain :
 There's some on't in your face now, that would
 blush.

I see thorough your hearts :—a little more
 Had spoil'd him quite, he had forgot all laws
 Of nature and religion, and been fond,
 To both your shames ; a brother and a sister
 Tempt one another ! good heaven, where is con-
 science

————— as you despair'd to have, &c.] i. e. as though you
 despaired, &c. The 4to. reads *despair*, and is singularly con-
 fused.

And modesty become ? preserve yourself ;
 You have a good name, keep it, and drink julaps,
 You'll find the benefit in your veins.

Cor. You have
 Been very bold upon my constitution.

Pis. I know it better than your doctor ; come,
 Do not deny it, I make no proclamation ;
 What is't to me, more than my christian care
 You should not hurt your souls ? He is my friend,
 Betray him not ; 'tis no good sister's part,
 I can assure you ; if you be not dull
 Or blind with giddy passion, you may see
 Another star shoot influence upon him.
 Be wise, and envy not the duchess' favours ;
 Your vessel may be rigg'd, and trimm'd, and
 launch'd
 Into a calmer sea, and return fraught
 With lawful prize hereafter.—I have stirr'd her,
 But must not be too hasty. [Aside.]

Cor. I shall shew
 Myself too full of guilt. [Aside.]

Pis. You are troubled at it,
 A sign of grace : howe'er you think of me
 Now in the heat of counsel, I'm your friend, stare.
 You'll find it so ; I kiss your hand ; farewell.
 Do you hear ? but two words more ; if you do find,
 As being acquainted best with your own body,
 No disposition to hold out longer,
 I have that will cure you, and I'll justify't
 Before the college.—
 Take me, do you mark ? that does it ; I kiss your hand.
 Again farewell, and have a conscience,
 I'll tell you more next time :—this way may work.
[Aside, and exit.]

Cor. This gentleman's discourse, though some-
 what wild,
 And without method, shakes me. I am lost,
 If I obey I know not what within me
 [That] prompts me to a love so irreligious.—

He is my brother ; holy thoughts possess me,
And when a furious passion seeks to invade
My will, destroy it, heaven !—He's here ; I dare

Enter Duchess and AURELIO.

Not stay to tempt my frailty ; let them move
With joy, I am not in my sphere of love. [Exit.

Duch. But tell me, signior,—nay, we are pleas'd
You should be free,—upon what confidence,
Knowing your guilt, and danger to reward it,*
Durst you return to Urbin ?

Aur. I was more fortunate
Than I have reason for ; and yet my country
And friends were precious, madam, nor could life
In such a wilderness abroad, where none
Durst own me, be a benefit : there was
A blessing in my fate to meet your mercy,
That gave me boldness.

Duch. Cunningly dissembled.— [Aside.
You met no lady, then, in all your travel—
I mean none [,sir,] whom you call'd mistress, with
Her loving magic to lay charms upon you,
And force your stay ?

Aur. None, madam ; I was not
Worth any lady's thought, none were so lost
To their own judgments to imagine me
More than a walking shadow ; or if any
Had cherish'd better thought of me, a stranger,
They quickly found they had not placed it right
On so much barrenness, which left their charity
To pay itself.

Duch. You do not promise such
A hard and horrid composition,
But love may find a shift to enter more
Than skin deep in your bosom ; but perhaps

* Knowing your guilt, and danger to reward it,] If this means, as I suppose it does, “the hazard you run of being rewarded (punished) for it,” the author cannot be complimented on the perspicuity of his language.

You left your heart at home, and could not then
 Dispense with new engagements : it was so,
 And for her sake you willingly forgot
 Your danger, to return ;—nay, be not troubled,
 Confession will not injure you, I like
 You should prefer the beauties of your country.

Aur. It cannot be thought flattery, if I
 Acknowledge with the narrowest observation
 My eyes could take, no place hath been more
 fruitful

In beauty than your own ; and it doth hold
 Proportion with your excellence, all should
 Be fair, and imitate your first example.

Duch. I see you can be, when you list, a courtier ;
 But this confirms your love is planted here :
 And since we are fall'n by accident upon
 This subject, we'll pursue't a little further.
 Come, I must know your mistress ; do not doubt
 I shall disturb the progress of your loves.

Aur. What answer shall I frame ? things are
 not ripe
 Yet for discovery. [*aside.*]—So please your high-
 ness—

Duch. You would be modest, and excuse ; be
 wiser,
 And apprehend my meaning to advance
 Your wishes ; 'tis within my power to effect
 As much as your ambition can aim at.
 Who is it ? if her heart be stubborn, we
 Can make it soft ; if great above your fortune,
 We can raise you to her equality,
 Or bring her down to your level : since we have
 promis'd,
 In hope not to repent, either declare
 The mistress of your thoughts, and find them
 prosper,—
 We are not us'd to express such bounteous lan-
 guage ;
 But be she [the] proudest, greatest in our duchy,

Without all limitation, she shall carry
 No birth or state here, to despise the service
 You fairly mean her : if we fail in this,
 We will not think our strength worth the pre-
 serving.

Aur. If I have any wit— *Off.*

Re-enter CORNELIA. *Enter.*

Cor. Madam, the duke.

Duch. What duke ?

Cor. The duke of Ferrara, with a glorious train,
 Is come to court, and as the loud voice is
 Given out, by himself to claim you for his wife ;
 For which he has your promise.

Duch. How ! our promise ?

Can princes be so insolent ? beshrew
 His haste !—but we shall lose much of our honour
 To give no ceremony to his person.
 Howe'er our thoughts point, we will entertain him,
 And dress our face in smiles. *[Aside.]*

Cor. His looks renew
 My sufferings ; I have not power to manage
 My wild affection, my heart will not
 Be denied, but by a secret destiny—*[goes up to .*

Aurelio.]—Brother—

Duch. Ha, Cornelia,
 I hope you are not courting Borgia ?
 He is your brother ; know your place within
 Our train. *[Exit, followed by Cor.]*

Aur. She's jealous, jealous ! Stars, I thank you.
 'Tis clear as light she does affect me now :
 Did she not put me to't to name my mistress,
 Yet in a shadow pointed at herself ?

Be she the proudest, greatest in our duchy,
Without all limitation ; I mark'd that,
And had my sense—if great above your fortune,
We can raise you to her equality :
 Fine morals ! poor Cornelia loves me too,

But I must give her no encouragement :
Her grace is much the better woman.—Ha !

[Loud music.

Duke of Ferrara, Duchess, URSINI, JULIO, LUCIO,
PIETRO, and Ladies, pass over the stage.

She appear'd discontent when first Cornelia
Brought her the news, yet they march lovingly
Together ; but that ceremony must
Be allow'd at court, where shift of face and tongue
Is wisely to be practis'd —My good lord.

Re-enter URSINI, talking to PIETRO.

Urs. Your servant, Borgia.—
'Tis her grace's pleasure every gentleman
That has relation to the duke, taste all
The bounties of her court. [to Piet.

Aur. How's this?

Urs. None dare
To affront a groom, on forfeit of his place :
Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open.

Piet. I shall signify
These her commands.

Urs. And they that of her own
Court are ambitious to express their duties,
Let it appear in keeping this day solemn
To wine and mirth, that every brow may speak
A joy and welcome to the duke.

Piet. I shall. [Exit.

Aur. Here's like to be a triumph!—With your
lordship's

Pardon, was that the duke of Ferrara ?

Urs. Yes ;
Of Urbin shortly, when their marriage ^{was made}
Is perfect : every subject's heart prays for it ;
And sent their acclamations to heaven
To see her highness lovingly salute him.
He's a brave prince.

Aur. A good round gentleman : he
Did not fly hither ; I heard talk of an
Ambassador.

Urs. A cloud for his own person
Till his affairs came to maturity ;
He stood conceal'd to the duchess, but last night
He gain'd her princely word to marry him,
And is this morning bright in his own glories.

Aur. Last night ? what - when ?

Urs. I'll build my faith upon his honour,
Fast as a contract.

Aur. To what painted paradise
Would she have led me ? would I had my sister
now ! [Aside.]

Urs. With this joy
I had forgot my own, Borgia ; brother,
Let not the sound be unwelcome, 'tis the duchess's
Pleasure to honour her unworthy creature,
Ursini, by appointment of our marriage
To wait on her's.

Aur. What marriage ?

Urs. With your sister ;
I'll not suspect your love, since fair **Cornelia**
Is not displeas'd to be directed by
Her highness, and be confident my love
Shall make the memory of it welcome to you :
You will excuse me if I take my leave,
These hours are full of business, and I have
Many commands upon me. [Exit.]

Aur. In good time !

I am in a good state again ; I was an ass
To think the duchess meant me any thing
But mockery ; she told me so before,
To make more sport : I have lost my sister too,
She's for Ursini's carving ; I could curse
Myself to Milan, but 'tis not impossible
I may retrieve **Cornelia**, by giving her
A timely satisfaction, I am not
Her brother **Borgia**.—

There's all the hope is left, I shall be loth
To hunt two hares, and after lose them both. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MERCUTIO and AURELIO, at opposite doors.

Mer. Son, you're well met.

Aur. Your pleasure, sir?

Mer. No great pleasure; I am almost hoarse with
Enquiring for you: I must ask you a question,—
First let me examine your countenance.

Aur. Your meaning, sir?

Mer. I have no skill in metoposcopy;
Do you know me?

Aur. I am not discover'd sure?

What crotchet's this? [*Aside.*

Mer. He's proud, he will not know me:
'Tis so, he's lost, he is undone.—Nay, nay,
It will become me to stand bare to you, sir,
And teach my hams the officious cringe: be cover'd.

Aur. I know not how to interpret, sir, your lan-
guage;
Yet I would hope you mock me not; although
It was the duchess' pleasure to create
Mirth from this barren hope, and counterfeit
Favours to try my duty, join not you
With others to enlarge my scorn; I am not
So tame of soul, but I have sense of all
Their jeers.

Mer. Their jeers? whom do you point upon?

Aur. I dare not name the duchess; I am all
Obedience to her person, yet she might
Have placed her giddy humour somewhere else;
It swells not me with expectation,
I was not made for state.

Mer. Do not you then
Think to be duke ?

Aur. Should any but yourself
Name such a title to me, I should answer
His question with a frown, and something else
To wait upon't, though I engag'd my life
To a fresh danger ; but I am instructed
By nature and religion to be calm
At what you say.

Mer. On this condition
I'll give thee leave to beat me ; 'twas my fear
Thou hadst an easy faith, and wert transported
Indeed out of thy wits ; but since I see
Thou art not mad, I will commend a wife
To thee.

Aur. To me ? I thank you, sir ; not yet,
I shall be mad indeed then ; I will marry
None but my sister, take my word.

Mer. Thy sister ?

Aur. I cannot rail upon the duchess safely ;
A wife !—my mother's dead.

Mer. Thoud'st not have her ?

Aur. I think you would not have her out of heaven,
'Twere little charity ;—an the whole sex
Were in a dead sleep, were't not sin to wake 'em ?
A wife !—I'll seek my sister.

Mer. Stay, and take
My keys ; this opens to my gold, go home
And take out ten bags.

Aur. What to do, sir ?

Mer. To spend 'em, all's thine own ; leave some-
thing for

Cornelia, because perhaps she'll marry,
And I am satisfied : [a] prudent boy,
How am I bound to heaven that he's not proud,
Nor taken in the subtle toils of women !
He'll never marry ; how shall I consume
My estate ? Dost hear ? a little portion
Will serve Ursini with thy sister.

Aur. Must
He marry her?

Mer. Ay, let him ; we shall please
The duchess too ; and when she is dispos'd [of,]
The rest is our's to revel with.

Aur. I'll think on't.

[*Exit.*]

Enter JULIO and LUCIO.

Mer. Did you not meet my son ?

Jul. Yes, somewhat melancholy.

Mer. You are deceiv'd, he's choleric ; and let
Me advise you, gentlemen, although I know
He loves you, do not mock him : he's no fool,
No bladder to be swell'n with breath of praise,
And ladies' jigs ; he is sensible, he is,
And will not be the hateful stock of pastime
To grooms and pages.

Luc. What do you mean, my lord ?

Mer. Call him not duke, I counsel you.

Jul. We do not.

Mer. Nor do not think it possible it may be.

Luc. Have patience, and we do not ; we have
alter'd

Our opinions, and are clear of your side now.

Jul. As the wheels move we do think nothing less ;
Your son shall not be duke, there is no fear on't
Whilst Ferrara lives.

Mer. He shall not !

Jul. So we say ; sleep quietly.

Mer. ***He shall not ;*** very peremptory !

You are no oracles. Would I were duchess
For half an hour, he should be duke, do you hear
now ?

No matter who repented :—I thought you
Had been his friends. ***He shall not be a duke ?***
Howe'er I thought on't, it becomes not you
To circumscribe his fortune ; he can number
Descents of noble blood, and had his breeding ;
Has none of the worst faces, heads, nor hearts,

Howe'er you value him, and discharge your bolts
At random thus ; *he shall not !*

Luc. Hear us, sir.

Mer. *He shall not be a duke !* [Exit.

Luc. Did not I say he was mad ?

Jul. That was dissembled,

He has cause now ; to see a turn i' the stream,
And Ferrara only hopeful with the duchess !

Enter PISAURO, and ASCANIO dressed as before.

What thing is that ?

Pis. Is he so confident ?

Asc. He will lay about like a prince ; do you think
We may present him safely ? if you say
The word, I'll wind him up to an emperor.

Pis. Keep thy shape boy, we will not lose the
sport,
And happily I will acquaint these gentlemen.

Asc. If I
Should be whipp'd heartily for my conceit,
The little High German would not take it kindly ;
It may be the court largess : but no matter,
I have some gold, and dare venture the last,
At any time, for coin of this complexion.

Luc. Are you in earnest ?

Jul. 'Twill be excellent,
And please her highness ; she has commanded
All liberty of mirth, I'll undertake
To prepare her.

Pis. About it then. I'll have
My part i' the interlude. Lose no time, boy,
Thou shalt be prince of Pigmyland for this.—
The duchess ! I'll withdraw.

Enter Duchess, duke of Ferrara, URSINI, AURELIO, CORNELIA, Courtiers, and Ladies.

Duch. My lord, you make me wonder ; challenge me

Of promises ? though I acknowledge it,
 No act that could reflect with a dishonour
 Upon our person, yet we must not be
 So jested into marriage : you are a prince
 Of an unquestion'd merit, take not these
 Imaginary ways to advance your hopes
 In us ; we are yet free as you, my lord,
 And shall not in a dream give up ourself.
 Were we dispos'd to marry or contract
 Ourselves, the day shall witness it without
 A blush ; let guilty souls call night to cover
 Their promises, we are innocent.

Duke. Good madam,
 Render me not so lost to my own senses,
 To the honour of a prince, basely to coin
 A language for my purpose ; though you may
 Repent the last night's freedom, and correct
 Your judgment of me, make me not so miserable
 To let the court think I invented this,
 As destitute of nobler ways to move you.
 But I presume this is to try my patience,
 And make my joys at last more precious
 By this delay ; I know you are all virtue,
 And cannot stain yourself by a denial
 Of any syllable you speak.

Duch. With pardon
 Of your grace, I shall laugh if you persist thus :
 You had a pleasant dream ;—but lovers [’ hopes]
 Are flatter'd in their sleep ; I speak to you.

Duke. Then, madam, I take leave to tell you
 ’tis not
 Done like a princess of that character
 We have receiv'd ; and if I had no witness,
 I see what mirth we are prepar'd for.

Duch. Witness ?
 There is too much at stake, my lord, already,
 To rack this argument ; for your own fame,
 Proceed not to enlarge it, we would rather
 Confess some guilt against ourself, than let

Your honour be expos'd to such strait censure
 For loving us : yet, if you would be silent
 In this, we shall be proud, in other things,
 To have denied you nothing, and be ashamed
 You took our court so unprepar'd to honour you.

Duke. Was ever such a mockery ? I see
 I must produce more testimony.— You, sir,
 Can justify, if you please, I have affirm'd
 Nothing but truth : although my willing ear
 Catch'd up the voice, she spake it to you, signior.

Aur. What, my good lord ?

Duke. That she resolv'd to marry us.

Aur. Your excellency
 Must pardon me ; I heard her highness speak
 No language to that purpose.

Duch. We honour
 You, Borgia, for acquitting us.

Cor. 'Tis truth (A. S. A. 1)
 Her highness never spake so ; but I did,
 Whom [he] supposed the duchess ; and this must
 [Have] found[ed] hope in him, to be so [positive.]¹

Duke. It seems you have concluded, madam, I
 Must be the general mirth.

Duch. I find Cornelia's

¹ Whom [he] supposed the duchess ; and this must
 [Have] found[ed] hope in him, to be so [positive.] The old
 copy reads,

“ Whom supposd the dutchesse and this must
 Sound hope in him to be so negative ; ”

Which, to me, is unintelligible. The text is not given as genuine, but as an attempt to elicit something like a meaning from a desperate passage. If the reader wishes to have it at less expense of words, he may read,

————— and this must
Found hope in him, &c. or,

————— and this *nurs'd*
 Sound hope in him, to be so [positive]—

i. e. encouraged him, so as to make him positive in his assertion, &c. None but those who have examined it, can form the least idea of the wretched state of the original.

Cunning in this, and must apply some complement
For our own honour.—Good my lord, your privacy.

[Walks aside with the duke.

Aur. Howe'er her grace be a little impudent,
I had been mad to justify the duke
In such a cause ; she has no mind to marry him,
And perhaps talk'd to me last night to try
My strength of wit : women are subtle creatures.
No matter though Ursini court my sister,
My ambition's fair o' t'other side again.

[Aside, and exit.

Enter JULIO and LUCIO, and whisper with the Duchess.

Urs. 'Tis strange the duchess should so mistake.

Cor. Upon
My conscience he heard the words.²

Urs. Yet she denies.

Cor. I must believe her too.

Urs. You speak a riddle, madam.

Duch. [coming forward.]—Will you, my lord,
Admit of so much mirth.

Duke. You shall command me.

Duch. Admit 'em then ; the rest I'll clear hereafter
To your satisfaction.

*Enter ASCANIO disguised as before, PIMPONIO as a
Spanish don, and PISAURO.*

Pis. Do you hear ? what prince do you mean to
call yourself?

Pimp. Why, any prince in Spain.

Pis. No, I'll advise you,
You shall be an Italian prince in Spanish habit,
Now I think better on't ; 'tis quaint, and will
Be grateful for the witty novelty :
Every common prince goes in his country's fashion,
Such as you are not ordinary ; be bold.

* ————— he heard the words.] The 4to. reads "she heard ;"
and just below, Remit for Admit.

Aur. Why didst bring him hither?

Pis. Peace, I may do you a courtesy ;
Keep your own counsel and be ignorant
Of this strange creature.—Say you are—
The duke of [Ferrara,] thus disguis'd for reasons
Known to yourself.

Pimp. Duke of [Ferrara !] let me alone.

Pis. And be not beaten out of't.

Pimp. I will not ; let the High German first pre-
sent me in a speech. Is that the duchess ?—So, so.

Asc. I warrant you.

Pimp. My master or his ghost ?

Pis. You will not be a fool and lose yourself,
And heaven knows what ! Scorn to take notice of
him ;

Remember who you are.

Pimp. Umph, umph. Stand by, fellow.

[To *Aur.* who goes out.]

Asc. Duchess of Urbin, never was your court
Graced with the presence of so brave a prince
As this, the darling and delight of christendom.

Duch. He seems no less.

Urs. What pageants have we got ?

Asc. And cozen not yourselves ; he is no Spa-
niard,
But of Italia's sprightly breed ; a man
Famous in arts and arms, as shall appear
If any man dares question him : should your grace
But see him at some royal exercise,
You would think him more than mortal. He shall
pitch

The bar with any of your guard, or drink with 'em ;
Wrestle with both the west and north Olympics :
Sings like the Arabian bird, and can outdance
The nimble elephant ; so rarely skill'd
In music, that he has a great ambition
To go to hell, to challenge Orpheus
To play with him on any instrument,
From the organ to the Jews-trump.

Duch. Miracles !

Asc. These are the outside of his qualities ;
But look within him, and your grace shall find
Enough to ravish you.

Pimp. Tell how I love her.

Asc. With all these virtues and advantages
Of blood and state, he comes to court your highness.

Duch. We are infinitely honour'd, and would
thank him,

But that we know not yet this prince's name.

Asc. Duke of Ferrara, madam, is his title.

Duke. How, sirrah ?

Jul. That is the duke of Ferrara ; what do you
mean ?

Pis. Stand to't, and say he is a counterfeit,
A mere impostor ; be not beaten out on't.

Duke. Are you duke of Ferrara, sirrah ? ha ?

Pimp. I am duke of all the world ; what's that
to thee ?—

High German, stand close to me.

Asc. A true prince needs no buckler. [Exit.

Duke. Sirrah, dar'st thou
Usurp my name ?

Pimp. "Tis mine ; thou art a counterfeit.—
I hope your grace will know me another time.

Urs. A base affront, my lord, and [I] suspect
A plot of Borgia's, to dishonour you ;
He durst not stay to face it.

Duke. I'll have his heart :
As for this wretch—

Pimp. Do, do, I look'd for this ;
A true prince can bear.

Duke. Madam, you have not us'd me well ;
I say no more. [Exeunt Duke and Urs.

Pimp. Let him go, madam ;
I'll call him to account hereafter.

Duch. We are displeas'd.
Hence with that fool, and whip him. [Exit.

Pimp. What's the matter ?

Jul. You must be whipp'd, and stripp'd, my scurvy don.

Pimp. Whip a prince? what do you mean?

[*They strip him.*

Jul. You must be duke of Ferrara!

Pimp. Duke of a fiddle-stick: you do not mean To let me catch an ague, gentlemen?

Jul. The lash, when the fit comes, will keep you warm.

Do you know one Pimponio? he was a footman, you will be in case to overtake him presently; he has the heels on you, and you cannot give him so much weight:—now you are light. Stay but a little, we'll send you a whip. [*Exeunt Jul. and Luc.*]

Pimp How am I transform'd? duke of Ferrara, quotha! would I were any thing! I know not what I am, as they have handled me.

Re-enter Duchess and PIETRO.

Duch. Is the duke gone?

Piet. Yes, madam.

Duch. I'll have the fool hang'd then.

Pimp. That's I.

Duch. Alas, poor fellow! ha, ha, ha!—what art thou?

Pimp. Nothing. I hope she does not know me again;

I must deny myself.

Duch. Come hither, sirrah; Whose device was it to bid you say you were Duke of Ferrara?

Pimp. Alas, not I, madam; he is gone.

Duch. Who is gone?

Pimp. The insolent fellow that made a fool of your highness.

Duch. Whither is he gone?

Pimp. To obey your grace, and be whipp'd.

Duch. Why do you shake so?

Pimp. I'm very warm, and please your grace.

Duch. Where be your clothes ?

Pimp. My clothes ? I never wore any more in my life ; I sweat with these.

Duch. He has punishment enough ; who waits ?
Bid Borgia attend us. [Exit.]

Piet. I shall, madam. [Exit.]

Re-enter AURELIO.

Aur. How now, sirrah, what are you ?

Pimp. A tumbler ; do you know me ?

Aur. I know thee ?

Pimp. What, not Pimponio ? honest Pimponio ?

Re-enter PIETRO.

Piet. Signior Borgia, her grace calls for you.

Aur. I attend. [Exit.]

Pimp. How, signior Borgia ? then I am not I, and there is no staying here to find myself. As I remember, some friends of mine did promise me a comfortable whip ; I'll rather venture a cold than stay for't. I must be dukeified, be persuaded into kicks !—they'll return ; I will not tempt my destiny. She promis'd to hang me, and I can do that for myself when I have a mind to't.

Re-enter JULIO and LUCIO.

Jul. Kick that fellow out of the court.

Pimp. You are mistaken, sir, he means somebody else ; I have been kick'd already. [Exit.]

Re-enter Duchess, and AURELIO with a glove.

Aur. Madam, you let fall—

[Offers the glove to the duchess.]

Duch. Let it reward your pains.

Jul. Observ'd you that ?

Duch. Convey this to Mercutio ; [gives him a paper.]—it creates him

Comptroller of our household ; this, I hope,
Will merit more of his acquaintance with
Our court.

Aur. You honour your poor creatures.

Duch. Leave us.— [Exeunt Jul. and Luc.
You may stay, sir ; what suit [was] that you named?

Aur. Suit, madam ?

Duch. Did not you say you had a suit to us ?
I hope your modesty will teach you how
To limit your request, that it may be
Such as may both become our grant, and your
Acceptance. Speak, what is't ?

Aur. My suit, madam ?

Duch. But, in the confidence of your discretion,
Name, and enjoy what you desire.

Aur. This bounty
Of language is beyond all my ambition.

Duch. Well, sir, to the purpose ; I would have
you speak
To purpose now.

Aur. To purpose ? would I durst !
This exceeds all the rest. Shall I be mad,
And lose this opportunity ? [Aside.]

Duch. We are prepar'd.

Aur. Better ! my happiness flows [in] upon me.
My suit is, madam, you would be pleas'd to—
What shall I say ? she looks so keen and tempting,
I have a great mind to kiss her. [Aside.]

Duch. Not resolv'd yet ?

Aur. Long since. My humble suit is to you,
madam, that—

Duch. What ?

Aur. I may be number'd still among your crea-
tures,
And keep a blessing in your gracious smiles
Upon my humble[st] service.

Duch. A smile, and humblest service ! is this all ?
You will not purchase much by being a courtier,

Aur. The greatest rise by favour ; I have lost
An opportunity. [Aside.]

Duch. Is there nothing else ?

Aur. She asks again ; now I will put her to't ;
We are private. [aside.]—I have another suit,
madam.

Duch. A courtier should have many ; what is't
made of ?

Aur. Of love.

Duch. A pretty winter wearing, and keeps well
In fashion.

Aur. May I presume to ask your grace—

Duch. A question ? yes, sir.

Aur. Do you love me, madam ?

Duch. How, sir ?

Aur. Does your grace love me ?

Duch. Audacious groom ! how dares thy soul
imagine

So great an impudence, almost treason to us !
Are all our favours thought so cheap ? and we,
Consider'd in the crowd of other women
Fit for your mixture, to be stain'd with loose
And desperate proffers of your wanton service ?
Have we no more distinction in our birth
And titles ? or do you hope we are disarm'd
Of strength to punish such an insolence ?
Had smiles ta'en such possession of our brow,
Thou could'st expect no killing frown for this ?
Was our eye grown so tame, nothing could quicken it
Into a flame, into a consuming lightning,
When such an object durst appear to vex it ?
Thus we could spurn thy saucy head off—but
We pardon it ; do you hear ? we freely pardon it ;
To shew [our] mercy is above all fault,
And that we are at home queen of our passions.
Nor shall you suffer under the remembrance ;
'Tis now as it had never been, and you keep
The first place in our thoughts.

Aur. Ha ?

Duch. Wisely preserve it,
And rather chide your timorous understanding,
Than think us angry ; had your sin been greater,
We should have met it charitably. Come,
You are our secretary, write as we shall dictate.

Aur. Did ever sunshine break so suddenly
From such a black and most prodigious cloud ?
I would have sold my body for a bean stalk
Within two minutes : she has an excellent wit,
And cunningly she reins it. [*sits at the table.*]—

What's your pleasure
I shall write, madam ?

Duch. A letter, a love letter. Are you ready ?
Write as I bid, upon your life.—I love you.

Aur. I am prepar'd.

Duch. Write, I love you, sir ; do you not understand me ?

Aur. She'll make me mad. [*writes.*]— I have done, *I love you.*

Duch. How, sir ?

Aur. There wanted, *sir.* *I love you, sir.*

Duch. And if you be not short of apprehension.—

Aur. *And if you be not short of apprehension,*—

Duch. You'll wisely entertain it.

Aur. *You'll wisely entertain it.*

Duch. All errors be forgot ; meet me this evening—

Aur. *All errors be forgot ; meet me this evening—*

Duch. I' the privy garden, and receive more testimony.

Aur. *I' the privy garden, and receive more testimony.*

Duch. Meantime, here is my hand, that in the morning

I'll marry you.

Aur. *Meantime, here is my hand, that in the morning*

I'll marry you.—What a devil does she mean ?

[*Aside.*]

I have done ; it wants your confirmation. [she signs it.]—So,

To whom shall I direct it ?

Duch. You will be trusty ? there is danger else.

Aur. To whom ?

Duch. To him that loves me best.

Deceive me not ; farewell ! [Exit.

Aur. [reads the letter.]—*I love you, sir.*—'Tis a letter, and I wrote it :

To whom ? *To him that loves her best.*

If none love her better,

'Tis to myself ? Why am I [then] so scrupulous ?

She has made me [her] chancellor in the cause.

There's no particular nam'd—yet she was angry ;

Yet she was pleas'd again ; and *had my crime*

Been greater, she had met it charitably.

Come, I perceive the whole device : as sure

As I have any sense, she does affect me,

And tries me at the last weapon of wit,

How I'll behave myself. Are you there, duchess !

She is my own, and this invites me to

The close of all my happiness. If I

Forfeit this opportunity, let Midas

Transplant his goodly ears to this dull head,

And let all women laugh at me. My stars !

I bow to you, and kiss your influence ;

I am exalted to your sphere already,

Where, with the duchess, I will sit and shine

A constellation.

V3.

Enter duke of Ferrara.

Duke. You are well met, sir ;

Borgia, I take it.

Aur. You may change that name,
And call me servant.

Duke. You have prostrate language,
But carry treason in your heart : you know me ?

Aur. Duke of Ferrara.

Duke. So ! was't your plot to bring
VOL. III. F f

That puppet to affront me 'fore the duchess ?
 Was there no other name to be usurp'd,
 Dishonour'd, and profan'd by hounds and monkies,
 But mine ?

Aur. I understand you not ; your anger
 Is not directed right, my lord ; I am not
 Guilty in thought.

Duke. Your fears shall not excuse.

Aur. You are abus'd.

Duke. I know I am, sir, and
 Will print revenge upon your heart ; it shall carry
 The character of a villain.

Aur. I must tell you,
Duke—

Duke. What, sir ?

Aur. Were you master of the world,
 Could you shoot death beyond a basilisk,
 Or had you mischief in your breath above
 The Lernean vapours, or the killing steam,¹
 Of the hot lake that poisons innocent birds
 But daring to fly over, I would rise
 With as much confidence to scorn this calumny,
 As I would quench my thirst, or chide my groom
 That drudges for me. Duke, I am no villain ;
 And though my blood runs not so deep a purple,
 There's no corruption in the cheapest vein
 My liver feeds, 'tis clear, and honest, sir ;
 In thy own court I'll meet, and tell thee so,
 Maugre thy guards, and gaudy butterflies ;
 I dare, by innocence, I dare.

Duke. You think
 The place protects you now.

Aur. Were it a church,
 No drop of mine could stain it. Duke, I cannot
 Fear, and be master of a sword, that needs
 No valour in a cause so just as mine
 To stir the point.—By all my hopes,—

¹ *The killing steam, &c.]* Lake (Aornis) Avernus, in Campania, near Naples.

Duke. Thy hopes !
Of what reversion ? what groom's place is vacant ?

Aur. Come, 'tis not done becomingly,
To insult, because you have a privilege
Of duke about² you. I am here a servant
To a most gracious princess.

Duke. At that name I draw
New flame, and should I credit thy soul free
From this dishonour, thou hast sin enough
In thy ambition to pull ruin on thee.
Are we two fit to be in competition, sir ?
Hast thou a thought so proud, so daring in thee,
To be my rival ? Have I courted her
To her own height, a prince ? and shall her vassal
Look on her with an eye less than he serves
The altar with, because she is pleas'd sometimes
To laugh, and seem indulgent to your services
For her own sake ? Can you have brain to think
Such treason to her judgment, that she loves you ?
Or can she be so lost to truth and honour,
Not to make good her promises to me,
Religious as a contract ? has she not
Declared me worthy of her, and my love
The best of all the world ?

Aur. How was that, sir ?

Duke. The best of all the world ; 'tis not that I
Can be so poor in my esteem of her,
Whose mention is sacred, or myself,
That I have any jealousy thou canst
Inherit possibly the hundredth part
Of any thought that points upon affection :
Hast thou no soul to apprehend thy scorn ?
Nay, did she not, fearing *thou might' st grow insolent,*
Upon her favours, late declare, herself,
It was not love, but mirth and wantonness
Of revelling nights ? commanding, on thy life,
Thou feed no ambition higher, or point a thought

* *Of duke about you.]* The old copy reads, *above you.*

To her, beyond what waited upon duty ?
 You may remember this

Aur. 'Tis clear ; this none
 Could tell him but herself : I find too plain
 Who is the may-game of the court, this last
 Convinces me. [*aside.*]—Your pardon, mighty sir,
 You love the duchess ?

Duke. Best, she will acknowledge,
 Of all mankind.

Aur. I have a letter to you,
 I will not doubt my pardon when you read it ;
 'Tis to you, sir ; if there can be a joy
 Beyond what's there contain'd—

[*Gives the letter to the duke, who reads it.*

Duke. Ha ! I am blest.
 Borgia, let me embrace thee ; my best friend,
 Dwell in my heart, divide with me Ferrara,
 Or Urbin, any thing but the duchess : say
 I'll meet her in the gärden were it wall'd
 With flaming dragons. I have not a soul
 Spacious enough to entertain this happiness
 Beyond my hope, above my life ; dear Borgia !

[*Exit.*

Aur. Beyond his hope ? it seems this joy was not
 Expected, umph ! and I had no commission
 To give it him. After all this, if she
 Meant it not this way, I have made fine work !
 She might have named him : would I had the paper
 Again ! Now do I prophesy I have
 Undone myself, and only her grace meant
 That I should meet her. Curse upon my easiness !
 I have lost an opportunity, no fate
 Flatter'd a mortal with the like ; dull brains !—
 There's yet prevention ; genius, I thank thee.
 'Tis possible I may secure the garden,
 And boldly meet her first ; if any destiny
 Owe me this blessing, with this art I may
 Redeem my folly : never man but I
 Would lose so rich an opportunity.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace. — The Cloister at the Entrance to the Garden.

Enter Duchess, MERCUTIO, and Ladies.

Mer. Madam, I know not what to say ; my heart
Is full of zeal to obey you, but the place
You have conferr'd upon my years, is much
Above my strength to satisfy ; yet I thank you.

Duch. You have deserv'd we should encourage you
For what is past ; your son is full of hope,
And may grow up a statesman.

Mer. He owes all
To your infinite favours, madam ; a young man,
And would be active upon your commands.

Duch. Leave us. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]—Stay, my
lord, we must employ you.

Mer. I have not life enough to serve you, madam,
My age is now a burden ; that I could
Shake off a score of winters !

Duch. There's no such
Necessity of youth to execute
The service we design ;³ you love your son ?

Mer. Above my own health, madam ; and let me
Be bold to tell your grace, I love him better
For your sake.

Duch. For our sake ?

Mer. That he can carry
Himself so handsomely to deserve your good
Opinion ; every courtier that's advanced
To a warm place, does not behave himself
Always to purpose.

Duch. To what purpose, signior ?

Mer. To please his mistress ; and I am, I must

³ *The service we design;*] The 4to. reads, “you design.”

Confess, proud of his expectations ;
It makes my blood dance, madam.

Duch. You are very merry.

Mer. I hope to have more cause.

Duch. Well, sir, while we
Retire into the garden, be it your care
We be not interrupted ; give access
To none but Borgia, we have some privacies
Only concern his knowledge.

Mer. My son Borgia ?

Duch. Your son, if you do call him Borgia.

Mer. Shall I go for him ?

Duch. He'll be so officious,
Perhaps, to spare that trouble ; if he come,
Be diligent, and admit him. [Exit.

Mer. I shall, madam.—
She's gone into the garden, and commands
I give access to none but Borgia ;
If he come, she has given me another office,
To keep the door !⁴—it has been a preferment.
I will do't now in spite of my own humour.
Ha, boy ! something will come on't, if he have
The grace to nick this OPPORTUNITY.

Enter duke of Ferrara, muffled up in a cloak.

Duke. The evening wastes apace, I cannot be
Too soon at my desires. Who's that ?

Mer. He's come
Already. Borgia ?

Duke. One stands sentinel.
Is that the word ? Who names Borgia ?

Mer. My son ?

Duke. The same.

Mer. This evening make thee happy ; enter ; no
ceremony,
I am not now against thy being a duke ;

⁴ To keep the door is synonymous with playing the pander. Our old dramas abound in allusions to this expression and office.

Prove fortunate, my boy, and bless thy father.—

[*Exit Duke.*]

So, so ! if it were noon, and the sun look'd
 With his broad brightest eye upon's, there are
 Convenient cozening arbours, cost bestow'd
 On pretty mazes, labyrinths of love ;—
 You might be there secure, and entertain
 Sweet time ; --most tall and fashionable hedges,
 In whose inclosures, ladies that are willing
 May lose themselves, and the next walk no wiser.
 Now I think on't, this cloister, with the help
 Of such an evening, might be dark enough
 For such a turn ; many a gentlewoman
 Has been content to embrace upon worse terms,
 In the court lobbies ; but I['ll] tell no tales.

Enter AURELIO, muffled.

Another moving this way ? by his favour,
 The garden's taken up.

Aur. 'Tis the best way
 To say I am the duke, that, if he follow,
 He may prevent his own access.

Mer. Umph, umph !

Aur. That name will make the gates fly open to
 me,

And I pass undiscover'd.

Mer. What are you ?

Aur. Here, [*offering him money.*]—do thy office,
 I am the duke.

Mer. The duke ?

Your grace must pardon me, I am commanded
 To admit none ; her highness will enjoy
 The garden privately.

Aur. Lord Mercutio ?

Mer. Your servant, but in this my duty must
 Aim at another's pleasure ; if you be
 The duke I cannot help it, I am but

Green in my honours, and I would not forfeit 'em
With my own head to boot, in her first service.

Aur. Then I'll discover ;—I am Borgia,
Your son, your happy Borgia ; be not you
The enemy, and bar my glorious fortune :
The duchess has commanded me this evening
To meet her in the garden. I can tell
Thee wonders, old Mercutio ; she loves me,
More, I have an assurance from her hand
She'll make me duke, old lad.

Mer. Be not transported ;
For if you be my son, do you observe,
You are yet but Borgia, and I your father ;
Old Mercutio ! and *old lad !*

Aur. Your pardon, sir ;
My joy of such a bliss allows no bound ;
Why are you slow to make your son the happiest
Of all mankind ? the evening's big with glory,
The winds do whisper gently whose I am,
The birds, with music, wait to entertain me
Into love's bower, the trees bow to my entrance,
And she that is the mistress of all these
Will bid me welcome.

Mer. Are you Borgia ?

Aur. There's death in these delays ; do not you
know me ?

Or dare you not believe what I affirm,
Touching the duchess ?

Mer. I believe you are
Borgia, to my grief, and do believe
What you have said ; her grace did appoint me
To wait here, and commanded I should give
Access to none but Borgia ; do you mark ?
She was pleas'd to tell me, she had business only
Concern'd your knowledge, I dispute not what,
But 'tis some excellent affair, I am confident,
She was so merry about the lips and eyes,
And prais'd you to my face.

Aur. If this have faith with you,
Why am not I admitted?

Mer. All in good time.

Aur. The gates should spread themselves.

Mer. They shall not need, I'll teach them with
less trouble:

But first, I have a suit to you.

Aur. To me?

Speak, and command it.

Mer. 'Tis within man's remembrance
That you did want a pardon; now beg mine,
And make what other conditions with the duchess
You please.

Aur. Your pardon?

Mer. Yes, I am parcel traitor
Against my will, and too much care about
My office made me abuse it; I admitted
Another gentleman, that deceiv'd me with
Your name, and how her grace may punish me
Is in my fears, unless you mediate for me.

Aur. Did any take my name?

Mer. Yes, and at first
Sound I discharg'd my duty the wrong way,
And let him in.

Aur. In? whither?

Mer. In to the duchess.

Aur. I am undone! this minute I am blasted!
It was the duke, upon my life.

Mer. The duke? it may be so; although 'twere
duskish,
Methought he carried more compass with him;—
But why should he take your name?

Aur. Lost for ever!

Mer. You found I had no zeal to his; however,
Lose no more time; your power with her grace
May set all straight, and purchase me a pardon.

Aur. Be rather lost, as I am, in thy dotage;

Thou hast depriv'd me of the wealthiest harvest
That ever sunbeams shin'd on.

Mer. Does he *thou* me ?
How would he domineer an he were duke ?
Aur. My fortune bleeds to death ; 'tis now too
late :

That paper ruins all my hope, and were
We equal, she would scorn my want of confidence,
And laugh me out o' the world.

Mer. He's very passionate.
Aur. But there's no dwelling in this wilderness,
Things past [care] are past sorrow :—there is yet
A way to bind my wound up, and secure
My health, though not a life with so much state
As was expected : instantly I'll to
Cornelia, I know she loves me still,
At worst a little passion bestow'd
On her, with clearing I am not her brother,⁵
Makes her my own, and keeps me from the Pas-
quill ;
I shall be jeer'd to dust else ; there's my rest :
He that loves more than one, is seldom blest.

[Exit.]

Mer. He's gone, and I am like to suffer for't.
By your highness' favour, I will wait no longer
To be chas'tis'd, but when your grace is weary,
You shall not need to strike me at the door ;
'Tis open, and I vanish in the dark.—
Stay, and I'll send some others to attend you ;
You will want light. My son shall be no duke,
I perceive now, nor will I be a courtier.
Put me to keep the door !

[Exit.]

* —— *I am not her brother,*] Old copy, “ *I am another brother.*”

SCENE II.

*A Part of the Palace.**Enter CORNELIA, LAURA, and MELINDA.**Cor.* Did she dismiss you, then?*Lau.* 'Twas not her pleasure
We should attend.*Mel.* We left my lord Mercutio,
Your father, with her.*Cor.* Went she towards the garden?*Lau.* Yes. Where's your brother, Borgia?*Cor.* I know not.*Mel.* He is infinitely beholding to her grace,
She never mentions him without a flourish:
I know not, but if I have any skill
In looks or language, there is something more
Than common in her highness' breast toward him.*Lau.* She may be in love.*Cor.* In love! with whom?*Lau.* Your brother.*Cor.* I blush to hear your weakness; I hope he
Hath more wit than to build vain hopes on that;
Eagles stoop not to flies.*Mil.* But the wren,
Couch'd underneath the aspiring eagle's wings,
Quickly advance[s] itself when t' other's mounted,
And glories in her height; 'tis but a step,
And the small thing is king of birds: the fable
Has pretty morals in't.*Cor.* I am not, sure,
A rebel in my nature to his fortune,
But dare not pawn my own discretion
To take up your opinions.

Enter PIETRO.

Piet. Signior Pisauro,
Your brother's friend, desires to speak with you.

Lau. We'll leave you, madam ; by this time her
grace
May want our duties. [Going.]

Enter PISAURO.

Pis. Did I fright you, ladies ?
Look better on me.

Lau. We have seen you round, sir.

Pis. But do not know what's in me.

Mel. We desire
To die in that precious ignorance.

[*Exeunt Lau. and Mel.*]

Pis. This lady,
I hope, 's not of your mind.

Cor. Your pleasure [sir] ?
My servant says you would speak with me.

Pis. If you
Remember, lady, I was bold to urge
A little counsel on you ; how it fastens,
I come to understand.

Cor. What counsel, sir ?

Pis. About your brother, signior Borgia.

Cor. Please you assist my memory.

Pis. Why, it was
But this ; I had a kind of fear you lov'd
This brother, madam.

Cor. Would you have me be
So impious not to affect my brother ?

Pis. But you lov'd him the wrong way ; do you
hear ? lustily ;
You understand, with the desire of coupling :
There lies no dispensation for that love,⁶

⁶ There lies no dispensation for that love,] The 4to reads,
" for that lock."

'Tis impious and abominable ; you had better,
 I' the state you are in, keep a pensioner
 To give you heats, a fellow that will venture
 His body at all hours, than to offend once
 With so much sin to nature.

Cor. Do you think
 I am a monster, signior ?

Pis. Better marry
 An honest man, and make one, a great deal :
 Your husband may be excus'd i' the progress, lady.
 Besides, he may have faults ; a negligence
 In's visits, or mistaking of his times,
 When you are invited by another lord
 To a banquet, or take physic, or the air,
 Appointed by your doctor : there are reasons
 To excuse an active lady that is married ;
 But to affect your brother so, inexpiable !

Cor. You have invention enough to furnish
 The court with vice, howe'er you seem to have
 Care of my soul ; pray give me pardon, sir,
 Do you ever mean to marry ?

Pis. Marry ? oh yes.

Cor. Not a court lady, sure ?

Pis. One of that tribe to choose.

Cor. Without the fear
 Of being such a monster, made by her
 Whose wantonness you wittily have character'd ?

Pis. I have read my destiny ; she that I shall
 marry

Will be very honest, exceeding chaste, as I
 Shall be to her : I did but tell you what
 Whirligigs are i' the world, and that 'twere better
 And safer for your conscience to be one
 Of Venus' order, and keep tame a groom,
 A stallion dormant, than embrace a brother.

Cor. What should incline you
 To imagine me so lost to modesty ?
 What have you read in me, to make you think
 I love my brother so ?

Pis. My charity—

Cor. There's little charity in those suspicions.

Have you no other argument?

Pis. Your brother

Told me himself you lov'd him strangely.

Cor. So, so.

Pis. Nay, nay, he was i' the same pickle.

Cor. He told

You that himself too.

Pis. Yes, yes, till I tamper'd with him,
And scarified⁴ his flesh with ghostly counsel,
Read law and lectures ; I will tell you, madam,
He was once so overgrown with love, he had
Resolv'd to tell you he was not your brother ;
And rather than be frustrate of his hopes,
Vow'd to forswear it, and suborn testimony
He was no kin to you ; born I know not where,
And never saw the town before, whose people
Had all this while cozened themselves with an
Opinion he was Borgia ; here's a youth now !
Did he ne'er deal with you to such a purpose ?

Cor. Never, he would not be so wicked sure.

Pis. Did you ever hear the like? you know it now :
Thank heaven and a good friend that told you this,
A friend that would not see this pretty vessel
Lost i' the quicksands, when both goods and it
May be his own another day. I love you,
And none shall do you wrong.

Cor. I should be ungrateful
Not to acknowledge, sir, this noble office
Meant to preserve me.

Pis. That was my pure meaning ;
You may requite it, if you please.

Cor. With love ?

Pis. 'Tis the reward my ambition first aims at.

Cor. I love my brother now in his own place,
And being his bosom friend, I will not question,
But to enlarge my knowledge of your worth,

* — scarified] Old copy, sacrific'd.

And take you nearer to me⁷ for his character
And free consent.

Pis. Umph!—now you bless me, lady.—
If his hopes thrive in the duchess, as I doubt not,
I am made. [Aside.]

I'll seek him out, I wish no better testimony;
He shall not give it you under his hand.⁸

Cor. No haste.

Pis. He knows me to a thought; nay, nay,
He shall do't presently, if I can light on him.

Cor. To-morrow, signor,—I suspect it not.

Pis. It does concern my honour, 'tis done instantly.—

She may be cold e'er morning, I'll not lose
This opportunity, I am made for ever.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Cor. He has an odd way of courtship; sure my brother,

Unless he know him better than this wildness
Can promise, will be sparing to contract
Our hearts too fast; he has but a rough outside:
But my strange thoughts within me are corrected,
And I possess myself again, thank providence!
Ursini!

Enter URSINI.

Urs. Madam, I am bold to press
On your retirement, but when you remember
I bring no mutinous thoughts, but such as are
Devoted to your service, you will think it
A trespass that may soon invite a pardon.

⁷ *And take you nearer to me*] The 4to. reads, “ And take me nearer to me,” which I do not understand. *For*, which follows, is used in the sense of *from*, or *on account of*, &c. Still the sense is far from clear; and I have some suspicion that a line is lost.

⁸ *He shall not give it you under his hand.*] If not be the author's word, this expression must mean,—he shall not give you a written, but a *viva voce* testimony of my character, &c.; but I rather imagine it to be an accidental interpolation at the press.

Cor. You must first practise to offend, my lord,
This is [a] favour to me.

Urs. Still such goodness

Flows from your language to me at the first
Encounter; but when I take boldness to
Have some assurances from you alone,
Which I have hoped and serv'd for, with the truth
Of your best honourer, you decline the subject,
Or fly the sweet conclusion.

Cor. My lord,

That you have lov'd, at least profess'd so much,
May easily be granted; but let me
Beseech you, sir, did you upon the first
Motion that wrought upon your mind to think
Me worthy of your love, acquaint me with it?

Urs. No, madam, I long cherish'd the soft fire
That tried the pureness of it, and the object
That shot so bright a flame into my bosom,
And had suppress'd it still, but that your virtue
Grew up too powerful against it; then
I took leave to express how much I wish'd
To be your votary.

Cor. Give me equal license,
My lord, in the same cause to try myself;
I have thoughts too would be compos'd of something
In you to be examin'd.

Urs. I submit,
And shall obey your censure, life and death
Hang on your lip; I come to be determin'd
Your servant or your sacrifice, for to languish
At distance thus,—

Cor. Then you expect an answer
Presently; I much fear, my lord, I shall not,
In that particular, satisfy your lordship.

Urs. You want no knowledge of me, there is
nothing
In my past fate but may appear to you;
My nature needs no gloss, my blood, my fortune
Clear to your view, my person not much wither'd;

If these together want a charm, I can
 Deserve you [by my] love,⁹ for I know best
 The extent of my devotions, and the heart,
 That though you should despise it, must still serve
 you.

Cor. But good, my lord, what answer you to this?
 Is it becoming the discretion
 Of a noble servant to pursue his mistress
 By unruly ways, and interpose commands
 And power of great ones to enforce the heart
 Of any lady? though, I must confess,
 Her grace may challenge my obedience
 To her law and person; it has been yet a rule,
 Love and religion cannot be compell'd.

Urs. You do not conclude me; if I obtain'd
 A favour from the duchess to propound
 My wishes, and plead for me, I know well
 The soul is not her subject: could her power
 Bestow your body on me, and that I
 Could boast myself lord of [that] beauteous frame,
 Without your mind, I were more tyrant to
 Accept than she to force; and answer for
 A crime more fatal than the ravisher's.

Enter PIETRO.

Piet. Your brother, madam. [Exit.

Cor. If I have any power,—
 My lord, you must not leave me; yet I would
 Entreat your small retreat behind the hangings
 For a few minutes.

Urs. Your command's a favour. [He retires.

Enter AURELIO.

Aur. Oh, Cornelia.

Cor. What's the matter, brother?

Aur. Are you alone?

⁹ Deserve you [by my] love, &c] The 4to. reads,
 "Deserve you *may* love," &c.

Cor. You see my company.

Aur. Do you love me?

Cor. Love you, brother? what have I
Done to beget your doubt?

Aur. But do you love me

More than a sister? if I were not Borgia,
(Remove from us the common tie of blood,
Which is not love, but [force] of nature in us,) Could you affect me then? then, if I answer'd This honour with a true and noble flame, Upon such brave conditions, *Cornelia*, Could our hearts meet, and marry?

Cor. This were strange;
But not so strange that we should love.

Aur. Then pardon,
Fairest *Cornelia*, and make him blest
Whose very soul doats on thee; I have but
Usurp'd the name of *Borgia*, I can give
Thee proof.

Cor. 'Tis come about.

Re-enter PISAURO.

Aur. *Pisauro*, welcome;
The man of all mankind most wish'd for, welcome!—
Madam, this gentleman can witness I am
None of your brother; we were bred together,
Both born in Milan, and my [real] name is
Aurelio Andreozzi, son to *Paulo*
Andreozzi, major domo to the dukedom;
My friend too ['s] of a noble family.

Pis. Did I not tell you this?

Aur. Weary of home,
We both engag'd ourselves to try our fortune
Abroad, and for the wars had last design'd
Ourselves; we took but *Urbin* in the way,
Where some good stars detain'd us, and I, taken
For *Borgia*, pursued thus far the story.

Cor. Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Do you laugh at me ? Pisauro, she's incredulous.

Speak, and convince her with thy testimony.

Pis. I have told enough already.

Aur. She wants faith.

Cor. That gentleman prepar'd me for this history.

Do you not blush, brother ? Sir, I thank you.

Pis. I am sorry for his impudence.

Aur. Cornelie—

Pisauro, why art thou silent ?

Pis. I tell you I did speak to her.

Cor. 'Tis time I then dispose myself.

Pis. Now my happiness !

Cor. My lord, I pray come forth.

URSINI comes from behind the hangings.

You, gentlemen, by your own confessions,
Are strangers to me ; and although I do not
Distrust heaven's providence, I shall not sin
To give my freedom up where I am known.

My lord, if you accept Cornelie,
She's thus confirm'd your own.

[Gives him her hand.

Urs. With greater joy
Than I would take an empire ; this drops peace
Upon my brother's ashes, and unites
For ever our two families.

Pis. Where's the duchess ?

Aur. I prithee do not vex me.

Pis. Do not vex

Thyself ; come, we're at large ; our constitution
Would have been troubled with a wife ; we have
The world before us, store of game is necessary.
The duchess !

Enter Duchess, Duke, PIETRO, JULIO, LUCIO,
LAURA, and MELINDA.

Duch. You now possess us freely, the next morning

Shall spread this joy through Urbin.

Urs. We are happy;
And every heart congratulates.

Duke. We thank you.

Signior Ursini, you have been faithful to us.

Duch. Is your name Borgia?

Aur. No, madam.

Duch. Where's our letter?

We did not think you had been so apprehensive,
You see it now confirm'd; we hope you had
No thought we meant it otherwise: be prudent
And careful in your province; heaven, I see,
Would have it thus, and rectify our folly.

Enter MERCUTIO.

Mer. Your pardon, gracious madam.

Duch. Signior,
We thank your diligence; possess our favour;
And know the duke.

Mer. I am one of the worst keepers of a door.

Duch. No more, all's well.

Mer. I'm glad on't.

Urs. Sir, your blessing.

Cor. Madam, your smiles upon us, and we cannot
Despair of happiness.

Mer. But where's Borgia?

Aur. I know not, sir. [Kneeling.]

Duke. Rise, ever fortunate.

[*Pimp. within.*]—O, yes! O, yes!

Duch. What's the matter?

Jul. A fool has lost his master, and thus cries him
About the court.

Pis. Pimponio, o' my conscience.

Enter PIMPONIO.

Pimp. O, yes !

*If any man there be
In town or in country,
Can tell me of a wight
Was lost but yesternight,
His name was, I know,
Signior Aurelio.
By these marks he is known,
He had a bush of his own,
Two eyes in their place,
And a nose on his face ;
His beard is very thin,
But no hair on his chin ;
Bring word to the crier,
His desolate squire,
And for this fine feat
Take what you can get ;*

*And heaven bless Pimponio! — For nobody
knows me, and I know nobody else to pray for.*

Cor. He's not my brother, indeed, then ?

Mer. Nor my son.

Pis. 'Tis too true, madam : here,—here is thy
master.

Pimp. No, no, that's signior Borgia, do not de-
ceive yourself.

Aur. We are both deceiv'd, Pimponio.—Shall
I hope

Of your free pardon, madam, for all trespasses ?

[Kneels to the duchess.

My lord, your breath is powerful.

Duch. Rise, Aurelio.

Duke. And be dear to us.

Mer. I hope the pardon's firm.

Duch. Irrevocable.

Mer. I'll dispatch letters then to Naples, thence
He did salute me last. How were we cozen'd!—
But, sir, I thank you for my Borgia's pardon.

Cor. Although it be clear, now, you are not my
brother,

Pray take my poor acknowledgment; I shall
Be proud, for your sake, to preserve your friendship.

Aur. May your hopes prosper in him! Now we
two,

With license of your excellency, may

Prosecute our design again for the wars.

Duch. If nothing else at court invite your stay,
We lay commands upon you, as our servant,
That you see all our ceremonies finish'd:
To celebrate this happy union,
You must be both our guests.

Pimp. Do let us feast and fortify ourselves, we
shall have our bellies full of fighting time enough.

Pis. Thinks your grace so?

Duch. Subjects may love as their rude sense
imparts;

But heaven doth only govern princes' hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

**THE
CORONATION.**

THE CORONATION.] This play was licensed in February 1634-5, as the production of Shirley; but from some cause or other it is attributed to "John Fletcher," in the title-page of the first edition, printed in 4to. in 1640, though Fletcher had been dead ten years prior to its first appearance on the stage. In 1652 Shirley claimed it in a list of his plays then published, which he appended to *the Cardinal*; but this, it appears, did not set the matter at rest, since the editor of the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, in 1679, again gave it to Fletcher; and all the subsequent editors of those two poets have continued perversely to insert it amongst their dramas.

The title of the old copy is, "*The Coronation, a Comedy. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent.*"

PROLOGUE.

*Since 'tis become the title of our play,
A woman once in a Coronation may,
With pardon, speak the prologue, give as free
A welcome to the theatre, as he
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,
With a starch'd face, and supple leg hath spoke
Before the plays the twelvemonth ; let me then
Present a welcome to these gentlemen :—
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my petticoat.
But to the play : The poet bad me tell
His fear's first in the title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a king's reign ;
This CORONATION, he hopes, you may
See often, while the genius of his play
Doth prophesy the conduits may run wine,
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine
Brisk nectar swell his temples to a rage,
With something of more price to invest the stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that, although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No under-mirth, such as doth lard the scene
For coarse delight ; the language here is clean ;
And, confident, our Poet bad me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a play :
For which, although dull souls his pen despise,^{*}
Who think it yet too early to be wise,
The nobler [sort] will thank his muse, at least
Excuse him, 'cause his thought aim'd at the best.
But we conclude not ; it doth rest in you,
To censure poet, play, and prologue too.—*

* This and the five following lines are not in this prologue as printed in Shirley's Poems, which differs also in some other respects; but generally for the worse.

*But what have I omitted? Is there not
A blush upon my cheeks, that I forgot
The ladies? and a female Prologue too!—
Your pardon, noble gentlewomen, you
Were first within my thoughts; I know you sit,
As free, and high commissioners of wit,
Have clear, and active souls, nay, though the men
Were lost, in your eyes, they'll be found again;
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony in this sphere of love.
Be you propitious then, our poet says,
One wreath² from you is worth their grove of bays.*

² One wreath] Old copy, *One*. “Mr. Seward,” says Sympon, “conjectured with me, that *One*, not *Our*, must be the word, and so I have altered it.” If either of these editors had looked to the copy in Shirley’s Poems, they would have had no need to *conjecture*, as it there stands as in the text.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leonatus, *heir to the crown of Epire; the supposed son of Eubulus, and called Seleucus.*
Demetrius, *his younger brother; supposed son of Macarius, and called Arcadius.*
Cassander, *lord protector of Epire*
Lisimachus, *his son.*
Macarius,
Eubulus, } nobles.
Nestorius,
Philocles,
Lisander, } attendants on the court.
Antigonus,
Polianus, *captain of the castle of Epire.*
Bishop.
Messenger.
Soldier.
Gentlemen, Pages, Servants, and other Attendants.
Sophia, *sister to Leonatus and Demetrius; supposed heir to the crown of Epire.*
Charilla, *her companion.*
Polidora, *daughter to Nestorius.*
Waiting-women.

CHARACTERS IN A MASQUE.

Fortune — Pleasure — Youth — Fame — Love — Health — Honour.

SCENE, Epire.

THE
CORONATION.

ACT I. SCENE I

A Part of the Palace.

Enter PHILOCLES and LISANDER.

Phil. Make way for my lord Protector!

Lis. Your grace's servants.

Enter CASSANDER, and LISIMACHUS at a distance.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting ; where's Lisi-machus ?

Lisim. [coming forward.]—I wait upon you, sir.

Cas. The queen looks pleasant
This morning, does she not ?

Lisim. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.

Cas. She does consult
Her safety in't ; for I must tell thee, boy,
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in Epir, to
Settle our own, and uncontrolled greatness :
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,
I am content to expect, and by her marriage
Secure thy fortune ; that's all my ambition
Now. Be still careful in thy applications
To her, I must attend other affairs ;

Return, and use what art thou canst to lay
More charms of love upon her.

Lisim. I presume
She always speaks the language of her heart.
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on earth than she encourages
Me to expect.

Cas. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her father, to engage
A tie between our families, and she
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it.
But we lose time in conference ; wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, king of Epir.
I must away. [*Exit.*

Lisim. Success ever attend you.—
Is not the queen yet coming forth ?

* * * * *

Lis. Your servant, [*Exit Lisim.*
You may command our duties.—
This is the court star, Philocles.

Phil. The star that we must sail by.

Lis. All must borrow
A light from him ; the young queen directs all
Her favours that way.

Phil. He's a noble gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations ;
Too good to be the son of such a father.

Lis. Peace ! remember he is lord protector.

Phil. We have more need of heaven's protection :
I' the mean time, I wonder the old king
Did in his life design him for the office.

Lis. He might suspect his faith ; I have heard, when
The king, who was no Epirote, advanced

* * * * *] Two short speeches, the answer of Lisander, and the rejoinder of Lisimachus, have been dropped at the press, owing, apparently, to the similarity of the names, which in the old copy are *Lisi.* and *Lisa.*

His claim, Cassander, our protector now
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction ;
But, forced to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declar'd by the whole state, next heir,
If the king wanted issue : our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.

Phil. Whom, but for her smiles,
And hope of marriage with Lisimachus,
His father by some cunning had remov'd
Ere this.

Lis. Take heed, the arras may have ears ;
I should not weep much if his grace would hence
Remove to heaven.

Phil. I prithee what
Should he do there ?

Lis. Some offices will fall.

Phil. And the sky too, ere I get one stair higher,
While he's in place.

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Lisander, Philocles,
How looks the day upon us ? Where's the queen ?

Phil. In her bed-chamber.

Ant. Who was with her ?

Lis. None
But the young lord, Lisimachus.

Ant. 'Tis no treason
If a man wish himself a courtier
Of such a possibility : he has
The mounting fate.

Phil. I would his father were
Mounted to the gallows !

Ant. He has a path fair enough,
If he survive, by title of his father.

Lis. The queen will hasten his ascent.

Phil. Would I were queen !

Ant. Thou would'st become rarely the petticoat !
What would'st thou do ?

Phil. Why, I would marry
 My gentleman-usher, and trust all the strength
 And burden of my state upon his legs,
 Rather than be call'd wife by any son
 Of such a father.

Lis. Come, let's leave this subject,
 We may find more secure discourse.—When saw
 You young Arcadius, lord Macarius' nephew?

Ant. There's a spark! a youth moulded for a
 favourite;
 The queen might do him honour.

Phil. Favourite!
 It is too cheap a name; there were a match
 Now for her virgin blood!

Lis. Must every man
 That has a handsome face or leg feed such
 Ambition? I confess I honour him,
 He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope
 To be no woman-hater; dances handsomely,
 Can court a lady powerfully; but more goes
 To th' making of a prince.—He's here, and's uncle.

Enter ARCADIUS, MACARIUS, and SELEUCUS.

Sel. Save you, gentlemen! who can direct me
 To find my lord Protector?

Lis. He was here
 Within this half hour; young Lisimachus,
 His son, is with the queen.

Sel. There let him complement,
 I have other business.—Ha! Arcadius! [Exit.

Phil. Observ'd you with what eyes Arcadius
 And he saluted? their two families
 Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. Seleucus carries
 Himself too roughly; with what pride and scorn
 He pass'd by 'em!

Lis. The t'other, with less shew
 Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul ;
 I wish 'em all at peace. Macarius' looks
 Are without civil war ; a good old man,
 The old king lov'd him well. Seleucus' father
 Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
 Of an honest lord through Epire : that two men
 So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
 To one another !

Arc. The queen was not wont
 To send for me.

Mac. The reason's to herself ;
 It will become your duty to attend her.

Arc. Save you, gentlemen ! what novelty
 Does the court breathe to-day ?

Lis. None, sir ; the news
 That took the last impression is, that you
 Purpose to leave the kingdom, and those men
 That honour you take no delight to hear it.

Arcad. I have ambition to see the difference
 Of courts, and this may spare [me] ; the delights
 At home do surfeit, and the mistress whom
 We all do serve is fix'd upon one object ;
 Her beams are too much pointed : but no country
 Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter SOPHIA, LISIMACHUS, MACARIUS, and CHARILLA.

Soph. Arcadius !

Mac. Your lordship honours me ;
 I have no blessing in his absence.

Lisim. 'Tis
 Done like a pious uncle.

Soph. We must not
 Give any license.

Arc. If your majesty
 Would please—

Soph. We are not pleas'd : it had become your duty
 To have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd
 Your resolution public. Is our court
 Not worth your stay ?

Arc. I humbly beg your pardon.

Soph. Where's Lisimachus ?

Lisim. Your humble servant, madam.

Soph. We shall find

Employment at home for you ; do not [leave] us.

Arc. Madam, I then write myself blest on earth
 When I may do you service. [Exit.]

Soph. We would be
 Private, Macarius.

Mac. Madam, you have blest me ;
 Nothing but your command could interpose
 To stay him. [Exit.]

Soph. Lisimachus,
 You must not leave us.

Lis. Nothing but Lisimachus !
 Has she not ta'en a philter ?

[*Exeunt Lis. Phil. and Ant.*]

Soph. Nay, pray be cover'd ; ceremony from you
 Must be excus'd.

Lisim. It will become my duty.

Soph. Not your love ?
 I know you would [but] have me look upon
 Your person as a courtier, not a favourite ;¹

¹ —— not a *favourite* ;] The 4to. reads :

“ I know you would *not* have me look upon

Your person as a courtier, *not* as *favourite* ;”

The 2nd 4to. (1679) saw the mistake, and tried to correct it :
 but unfortunately made the attempt in the wrong place. No
 two words are so frequently confounded by the old printers as
not and *but*. Sympson, and the latter editors, have a deal of
 wretched lumber upon this simple error.

I have purposely abstained from encumbering the page with
 the conjectural readings, and worse than useless notes of the
 editors of the various editions of this Comedy in the Works of
 Beaumont and Fletcher ; confining myself to the notice only of

That title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.

Lisim. The least of all
These names from you, madam, is grace enough.

Soph. Yet here you would not rest.

Lisim. Not if you please
To say there is a happiness beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine.
Although the honours you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit, I have a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make, if possible,
Your favours mine by justice ; with you pardon.

Soph. We are confident this needs no pardon, sir,
But a reward. To cherish your opinion,
And that you may keep warm your passion,
Know, we resolve for marriage ; and if
I had another gift, beside myself,
Greater, in that you should discern how much
My heart is fix'd.

Lisim. Let me digest my blessing. :

Soph. But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

Lisim. How, madam ? do not make me dream
of heaven,
And wake me into misery. If your purpose
Be to immortalize your humble servant,
Your power on earth's divine. Princes are here
The copies of eternity, and create,
When they but will, our happiness.

Soph. I shall
Believe you mock me in this argument ;
I have no power.

Lisim. How ! no power ?

Soph. Not as a queen.

Lisim. I understand you not.

Soph. I must obey ; your father's my Protector.

such errors in the first 4to. as have really been corrected in the
subsequent editions.

Lisim. How?

Soph. When I am absolute, Lisimachus,
Our power and titles meet; before, we are but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lisim. Excellent queen! My love took no original
From state, or the desire of other greatness,
Above what my birth may challenge modestly:
I love your virtues; mercenary souls
Are taken with advancement: you've an empire
Within you, better than the world's; to that
Looks my ambition.

Soph. T'other is not, sir,
To be despis'd: cosmography allows
Empire a place i' the map; and know, till I
Possess what I was born to, and alone
Do grasp the kingdom's sceptre, I account
Myself divided; he that marries me
Shall take an absolute queen to his warm bosom:
My temples yet are naked; until then
Our loves can be but complements, and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lisim. I apprehend.

Soph. Your father!

Enter CASSANDER and SELEUCUS.

Cas. Madam, a gentleman has an humble suit—
Soph. 'Tis in your power to grant;—you are Pro-
tector;

I am not yet a queen.

Cas. How's this?

Lisim. I shall expound her meaning.

Soph. Why kneel you, sir? [to Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families,
That may unite both counsels and their blood
To serve your crown.

Soph. Macarius and Eubulus,
That bear inveterate malice to each other.

It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either family had made,
Which of their fathers was the best commander.
If we believe our stories, they have both
Deserved well of our state, and yet this quarrel
Has cost too many lives; a severe faction!

Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torn
With these dissensions, and lose the glory
Of their great names; my blood speaks my relation
To Eubulus, and I wish my veins were emptied
To appease their war.

Soph. Thou hast a noble soul!
This is a charity above thy youth,
And it flows bravely from thee: name the way.

Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little stream
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts:
If you'll prevent a deluge—

Soph. Be particular.

Sel. Let but your majesty consent, that two
May with their personal valour undertake
The honour of their family, and determine
Their difference.

Soph. This rather will enlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the stream.

Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear—

Soph. And who shall be the champions?

Sel. I beg the honour, for Eubulus' cause
To be engag'd, if any for Macarius,
Worthy to wager heart with mine, accept it:
I am confident, Arcadius
(For honour would direct me to his sword,)
Will not deny to stake against my life
His own, if you vouchsafe us privilege.

Soph. You are the expectation and top boughs
Of both your houses; it would seem injustice,
To allow a civil war to cut you off,

And [you] yourselves the instruments : besides,
 You appear a soldier ; Arcadius
 Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
 More fit to drill a lady than expose
 His body to such dangers : a small wound
 I' the head may spoil the method of his hair,
 Whose curiosity exacts more time
 Than his devotion ; and who knows but he
 May lose his riband by it in his lock,²
 Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange
 His head, for her gay colours ? then his band
 May be disorder'd, and transform'd from lace
 To cutwork ; his rich clothes be discomplexion'd
 With blood, beside the unfashionable slashes ;
 And [he] at the next festival take physic,
 Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches :
 His hands, cased up in gloves all night, and sweet
 Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
 To blisters with a sword. How can he stand
 Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,
 To which his feet must ever be a dancing ?
 Besides, a falsify may spoil his cringe,
 Or making of a leg, in which consists
 Much of his court perfection.

Sel. Is this character
 Bestow'd on him ?

Soph. It something may concern
 The gentleman, whom, if you please to challenge
 To dance, play on the lute, or sing—

Sel. Some catch ?

Soph. He shall not want those will maintain³ him
 [,sir,]
 For any sum.

Sel. You are my sovereign ;

² See vol. ii. p. 372.

³ — maintain him] i. e. in the language of the present day,
 back him for any sum. There is much liveliness in this pretty
 perversity of Sophia ; and the description of the finished gal-
 lant of the time cannot be exceeded for truth and humour.

I dare not think; [and] yet I must speak somewhat,
I shall burst else.—I have no skill in jigs,
Nor tumbling—

Soph. How, sir?

Sel. Nor was I born a minstrel ; and in this
You have so infinitely disgraced Arcadius,
But that I have heard another character,
And, with your royal license, do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing.

Soph. Your killing ?

Sel. Does she not jeer me ?
I shall talk treason presently, I find it
At my tongue's end already ; this is an
Affront : I'll leave her. *Aside.*

Soph. Come back ; do you know Arcadius ?

Sel. I have chang'd but little breath with him ,
our persons
Admit no familiarity. We were
Born to live both at distance ; yet I have seen him
Fight, and fight bravely.

Soph. When the spirit of wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Although he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buzz about the court,
Set to catch * trouts i' the summer, tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your own—

Soph. What ?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Soph. I see, Seleucus, thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd Arcadius ; your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First place and honour to his family :
Is it not this you plead for ?

Sel. You are gracious.

Soph. Lisimachus.

Lisim. Madam. [*Soph.* walks aside with *Lisim.*]

Cas. She has granted, then ?

* Set to catch, &c.] Old copy, Sit.

Sel. With much ado.

Cas. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veins ; Macarius is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.

Soph. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage.—

Seleucus ! [Exit, followed by *Sel.*

Lisim. As I guess'd !
It cannot be too soon.

Cas. To-morrow then we crown her, and invest
My son with majesty ; 'tis to my wishes.—
Beget a race of princes, my Lisimachus.

Lisim. First let us marry, sir.

Cas. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle ; I'm transported !
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

Lisim. Although you be my father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it.—

Re-enter PHILOCLES, LISANDER, and ANTIGONUS.

Cas. Gentlemen,
Prepare yourselves for a solemnity
Will turn the kingdom into triumph.—Epire,
Look fresh, to morrow !—'Twill become your duties,
In all your glory, to attend the queen
At her CORONATION ; she is pleased to make
The next day happy in our calendar :
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.

[Walks aside with *Lisim.*

Phil. How's this ?

Ant. Crown'd to-morrow !

Lis. And he so joyful to resign his regency !
There's some trick in't ; I do not like these hasty
proceedings, and whirls of state, they have com-
monly as strange and violent effects. Well, heaven
save the queen !

Phil. Heaven save the queen ! say I, and send her a sprightly bed-fellow ! for the Protector, let him pray for himself, he is like to have no benefit of my devotion.

Cas. But this doth quicken my old heart, Lisimachus ;

There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy own state.—
Come, gentlemen.

Lis. We attend your grace.

Cas. Lisimachus ! [Exeunt all but *Lisim.*

Lisim. What heretofore could happen to mankind
Was, with much pain, to climb to heaven ; but in
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the best,
Heaven will come down to earth, to make me blest.

[Exit.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Room in Nestorius's House.

Enter ARCADIUS and POLIDORA.

Pol. Indeed you shall not go.

Arc. Whither ?

Pol. To travel :

I know you see me but to take your leave ;
But I must never yield to such an absence.

Arc. I prithee leave thy fears ; I am commanded
To the contrary, I will not leave thee now.

Pol. Commanded ? by whom ?

Arc. The queen.

Pol. I am very glad ; for, trust me, I could think
Of thy departure with no comfort ; thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul ;
But I must thank the queen now for thy company.

I prithee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad ?

Arc. Only to get an appetite
To Polidora.

Pol. Then you must provoke it !

Arc. Nay, prithee do not so mistake thy servant.

Pol. Perhaps you surfeited with my love.

Arc. Thy love ?

Pol. Although I have no beauty to compare
With the best faces, I have a heart above
All competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now ;
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last ;
I am so confident of thee, no lip
Has ravish'd it from thine. [*kisses her.*]—I prithee
come

To court.

Pol. For what ?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.

Pol. 'Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora ;
The greatest will be proud to honour thee.
Thy lustre wants the admiration here ;
There thou wilt shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.

Pol. You can flatter too ?

Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so ; thy
virtue

Will deserve all. I must confess, we courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our art :
There is necessity sometimes to say,
This madam breathes Arabian gums,
Amber, and cassia ; though, while we are praising,

* *Come, let me take, &c.]* This pretty thought is from Shakspeare :

————— “ this kiss

// I carried from thee, dear, and my true heart
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.” *Coriolanus.*

We wish we had no nostrils to take in
The offensive steam of her corrupted lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve
One of her hairs, brighter than Berenice's,
Or young Apollo's ; and yet, after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt [them]
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Pol. Fine men !

Arc. I am none of these.

Nay, there are women, Polidora, too,
That can do pretty well at flatteries ;
Make men believe they doat, [nay,] languish for 'em,
Can kiss a jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet of diamonds from another,
Weep in the bosom of a third, and make
Him drop as many pearls ;—they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable heir, within ten days,
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.

Pol. You will teach me

To think I may be flatter'd in your promises,
Since you live where this art is most profess'd.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked, Polidora.

The infant errors of the court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a goodness ; nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of court,
To practise for base ends : be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my Polidora,
It is not in the power of time or distance
To cancel it. By all that's blest I love thee ;
Love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.

Pol. Let it be
Some gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath, I prithee,
 One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
 Any suspicion of my faith ; or else
 Direct me in some horrid imprecation,^{*}
 To blast my greatest happiness on earth :—
 When I forsake thee, for the love of other
 Woman, may heaven reward my apostacy,
 And make all joys abortive !

Pol. Revoke these hasty syllables, they carry
 Too great a penalty for breach of love
 To me ; I am not worth thy suffering :
 You do not know what beauty may invite
 Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye
 And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
 In one, and she should court me with a dower
 Able to buy a kingdom, when I give
 My heart from Polidora—

Pol. I suspect not ;
 And, to requite thy constancy, I swear—

Arc. It were [a] sin to let thec waste thy breath,
 I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your uncle hath been every
 where
 I the court inquiring for you ; his looks speak
 Some earnest cause. [Exit.

Arc. I am more acquainted with
 Thy virtue than to imagine thou wilt not

* *Direct me in some horrid imprecation,*] The lines in the old copy here are evidently transposed :

“ Direct me in some horrid imprecation
 When I forsake thee, for the love of other
 Woman, may heaven reward my apostacy
 To blast my greatest happiness on earth,
 And make all joys abortive.”

Excuse me now ; one kiss dismisses him
Whose heart shall wait on Polidora. [Kisses her.

Pol. Prithee
Let me not wish for thy return too often.

[*Exit Arcad.*

My father !

Enter Nestorius.

Nest. I met Arcadius in strange haste ; he told
me

He had been with thee.

Pol. Some affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence ; his uncle sent for him.
You came [e'en] now from court ; how looks the
queen

This golden morning ?

Nest. Like a bride ; her soul
Is all on mirth, her eyes have quick'ning fires,
Able to strike a spring into the earth
In winter.

Pol. Then Lisimachus can have
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.

Nest. His politic father, the Protector, smiles
too.

Resolve to see the ceremony of the queen,
'Twill be a day of state.

Pol. I am not well. *No wi' me*

Nest. How ! not well ? retire then. I must
return,

My attendance is expected. Polidora,
Be careful of thy health.

Pol. It will concern me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter ARCADIUS and MACARIUS.*

Arc. You amaze me, sir.

Mac. Dear nephew, if thou [dost] respect thy safety,

My honour, or my age, remove thyself;

Thy life's in danger.

Arc. Mine? who's my enemy?

Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the city,
Or else, within some unsuspected dwelling
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the reason.

Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon; which i' the number

Of my offences unto any, should

Provoke [to] this dishonourable flight?

Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy banishment! thou know'st not
What threatens thee.

Arc. I would desire to know it;
I am in no conspiracy of treason,
Have ravish'd no man's mistress, not so much
As given the lie to any: what should mean
Your strange and violent fears? I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I have lost
My innocence.

Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds; it were less sin
To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them
By some rude winds, where none should ever find
The sacred dust. It was his legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to heaven,
I should preserve Arcadius, whose fate

He prophesied, in death, would need protection :
 Thou wilt disturb his ghost, and call it to
 Affright my dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me to inquire the cause
 Of your distraction ; and you'll arm me better
 Than any coward flight, by acquainting me
 Whose malice aims to kill me. Good sir, tell me.

Mer. Then prayers and tears assist me !

Arc. Sir ?

Mac. Arcadius,
 Thou art a rash young man.—Witness the spirit
 Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed
 Till I prevent this mischief. [Aside, and exit.

Enter PHILOCLES and LISANDER.

Arc Ha ! keep off ! [Draws his sword.

Phil. What mean you, sir ?

Lis. We are your friends.

Arc. I know your faces, but
 Am not secure ; I would not be betray'd.

Lis. You wrong our hearts, who truly honour you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd.

Phil. By whom ?

Arc. I know not,
 Nor would I part with life so tamely.

Phil. We dare
 Engage ours in your quarrel ; hide your sword,
 It may beget suspicion ; it is
 Enough to question you.

Arc. I am confident ; [Puts up his sword.
 Pray pardon me. Come, I despise all danger ;
 Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me
 He would not see my body full of wounds.

Lis. Your uncle ! this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest uncle. *Lis.*
 If my unlucky stars have pointed me *to* *the* *grave*
 So dire a fate—

Phil. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Arcadius, the queen would speak with you ;
You must make haste. [Exit.

Arc. Though to my death, I fly
Upon her summons ; I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me. [Exit.

Phil. This does a little trouble me.

Lis. I know not
What to imagine ; something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Loud music.—Enter, in state, SOPHIA, followed by LISIMACHUS, MACARIUS, EUBULUS, SELEUCUS, ARCADIUS, ANTIGONUS, Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, Guards, &c. &c.

Soph. We have already granted to Seleucus,
And they shall try their valour, if Arcadius
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge :
Our royal word is passed.

Phil. This is strange !

Eub. Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,
And you were cruel to consent so soon.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once of all the wealth I have ? Arcadius
Is part of me.

Eub. Seleucus' life and mine
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall
Together. Hath the service for my country
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home ? Was't not enough,
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,
But the poor remnant, that is scarcely warm,
And faintly creeping through my wither'd veins,
Must be let out to make you sport ?

Mac. How can

We, that shall this morn see the sacred oil
 Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any
 Protection hereafter, when this day
 You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you?—
 Arcadius, I prithee speak thyself;
 It is for thee I plead.

Eub. Seleucus, kneel,

And say thou hast repented thy rash suit.
 If, ere I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
 How will the least drop forced from thy veins
 Afflict my heart?

Mac. Why, that's good.—

Arcadius, speak to her.—Hear him, madam.

Arc. If you call back this honour you have
 done me,

I shall repent I live; do not persuade me.—
 Seleucus, thou art a noble enemy,
 And I will love thy soul, though I despair
 Our bodies friendly conversation:
 I would we were to tug upon some cliff!
 Or, like two prodigies i' the air, our conflict
 Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood
 Appear our grandsires' ashes!

Mac. I am undone.

Sel. Madam, my father says I have offended,
 If so, I beg your pardon; but beseech you,
 For your own glory, call not back your word.

Eub. They are both mad.

Soph. No more; we have resolved:
 And since their courage is so nobly flamed,
 This morning we'll behold the champions
 Within the list; be not afraid their strife
 Will stretch so far as death.—So soon as we
 Are crown'd, prepare yourselves.

[*Seleucus kisses her hand.*²

² *Seleucus kisses her hand.*] The old copy reads:
 “Are crown'd, prepare yourselves, Seleucus. *kisses her hand.*”
 In the subsequent editions Seleucus is foisted into the text.

Sel. I have receiv'd
Another life in this high favour, and
May lose what nature gave me.

Soph. Arcadius, to
Encourage thy young valour, we give thee
Our father's sword, command it from our armory.—
Lisimachus ! to our coronation.

[*Loud music.—Exeunt all but Eub. Mac.
Phil. and Lis.*]

Eub. I'll [sooner] forfeit
My head for a rebellion than suffer it. [*Exit.*]

Mac. I am circled with confusions, I'll do
somewhat ;

My brains and friends assist me ! [*Walks aside.*]

Phil. But do you think they'll fight indeed ?

Lis. Perhaps
Her majesty will see a bout or two.
And yet 'tis wondrous strange ; such spectacles
Are rare i' the court. An they were to skirmish
naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is some gimcrack in't—the queen is wise
Above her years.

Phil. Macarius is perplex'd.

Re-enter EUBULUS.

Lis. I cannot blame him ; but my lord Eubulus
Returns ; they are both troubled : 'las, good men !
But our duties are expected ; we forget.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Lis.*]

Eub. I must resolve ; and yet things are not ripe :
My brain's upon the torture.

Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood is worth more than our families.—
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way
To stay the young men's desperate proceedings :
It is our cause they fight ; let us beseech
The queen to grant us two the privilege

Of duel, rather than expose their lives
 To either's fury. It were pity they
 Should run upon so black a destiny ;
 We are both old, and may be spared, a pair
 Of fruitless trees, mossy and wither'd trunks,
 That fill up too much room.

Eub. Most willingly ;
 And I will praise her charity to allow it :
 I have not yet forgot to use a sword.
 Let's lose no time ; by this act she will license
 Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,
 Perhaps an hour, the sooner ; they may live
 To do her better service, and be friends,
 When we are dead ; and yet I have no hope
 This will be granted. Curse upon our faction !

Mac. If she deny us—

Eub. What ?

Mac. I would do somewhat—

Eub. There's something o' the sudden struck
 upon

My imagination, that may secure us.

Mac. Name it ; if no dishonour wait upon't,
 To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.

Eub. There is no other way—and yet my heart
 Would be excus'd ; but 'tis to save his life. [Aside.

Mac. Speak it, Eubulus.

Eub. In your ear I shall ;
 It shall not make a noise, if you refuse it.

[Whispers him.]

Mac. Hum ! though it stir my blood, I'll meet.

[exit *Eub.*]—Arcadius,
 If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
 Another mystery. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Palace.

SOPHIA, crowned, and seated under the state,
attended by LISIMACHUS, CASSANDER, CHARILLA,
LISANDER, PHILOCLES, ANTIGONUS, Guards,
&c. &c.

Soph. We owe to all your loves, and will
deserve,

At least by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers.—
My lord Protector.

Cas. Madam, I have no
Such title now, and [I] am blest to lose
That name so happily; I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.

Soph. You have prov'd
Yourself a faithful counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing state. A kingdom's sceptre
Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown sits
heavy

Upon my brow already, and we know
There's something more than metal in this wreath
Of shining glory; but your faith and counsel,
That are familiar with [the] mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Do loyal service, and - - -³
Reward your duties.

Cas. Heaven preserve your highness!

Soph. But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none

³ Do loyal service, and - - -

Reward your duties.] In the 4to. this is printed as a verse;
but the sense is incomplete, and it seems probable that a
hemistich or more has been dropped at the press.

Mistake me, that, because I urge your wisdoms,
 I shall grow careless, and impose on you
 The managing of this great province. No,
 We will be active too ; and as we are
 In dignity above your persons, so
 The greatest portion of the difficulties
 We call to us, you in your several places
 Relieving us with your experience ;
 Observing, in your best discretions,^{*}
 All modesty, and distance : for although
 We are but young, no action shall forfeit
 Our royal privilege, or encourage any
 Too unreverend boldness. As it will become
 Our honour to consult, ere we determine,
 Of the most necessary things of state,
 So we are [quickly] sensible of a check
 But in a braw, that saucily controls
 Our action, presuming on our years
 As few, or frailty of our sex : that head
 Is not secure that dares our power or justice.

Phil. She has a brave spirit ! look how the
 Protector
 Grows pale already. [Aside.]

Soph. But I speak to you
 Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
 This theme ; yet 'twas no immaterial
 Part of our character, since I desire
 All should take notice, I have studied
 The knowledge of myself : by which I shall
 Better distinguish of your worth and persons,
 In your relations to us.

Lis. This language
 Is but a threatening to somebody. [Aside.]

Soph. But we miss some, that use not to absent
 Their duties from us. Where's Macarius ?

Cas. Retir'd, to grieve your majesty hath given

* For *discretions*, the old copy reads, *directions*.

Consent Arcadius should enter list[s]
To-day with young Seleucus.

Soph. We propose

Enter a Gentleman.

They shall proceed. What's he?

Phil. A gentleman
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleasure.
Soph. He was compos'd for action. Give notice
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger.
Let other princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles;—but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour!

Enter SELEUCUS and ARCADIUS, at several doors, armed; their Pages before them, bearing their targets.

Two young men, spirited enough to have
Two kingdoms staked upon their swords.—Lisimachus,
Do not they excellently become their arms?
'Twere pity but they should do something more
Than wave their plumes. [*a shout within.*]—What
noise is that?

Enter MACARIUS and EUBULUS.

Mac. The people's joy, to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the jubilee of the day:
We have no more a faction, but one heart.
Peace flow in every bosom!

Eub. Throw away
These instruments of death, and like two friends
Embrace; by our example.

Soph. This unfeign'd?

Mac. By our duties to yourself! Dear madam,
Command them not advance; our houses from
This minute are incorporate. Happy day!
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion.—Oh my Arcadius!

Eub. We have found a nearer way to friendship,
madam,

Than by exposing them to fight for us.

Soph. If this be faithful, our desires are blest;
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your blood this way; and we did prophesy
This happy chance.—Spring into either's bosom,
Arcadius and Seleucus.—What can now
Be added to this day's felicity?
Yes, there is something, is there not, my lord,
While we are [a] virgin queen.

Cas. Ha! that string
Doth promise music.

[*Aside.*

Soph. I am yet, my lords,
Your single joy, and when I look upon
What I have took to manage, the great care
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to myself,
If I choose one, whose strength and virtue may
Assist my undertaking. Think you, lords,
A husband would not help?

Lis. No question, madam,
And he that you propose to make so blest,
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty.
It is the general vote.

Soph. We will not, then,
Trouble ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad; within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honour, we shall make our choice;
And, that we may not keep you over long
In the imagination, from this circle we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a king and husband.

Lis. Now my lord Lisimachus.

Soph. Nor shall we, in this action, be accused
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection, hath been early
In our opinion, which had reason first
To guide it ; and his known nobility,
Long married to our thoughts, will justify
Our fair election.

Phil. Lisimachus blushes.

Cas. Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him.

Soph. Arcadius, you see from whence we come ;
[She comes from the state.]

Pray lead us back : you may ascend.

Cas. How's this ? o'er-reach'd ?

Arc. Madam,
Be charitable to your humblest creature ;
Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the court mirth, a mockery for pages ;
'Twere treason in me to think you mean thus.

Soph. Arcadius, you must refuse my love,
Or shame this kingdom.⁴

Phil. Is the wind in that corner ?

Cas. I shall run mad, Lisimachus.

Lisim. Sir, contain yourself.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd ?

Mac. What dream is this ?

Phil. He kisses her ! Now by this day I am glad
on't.

Lis. Mark the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings.

⁴ Or shame this kingdom.] This is obscure, not to say unintelligible, as it stands. Mason would exchange *shame* for *share*, which gives the passage, indeed, a meaning, but one so trite and bald, that I cannot persuade myself it came from the author. If we might venture to read,

" Arcadius, you must [not] refuse my love,"
the observation would want neither sense nor spirit.

Soph. Is the day cloudy on the sudden ?

Arc. Gentlemen,

It was not my ambition ; I durst never
 Aspire so high in thought ; but since her majesty
 Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I
 Will study to be worthy of her grace,
 By whom I live.

Soph. The church to morrow shall
 Confirm our marriage.—Noble Lisimachus,
 We'll find out other ways to recompense
 Your love to us.—Set forward.—Come, Arcadius.

[*Exit with Arc. followed by Guards, &c.*

Mac. It must be so ; and yet let me consider.

Cas. He insults already ! policy assist me,
 To break his neck. [*Aside.*

Lisim. Who would trust woman ?
 Lost in a pair of minutes, lost ! how bright
 A morning rose but now,—and now 'tis night !

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room in Nestorius's House.

Enter POLIDORA with a letter, and a Servant.

Pol. Oh, where shall virgins look for faith here-
 after,
 If he prove false, after so many vows ?
 And yet, if I consider, he was tempted
 Above the strength of a young lover ; two
 Such glories courting ¹ his acceptance, were
 Able to make disloyalty no sin,

¹ *Such glories courting*] Old copy, “Such glorious courting ;”
 corrected in the edition of 1750.

At least not seem a fault : a lady first,
 Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen
 Than the Alps, quicken a soul more dead than
 winter !

Add to her beauty and perfection,
 That she's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom
 Able to make a great mind forfeit heaven.—
 What could the frailty of Arcadius
 Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not
 To fly to her embraces ? You were present
 When she declar'd herself ?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Pol. Tell me,
 Did not he make a pause, when the fair queen,
 A full temptation, sued ^a him ?

Serv. Very little
 My judgment could distinguish : she did no sooner
 Propound, but he accepted.

Pol. That was ill.
 He might with honour stand one or two minutes.
 Methinks it should have startled him a little,
 To have remember'd me ; I have deserv'd
 At least a cold thought. Well, pray give it him.

Serv. I shall.

Pol. When ?

Serv. Instantly.

Pol. Not so ;
 But take a time when his joy swells him most,
 When his delights are high and ravishing,
 When you perceive his soul dance in his eyes,
 When she that must be his, hath dress'd her beauty
 With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids
 To call him to the tasting of her lip ;
 Then give him this, and tell him, while I live
 I'll pray for him. [Gives him the letter.

Serv. I shall.

[Exeunt.

^a For sued the 4to. reads stood. I have not much confidence in the variation, as I believe the corruption extends beyond it.

SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter CASSANDER and LISIMACHUS.*

Cas. There is no way but death.

Lisim. That's black and horrid.

Consider, sir, it was her sin, not his ;
I cannot accuse him. What man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such ^{such} ^{such}
A glorious flame ? Who could not fly to such
A happiness ?

Cas. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool ? see so vast an injury,
And not revenge it ? Make me not suspect
Thy mother for this sufferance, my son.

Lisim. Pray hear me, sir.

Cas. Hear a patient gull,
A property ! Thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not How canst [thou]
Be charitable to thyself, and let him live,
To glory in thy shame ? Nor is he innocent ;
He had before crept slily into her bosom,
And practised thy dishonour.

Lisim. You begin
To stir me, sir.

Cas. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee ? and in the eye
Of all the kingdom ? They conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and Lisi-
machus

Stand idle gazer ?

Lisim. What, sir, will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me ?

So irreligious?—and to touch her person—
Pause, we may be observed.

Enter behind PHILOCLES and LISANDER.

Lis. 'Tis the Protector
And his son.

Phil. Alas, poor gentleman, I pity his
Neglect, but am not sorry for his father.

Lis. 'Tis a strange turn!

Phil. The whirligigs of women!

Lis. Your grace's servant.

[*Phil.* and *Lis.* come forward.]

Cas. I am your's, gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

Phil. Now he can flatter.

[*Aside to Lis.*]

Lisim. * * * * *

*Lis.*³ * * * * *

in't, sir, to enlarge
Your sufferings; I have a heart doth wish
The queen had known better to reward
Your love and merit.

Lisim. If you would express
Your love to me, pray do not mention it;
I must obey my fate.

Phil. She will be married
To 'tother gentleman for certain then?

Cas. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

Phil. Indeed I will, sir.

Lis. Your grace's servant.

[*Exeunt Lis. and Phil.*]

Cas. We are grown
Ridiculous, the pastime of the court!
Here comes another.

³ *Lis.* In't sir, &c.] Here again is an omission occasioned like that in p. 462, by the similarity of the catch-word.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your son, my lord ?

Cas. Like a neglected servant of his mistress.

Sel. I would ask him a question.

Cas. What ?

Sel. Whether the queen,

As 'tis reported, lov'd him ? he can tell
Whether she promis'd what they talk of, marriage.

Cas. I can resolve you that, sir.

Sel. She did promise ?

Cas. Yes.

Sel. Then she's a woman ; and your son—

Cas. What ?

Sel. Not

Worthy his blood and expectation,
If he be calm.

Cas. There's no opposing destiny.

Sel. I would cut the throat—

Cas. Whose throat ?

Sel. The Destiny's ; that's all. Your pardon, sir,
I am Seleucus still,—a poor shadow
O' the world, a walking picture ; it concerns
Not me, I am forgotten by my stars.

Cas. The queen with more discretion might
have chosen

Thee. *perh.*

Sel. Whom ?

Cas. Thee, Seleucus.

Sel. Me ?

I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity ;
My body is lead ; I have too much phlegm ; what
should I

Do with a kingdom ? No, Arcadius
Becomes the cushion, and can please ; yet, setting
Aside the trick that ladies of blood look at,

Another man might make a shift to wear
 Rich clothes, sit in the chair of state, and nod ;
 Dare venture on discourse, that does not trench
 On complement, and think the study of arms
 And arts more commendable in a gentleman
 Than any galliard.

Cas. Arcadius

And you were reconcil'd.

Sel. We? yes; oh yes;
 But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends :
 At our equality there had been reason ;
 But now, subjection is the word.

Cas. They are not
 Yet married.

Sel. I'll make no oath upon't.—
 My lord Lisimachus,
 A word; you'll not be angry if I love you?—
 May not a bachelor be made a cuckold?

Lisim. How, sir?

Cas. Lisimachus, this gentleman
 Is worth[y] our embrace: he's spirited,
 And may be useful.

Sel. Hark you; can you tell
 Where's the best dancing-master? an you mean
 To rise at court, practise to caper. Farewell
 The noble science, that makes work for cutlers!
 It will be out of fashion to wear swords;
 Masques and devices, welcome, I salute you.
 Is it not pity [,sirs.] any division
 Should be heard, out of music? oh, 'twill be
 An excellent age of crotchetts, and of canters.—
 B'ye, captains! that, like fools, will spend your blood
 Out of your country! you will be of less
 Use than your feathers; if you return unmaim'd,²
 You shall be beaten soon to a new march,
 When you shall think it a discretion

¹ — if you return unmaim'd] Old copy, unman'd.

To sell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,
And pantables.—This is, I hope, no treason ?

Enter Arcadius, leading Sophia; Charilla, Eubulus, Lisander, Philocles, Polidora's Servant, Attendants, &c.

Cas. Wilt stay, Lisimachus ?

Lisim. Yes, sir ; and shew
A patience above her injury.

[*Sophia leads Arcadius to the state.—Music.*

Arc. This honour is too much, madam ; assume
Your place, and let Arcadius wait still :
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.

Cas. How he dissembles !

Soph. Sir, you must sit.

Arc. I am obedient.

Soph. This is not music

Sprightly enough, it feeds the soul with melancholy.
How says Arcadius ?

Arc. Give me leave to think

There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue
But strikes me into rapture. I incline
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable ;
'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,
And charm the forest, soften hell itself,
With his commanding lute ; it is no miracle
To what you work, whose very breath conveys
The hearer into heaven, while at your lips⁴
Winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse sweetness round about the world.

♦ — while at your lips] The old copy reads :
“ — how at your lips,

Day winds”

The irregularity of the metre convinces me that something is lost. All that can now be done is to omit the first word.

Sel. Fine stuff!

Soph. You cannot flatter!

Arc. Not if I should say

Nature had placed you here, the creature's wonder,
And her own spring, from which all excellence
On earth's deriv'd, and copied forth ; and when
The character of fair and good in others
Is quite worn out and lost, looking on you
It is supplied ; and you alone made mortal,
To feed and keep alive all beauty.

Sel. Ha ! ha !

Can you endure it, gentlemen ?

Lis. What do you mean ?

Sel. Nay, ask him what he means ;
Mine is a downright laugh.

Soph. Well, sir, proceed.

Arc. At such bright eyes the stars do light
themselves,
At such a forehead swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

Sel. The morning is more modest than thy
praises.

What a thing does he make her !

Arc. And when you fly to heaven, and leave
this world

No longer maintenance of goodness from you,
Then poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a verse.

Sel. Ha ! ha !

Soph. Who's that ?

Sel. 'Twas I madam.

Arc. Seleucus ?

Cas. Ha ?

Sel. Yes, sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what ?

Sel. At nothing.

Lis. Contain yourself, Seleucus.

Eub. Are you mad?

Soph. Have you ambition to be punish'd, sir?

Sel. I need not;

It [sure] was punishment enough to hear
Him make an idol of you ; he left out
The commendation of your patience.
I was a little moved in my nature
To hear his rhodomontados, and make
A monster of his mistress, which I pitied first;
But seeing him proceed, I guess'd he brought
You mirth with his inventions, and so
Made bold to laugh at it.

Soph. You are saucy [,sir ;]

We'll place you where you shall not be so merry.—
Take him away.

Lis. Submit yourself.

Arc. Let me plead for his pardon.

Sel. I would

Not owe my life so poorly ; beg your own,
When you are king :*—you cannot bribe your des-
tiny.

Eub. Good madam, hear me ;
I fear he is distracted.—

Cas. Brave boy !—

Thou should'st be master of a soul like his ;
Thy honour's more concern'd. [to *Lisim.*

Sel. 'Tis charity ;

Away with me.—B'ye, madam !

Cas. He has a daring spirit.

[*Exit Sel. guarded, followed by Eub. and Cas.*

Arc. These and a thousand more affronts I must
Expect ; your favours draw them all upon me.
In my first state I had no enemies ;
I was secure while I did grow beneath

* ————— beg your own,

When you are king :—] This is strangely pointed in every preceding edition. I am not quite sure that I understand it ; but Seleucus seems to allude to some plot of assassination.

This expectation. Humble valleys thrive with
 Their bosoms full of flowers, when the hills melt
 With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.
 Let me retire.

Soph. And can Arcadius,
 At such a breath, be mov'd ? I had opinion
 Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
 Our love ; can you for this incline to leave
 What other princes should in vain have sued for ?
 How many lovers are in Epire now
 Would throw themselves on danger ! not expect
 An enemy, but empty their own veins,
 And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,
 To have one smile of us when they are dying !
 And shall this murmur shake you ?

Arc. No, dear, madam ;
 My life is such a poor despised thing,
 In value [o'] your least graces, that to lose
 It were to make myself a victory.
 It is not for myself I fear ; the envy
 Of others cannot fasten wound in me
 Greater, than that your goodness should be
 check'd
 So daringly.

Soph. Let not those thoughts afflict thee ;
 While we have power to correct the offenders :
 Arcadius, be mine ; this shall confirm it.

[*Kisses him.*

Arc. I shall forget,
 And lose my way to heaven ; that touch had been
 Enough to have restored me, and infused
 A spirit of a more celestial nature,
 After the tedious absence of my soul.
 Oh, bless me not too much ; one smile a day
 Would stretch my life to [im]ortality.—
 Poets, that wrap divinity in tales,
 Look here, and give your copies forth of angels !—
 What blessing can remain ?

Soph. Our marriage?

Arc. Place then some horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass ; the journey's end
Holds out such glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it.—

[*Polidora's Servant comes forward, and gives him the letter.*]

What's that? some petition? A letter to me!

[*Reads aside.*]

You HAD a Polidora,—ha!—that's all!
I' the minute when my vessel's new launch'd forth,
With all my pride, and silken wings about me,
I strike upon a rock : what power can save me?
You HAD a Polidora! there's a name!—

Killed with grief, I can so soon forget her. [*Aside.*]

Serv. She did impose on me this service, sir ;
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for you.

Arc. *She lives?*
That's well ; and yet 'twere better for my fame
And honour, she were dead. What fate hath
placed me
Upon this fearful precipice ?

[*Aside.*]

Serv. He's troubled.

Arc. I must resolve : my faith is violated
Already ; yet, poor loving Polidora
Will pray for me, she says : to think she can,
Render[s] me hated to myself, and every
Thought's a tormentor ; let me then be just. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Arcadius.

Arc. That voice prevails again.—Oh, Polidora,
Thou must forgive Arcadius ; I dare not
Turn rebel to a princess ! I shall love
Thy virtue, but a kingdom has a charm
To excuse our frailty. [*aside.*]—Dearest madam.

Soph. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our joys.

Enter MACARIUS, CASSANDER, and a Bishop.

Mac. I'll fright their glories.

Cas. By what means?

Mac. Observe.

Arc. Our good uncle, welcome!

Soph. My lord Macarius, we did want your person;

There's something in our joys wherein you share.

Mac. This you intend your highness' wedding-day?

Soph. We are going—

Mac. Save your labour,
I have brought a priest to meet you.

Arc. Reverend father—

Soph. Meet us? why?

Mac. To tell you that you must not marry.

Cas. Didst thou hear that,

Lisimachus?

Lisim. And wonder what will follow.

Soph. We must not marry?

Bish. Madam, 'tis a rule

First made in heaven; and I must needs declare

You and Arcadius must tie no knot

Of man and wife.

Arc. Is my uncle mad?

Soph. Joy has transported him,

Or age has made him doat.—Macarius,

Provoke us not too much; you will presume

Above our mercy.

Mac. I'll discharge my duty,
Could your frown strike me dead.—My lord, you
know

Whose character this is.

[*Shews a paper.*

Cas. It is Theodosius',
Your grace's father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd a witness.

Phil. Upon my life 'tis his.

Mac. Fear not, I'll cross this match.

Cas. I'll bless thee for't.

Arc. [takes *Mac.* aside.]—Uncle, do you know what you do, or what we are going to finish? You will not break the neck of my glorious fortune, now my foot's i' the stirrups, and, mounting, throw me over the saddle? I hope you'll let one be a king.—Madam, 'tis as you say, my uncle is something craz'd; there is a worm in's brain; but I beseech you pardon him, he is not the first of your council that has talk'd idly. [*Mac.* goes apart with *Soph.*]—Do you hear, my lord bishop? I hope you have more religion than to join with him to undo me.

Bish. Not I, sir; but I am commanded by oath and conscience to speak truth.

Arc. If your truth should do me any harm, I shall never be in charity with a crozier's staff; look to it.

Soph. My youngest brother!—

Cas. Worse and worse, my brains! [Exit.

Mac. Deliver'd to me an infant, with this writing,

To which this reverend father is a witness.

Lis. This he whom we so long thought dead, a child?

Soph. But what should make my father to trust him

To your concealment? give abroad his death,

And bury an empty coffin?

Mac. A jealousy he had
Upon Cassander, whose ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His son, to make Lissimachus king of Epir.

Soph. He made no scruple to expose me then
To any danger?

Mac. He secur'd you, madam,
 By an early engagement of your affection to
 Lisimachus. Exempt this testimony,
 Had he been Arcadius, and my nephew,
 I needed not obtrude him on the state ;
 Your love and marriage had made him king
 Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition.
 There was necessity to open now
 His birth, and title

Phil. Demetrius alive !

Arc. What riddles are these ? whom do they
 talk of ?

All. [We]

Congratulate your return to life, and honour,
 And, as becomes us, with one voice salute you,
 Demetrius, king of Epire.

Mac. I am no uncle, sir ; this is your sister.
 I should have suffer'd incest, to have kept you
 Longer i' the dark. Love, and be happy both ;
 My trust is now discharg'd.

Lis. And we rejoice.

Dem. But do not mock me, gentlemen ;
 May I be bold, upon your words, to say
 I am prince Theodosius' son.

Mac. The king.

Dem. You'll justify it ? —

Sister, I am very glad to see you.

Soph. [As] I am

To find a brother, and resign my glory :

[Places the crown on Arcadius.

My triumph is my shame.

[Exit.

Re-enter CASSANDER.

Cas. Thine ear, Lisimachus.

Dem. Gentlemen, I owe

Unto your loves as large acknowledgment
 As to my birth, for this great honour ; and

My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both.

Cas. Thou art turn'd marble.

Lisim. There

Will be the less charge for my monument.

Cas. This must not be.—Sit fast, young king.

[*Exeunt Cas. and Lisim.*]

Lis. Your sister, sir, is gone.

Dem. My sister should have been my bride!
that name

Puts me in mind of Polidora. Ha!

Lisander, Philocles, gentlemen, [all,]

If you will have me think your hearts allow me
Theodosius' son, oh, quickly snatch some wings,
Express it in your haste to Polidora;

Tell her what title is new dropp'd from heaven
To make her rich, only created for me:

Give her the ceremony of my queen;

With all the state that may become our bride,
Attend her to this throne. Are you not there?

Yet stay, 'tis too much pride to send for her;

We'll go ourself; no honour is enough

For Polidora, to redeem our fault:

Salute her gently from me, and upon

Your knee present her with this diadem;

'Tis our first gift:—tell her Demetrius follows

To be her guest, and give himself a servant

To her chaste bosom; bid her stretch her heart

To meet me. I am lost in joy and wonder.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Within the Castle of Epirus.

Enter CASSANDER, EUBULUS, and a Soldier.

Cas. Where's the captain of the castle?

Sold. He'll attend

Your honours presently.

Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.

Sold. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Cas. He is my creature, fear not,

And shall run any course that we propound.

Eub. My lord, I like the substance of your plot,
'Tis promising ; but matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect, and it does
Concern our heads to build upon secure
Principles. Though Seleucus, I confess,
Carry a high and daring spirit in him,
'Tis hard to thrust upon the state, new settled,
Any impostor ; and we know not yet
Whether he'll undertake to play the prince ;
Or, if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.

Cas. My lord, affairs
Of such a glorious nature are half finish'd
When they begin with confidence.

Eub. Admit
He want no art nor courage, it must rest
Upon the people to receive his title ;
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter our's, Demetrius scarcely warm
In the king's seat, I may suspect.

Cas. That reason

Makes for our part, for if it be so probable,
That young Demetrius should be living, why
May not we work them to believe Leonatus,
The eldest son, was by some trick preserv'd,
And now would claim his own? There were two
sons,

Whom in their father's life we suppos'd dead ;
May not we find a circumstance to make
This seem as clear as t'other? Let the vulgar
Be once possess'd, we'll carry Epirus from
Demetrius, and the world.

Eub. I could be pleas'd
To see my son a king.

Enter POLIANUS.

The captain's here.

Pol. I wait your lordship's pleasure.

Cas. We come to visit your late prisoner.
I will not doubt but you entreat him fairly ;
He will deserve it for himself, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion
To have express'd your service.

Pol. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable lord, his father, will
Instruct me to behaye myself with all
Respects becoming me, to such a son.

Cas. These things will least
Oblige you ; but how bears he his restraint?

Pol. As one whose soul's above it.

Eub. Patiently?

Pol. With contempt, rather, of the great com-
mand

Which made him prisoner ; he will talk sometimes
So strangely to himself—

Eub. He's here.

Enter, at a distance, SELEUCUS.

Sel. Why was I born to be a subject? 'tis
Soon answer'd sure; my father was no prince,
That's all: the same ingredients use[d] to make
A man as active, though not royal blood,
Went to my composition; and I
Was gotten with as good a will, perhaps,
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,
As I had been born an emperor.

Cas. While I look
Upon him, something in his face presents
A king indeed.

Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.

Cas Whose son we would pretend him;
This will advance our plot.

Sel. 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another; I'll imagine then
I am a prince, or some brave thing on earth,
And see what follows: but it must not be
My single voice will carry it; the name
Of king must be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whose airy wings
He mounts, and once exalted, threatens heaven,
And all the stars. How to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talk of? Men have risen
From a more cheap nobility to empires,
From dark originals, and sordid blood;
Nay, some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,
And flying people,¹ have aspire^d to kingdoms,
Made nations tremble, nay, have practis'd frowns
To awe the world: their memory is glorious,

¹ *And flying people,*] Of this expression I can find no meaning; and, supposing it spurious, can suggest no correction. *Sons of earth* creates no difficulty; but *sons of air*, if the text be genuine, must allude to some occult fable.

And I would hug them in their shades. But what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in expectation. [Cas. whispers Pol.

Pol. Are you serious?

Cas. Will you assist, and run a fate with us?

Pol. Command my life, I owe it to your favour.

Sel. Arcadius was once as far from king¹
As I; and had we not so cunningly
Been reconcil'd, or one or both had gone
To seek our fortunes in another world.—

[Eub. Cas. and Pol. go up to Sel.

What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale.

Cas. Chide your too vain suspicions; we bring
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happy. Thou hast a glorious flame,
We come to advance it.

Sel. How?

Cas. Have but a will,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A king.

Sel. You do not mock me, gentlemen?
You are my father, sir.

Eub. This minute shall
Declare it, my Seleucus; our hearts swell'd
With joy, with duty rather; oh my boy!

Sel. What is the mystery?

Pol. You must be a king. [*Sel. turns from them.*

Cas. Seleucus, stay, thou art too incredulous.
Let not our faith, and study to exalt thee
Be so rewarded.

Eub. I pronounce thee king,
Unless thy spirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint to accept it.

¹ — as far from king] Old copy, "as far from being;" Either king was dropped at the press after being, and should be supplied; or we must, with Sympson, substitute that word for the other.

Sel. King of what?

Cas. Of Epire.

Sel. Although the queen, since she sent me
Hither, were gone to heaven, I know not how
That title could devolve to me.

Cas. We have

No queen, since he that should have married her
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now king
In his own title.

Sel. Thank you, gentlemen,
There's hope for me!

Cas. Why, you dare fight with him,
An need be, for the kingdom?

Sel. With Arcadius?
If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine son,
And all the courtiers, one after another.

Cas. It will not come to that.

Sel. I am of your lordship's mind, so fare you
well! [Going.]

Cas. Yet stay, and hear.

Sel. What? that you have betray'd me?
Do, tell your king; my life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess; and make your souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor malice.

All. No more; Long live Leonatus, king of
Epire!

Sel. Leonatus! who is that?

Cas. Be bold, and be a king; our brains have
been
Working to raise you to this height; here [,sir,]
Are none but friends: dare you but call yourself
Leonatus, and but justify with confidence
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring
The crown to your head, we will forfeit our's.

Eub. The state is in distraction; Arcadius
Is prov'd a king;—there was an elder brother,

If you dare but pronounce you are the same,
Forget you are my son—

Pol. These are no trifles ; all is plotted, sir,
To assure your great greatness, if you will be wise,
And take the fair occasion that's presented.

Sel. Arcadius, you say, is lawful king,
And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder brother ; is't not so ?

Cas. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true
meaning—

All. Upon our lives.

Sel. I'll venture mine : but with your pardon,
Whose brain was this ? from whom took this plot
life ?

Eub. My lord Cassander.

Sel. And you are of his mind ? and you ? and
think

This may be done ?

Eub. The Destinies shall not cross us, if you
have

Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it !

I am not us'd to compliment ; I'll owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your lordship :
Compose me as you please ; and when you have
made

Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally. One word, my lord ; I had rather
Live in the prison still, than be a property
To advance his politic ends. [Aside to *Eub.*]

Eub. Have no suspicion.

Cas. So, so ! I see Demetrius' heels already
Tripp'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o' the way,
Which done, I can depose this at my leisure,
Being an impostor ; then my son stands fair,
And may piece with the princess. [aside.]—We
lose time ;

What think you?—if we first surprise the court,
While you command the castle, we shall curb
All opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him first.
I have some faction; the people love me;
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.
Cas. Unless Demetrius yield himself, he bleeds.
call treason sin, when it suc-

[Exit]

There's hope for me!

Cas. Why, you dare fight with him,
An need be, for the kingdom?

Sel. With Arcadius?

If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine son,
And all the courtiers, one after another.

Cas. It will not come to that.

Sel. I am of your lordship's mind, so fare you
well! [Going.]

Cas. Yet stay, and hear.

Sel. What? that you have betray'd me?

Do, tell your king; my life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess; and make your souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor me!

All. No more; Long live Leonatus!

[Exit]

Sel. Leonatus, who is th-

Cas. I bid, and

[Exit]

The crown.

Eub. The state

Is prov'd a king,

He that succeeds, in justice was before you,
And you have gain'd more in a royal brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of Epire.

Soph. This I allow, Charilla, I have done ;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me, —
At the same time I feel a joy to know
My brother living :—no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Char. Virtue forbid !

Soph. Canst find me out a surgeon for that ?

Char. For what ?

Soph. My bleeding fame.

Char. Oh, do not injure
Your own clear innocence.

Soph. Do not flatter me ;
I have been guilty of an act will make
All love in women question'd ; is not that
A blot upon a virgin's name ? my birth
Cannot extenuate my shame, I am
Become the stain of Epire.

Char. It is but

Your own opinion, madam, which presents
Something to fright yourself, which cannot be
In the same shape so horrid to our sense.

Soph. Thou would'st, but canst not appear ignorant ;
Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, take
Notice I loved Lisimachus ?

Char. True, madam.

Soph. No, I was false ;
Though counsell'd by my father to affect him,
I had my politic ends upon Cassander,
To be absolute queen, flattering his son with hopes
Of love and marriage, when, that very day,
(I blush to think) I wrong'd Lisimachus,
That noble gentleman ; but heaven punish'd me :
For though to know Demetrius was a blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my dishonour ?

Char. Madam, you yet may recompense Lisimachus.

If you affect him now, you were not false
 To him whom then you lov'd not ; if you can
 Find any gentle passion in your soul
 To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
 Though sad, retains a noble will to meet it :
 His love was firm to you, and cannot be
 Unrooted with one storm.

Soph. He will not, sure,
 Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd
 him,
 Although my soul doth weep for't, and is punish'd
 To love him above the world.

Enter LISIMACHUS.

Char. He's here,
 As fate would have him reconcil'd ; be free,
 And speak your thoughts.

Lisim. If, madam, I appear
 Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon :
 I heard you were not well, which made me haste
 To pay the duty of an humble visit.

Soph. You do not mock me, sir ?

Lisim. I am confident
 You think me not so lost to manners, in
 The knowledge of your person, to bring with me
 Such rudeness ; I have nothing to present,
 But a heart full of wishes for your health,
 And what else may be added to your happiness.

Soph. I thought you had been sensible.

Lisim. How, madam ?

Soph. A man of understanding ; can you spend
 One prayer for me, rememb'ring the dishonour
 I have done Lisimachus ?

Lisim. Nothing can deface
 That part of my religion in me, not
 To pray for you.

Soph. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too ; indeed I have a soul
Is full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to give't a name.

Lisim. What, madam ?

Soph. Love ; a love that should redeem
My past offence, and make me white again.

[*Weeps.*

Lisim. I hope no sadness can possess your
thoughts
For me ; I am not worthy of this sorrow ;
But if you mean it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of charity,
To keep me still alive. Be yourself, madam,
And let no cause of mine be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes ; my name's not worth
The least of all your tears.

Soph. You think 'em counterfeit.

Lisim. Although I may
Suspect a woman's smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes ; and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.

Soph. I wait it.

Lisim. I have now
Another mistress—

Soph. Stay !

Lisim. To whom I have made,
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate ; and she deserves it, madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you :
Her virtue, if she but maintain what now
She is mistress of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
At least in my esteem ; I may offend,

But truth shall justify I have not flatter'd her.
 I beg your pardon, and, to leave my duty
 Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you!

[*Kisses her hand, and exit.*

Soph. Did he not say, Charilla, that he had
 Another mistress?

Char. Such a sound, methought,
 Came from him.

Soph. Let's remove ; here's too much air,
 The sad note multiplies.

Char. Take courage, madam,
 And my advice. He has another mistress !
 If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
 With entertaining twice as many servants ;
 And when he sees your humour, he'll return,
 And sue for any livery. Grieve for this !

[*Soph.*] It must be she ; 'tis Polidora has
 Taken his heart :—she live my rival !
 How does the thought inflame me !

Char. Polidora ?

Soph. And yet she does but justly, and he too ;
 I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,
 And they will both have this revenge on me :
 But something will rebel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Nestorius's House.

Enter DEMETRIUS, PHILOCLES, and LISANDER.

Dem. The house is desolate, none comes forth
 to meet us :

She's slow to entertain us. Philocles,
 I prithee tell me, did she wear no cloud
 Upon her brow ? Was't freely that she said
 We should be welcome ?

Phil. To my apprehension ;
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

Lis. She,
Nor any other : sure there's some conceit
To excuse it.

Dem. Stay ; who's this ? observe what follows.

Phil. Fortune ? Some masque to entertain you, sir.

*Enter Fortune, crowned, attended with Youth,
Health, and Pleasure.*

Fort. Not yet ? what silence doth inhabit here ?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome,
Fortune, the genius of the world ? Have we
Descended from our pride and state, to come
So far, attended with our darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus ?
Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune ?

Fort. Know
Who dwells here.

Fame. Once more I report, great queen,
This is the house of Love.

Fort. It cannot be,
This place has too much shade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the spring
And sun-beams. Love affects society
And heat ; here all is cold as the airs of winter ; *

* ————— cold as the airs of winter,] The old copy reads, haires. This was corrected in the booksellers' edition (1778), to the destruction, as Mr. Monk Mason informs us, of a poetical beauty ; hair " being an allusion to the icicles on the beard of Hyems :"

" On old Hyems' chin, and icy crown." Shakspeare. This is the very dotage of criticism ; supporting one printer's blunder by another. What child does not see that the line in *Midsummer Night's Dream* should be :

" And on old Hyems' thin, and icy crown."

*No harmony to catch the busy ear
 Of passengers, no object of delight
 To take the wand'ring eyes ; no song, no groan
 Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands :
 Love has a beacon on his palace-top
 Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim
 To rest, and dwell with him ; I see no fire
 To threaten, or to warm : can Love dwell here ?*

*Fame. If there be noble love upon the world,
 Trust Fame, and find it here.*

*Fort. Make good your boast,
 And bring him to us.*

Dem. What does mean all this ?

Lis. I told you, sir, we should have some device.

Enter Love.

*There's Cupid now ; that little gentleman
 Has troubled every masque at court this seven year.*

Dem. No more.

*Love. Welcome to Love ! how much you honour
 me !*

*It had become me, that upon your summons
 I should have waited upon mighty Fortune ;
 But since you have vouchsafed to visit me,
 All the delights Love can invent shall flow
 To entertain you.—Music, through the air
 Shoot your enticing harmony !* [Music within.]

*Fort. We came
 To dance and revel with you.*

*Love. I am poor
 In my ambition, and want thought to reach
 How much you honour Love.* [A Dance.]

Enter Honour.

Hon. *What intrusion's this ?
Whom do you seek here ?*
Love. *'Tis Honour.*
Fort. *He's my servant.*
Love. *Fortune is come to visit us.*
Hon. *And has*

*Corrupted Love ! Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus
To Fortune's triumph ? take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to Honour ;
I blush to know thee : who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter ?*

Love. *I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it this
Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charms,
I fly again to Honour.—Be my guard ;
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast
The merit of a name.* [Exit with Honour.
Fort. *Despis'd ? I shall
Remember this affront.* [Exit.

Dem. What moral's this ?

*Re-enter Honour with the crown upon a mourning
cushion ; places them at the feet of Demetrius,
and exit.*

*What melancholy object strikes a sudden
Chillness through all my veins, and turns me ice ?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first pledge of her ensuing greatness.
Why in this mourning livery, if she live
To whom I sent it ? Ha ! what shape of sorrow ?*

Enter POLIDORA, in mourning.

It is not Polidora ; she was fair

Enough, and wanted not the setting off
 With such a black.—If thou be'st Polidora,
 Why mourns my love? it neither does become
 Thy fortune nor my joys.

Pol. But it becomes
 My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,
 And it were sin, my lord, not to lament
 A friend new dead.

Dem. And I yet living? Can
 A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,
 Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
 Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,
 Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece
 Of all this ceremony? give him a name.

Pol. He was Arcadius.

Dem. Arcadius?

Pol. A gentleman that loved me dearly once,
 And does compel these poor and fruitless drops,
 Which willingly would fall upon his herse,
 To embalm him twice.

Dem. And are you sure he's dead?

Pol. As sure as you're living, sir; and yet
 I did not close his eyes; but he is dead,
 And I shall never see the same Arcadius.
 He was a man so rich in all that's good,
 At least I thought him so; so perfect in
 The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate
 Were glory in a prince: nature herself,
 Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
 As she had made but trial of the rest,
 To mould him excellent.

Dem. And is he dead?

Come, shame him not with praises; recollect
 Thy scatter'd hopes, and let me tell my best,
 And dearest Polidora, that he lives,
 Still lives to honour thee.

Pol. Lives? where?

Dem. Look here ;
Am not I worth your knowledge ?

Pol. And my duty ;
You are Demetrius, king of Epire, sir ;
I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my heart.

Dem. Mine is not changed,
But still hath fed upon thy memory ;
These honours, and additioens of state,
Are lent me for thy sake : be not so strange,
Let me not lose my entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height,
Beneath which I did blush to ask thy love.

Pol. Give me your pardon, sir. Arcadius,
At our last meeting, without argument
To move him more than his affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me,—love me 'bove all women ;
And to confirm his heart was truly mine,
He wish'd,—I tremble to remember it,—
When he forsook his Polidora's love,
That heaven might kill his happiness on earth.
Was not this nobly said ? did not this promise
A truth to shame the turtle's ?

Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant lover.

Pol. Give me your leave, I pray. I would not
say
Arcadius was perjur'd ; but the same day,
Forgetting all his promises and oaths,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me ;
(Do you not remember this too ?) gave his faith
From me, transported with the noise of greatness,
And would be married to a kingdom.

Dem. But
Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.

Pol. It was not virtue
In him ; for sure he found no check, no sting

In his own bosom, but gave freely all
The reins to blind ambition.

Dem., I am wounded.
The thought of thee, i' the throng of all my joys,
Like poison pour'd in nectar, turns me frantic.
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,
Let not Demetrius be punish'd for't ;
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.

Pol. Shall I believe man's flatteries again ?
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought ; again
Be drawn by you, from the straight paths of virtue,
Into the maze of love ?

Dem. I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me.
If I have other soul, but what's contain'd
Within these words, or if one syllable
Of their full force be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled ! From thy pardon
I'll count my coronation, and that hour
Fix with a rubric in my calendar,
As an auspicious time to entertain
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who now
Entreats thy mercy : come, thou shalt be kind,
And divide titles with me.

Pol. Hear me, sir :
I loved you once for virtue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be
Won from my truth and innocence with any
Motives of state to affect you.
Your bright temptation mourns while it stays here,
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me, so court my opinion back :
Were you no king, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you ; but 'tis now too late ;
A low obedience shall become me best.—
May all the joys I want
Still wait on you ! If time hereafter tell you
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,

May one soft tear, drop[p'd] from your eye in pity,
 Bedew my herse, and I shall sleep securely.
 I have but one word more : for goodness' sake,
 For your own honour, sir, correct your passion
 To her you shall love next, and I forgive you.

[Exit.

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm
 prayers
 Thaw it to any softness.

Phil. I'll fetch her, sir, again.

Dem. Persuade her not.

Phil. You give your passion too much leave to
 triumph :
 Seek in another what she denies.

Enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Where is the king?—Oh, sir, you are
 undone,
 A dangerous treason is afoot.

Dem. What treason?

Mac. Cassandra and Eubulus have proclaim'd
 Another king, whom they pretend to be
 Leonatus, your elder brother:—
 He that was but this morning prisoner
 In the castle.

Dem. Ha?

Mac. The easy Epirotes
 Gather in multitudes to advance his title ;
 They have scized upon the court : secure your
 person,
 Whilst we raise power to curb this insurrection.

Phil. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not arm one man ;
 Speak it again. Have I a brother living ?
 And must [I] be no king ?

Mac. What means your grace ?

Dem. This news doth speak me happy ; it exalts
 My heart, and makss me capable of more
 Than twenty kingdoms.

Phil. Will you not, sir, stand
Upon your guard?

Dem. I'll stand upon my honour;
Mercy relieves me.

Lis. Will you lose the kingdom?

Dem. The world's too poor to bribe me. Leave
me all,

Lest you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsel:
You shall not share one scruple in the honour.
Titles may set a gloss upon our name,
But virtue only is the soul of fame.

Mac. He's strangely possess'd, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter PHILOCLES and LISANDER.

Phil. Here's a strange turn, Lisander.

Lis. 'Tis a kingdom
Easily purchas'd; who will trust the faith
Of multitudes?

Phil. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his title to their mercy:
The new king has possession.

Lis. And is like
To keep't. We are alone; what dost [thou] think of
This innovation? is't not a fine jig?
A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new prince into the state?

Phil. I know not how they have shuffled, but my
head on't
A false card's turn'd up trump; but, fates, look to't!

Enter CASSANDER and EUBULUS.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely?

Cas. Excellently!—

Philocles, Lisander.

Phil. } Your lordship's servants.
Lis. }

Cas. Are we not bound to heaven, for multiplying

These blessings on the kingdom?

Phil. Heaven alone
Works miracles, my lord.

Lis. I think your lordship
Had as little hope once to see these princes
Revive.

Phil. Here we
Must place our thanks, next providence, for preserving
So dear a pledge.

Enter LEONATUS, Attendants, Guards, &c.

Eub. The king.

Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our guard be doubled. Give
A largess to the soldiers; but dismiss not
The troops till we command.

Cas. May it please—

Leo. It will not please us otherwise; my lord,
We have tried your faith.

Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?

Leo. My lords, and gentlemen, to whose faith
we must

Owe, next to heaven, our fortune and our safety,
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honours
Our blood and birth did challenge.

Cas. May no time
Be registered in our annals, that shall mention
One that had life to oppose your sacred person !

Leo. Let them whose title's forged and flaw'd,
suspect

Their state's security ! our right to Epire
Heaven is obliged to prosper ; treason has
No face so black to fright it. All my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily
Manage the province, and advance the honour
Of our dear country ; and be confident,
If an expense of blood may give addition
Of any happiness to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoice
To make myself a ghost, to have inscribed
Upon my marble, but whose cause I died for.

Eub. May heaven avert such danger !

Cas. Excellent prince,
In whom we see the copy of his father !
None but the son of Theodosius
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. You are pleas'd to interpret well ;
Yet give me leave to say, in my own justice,
I have but express'd the promptness of my soul
To serve you all ; but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an Atlas double. A king's name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance,
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth,
Or state, have eyes but ravish'd with the ceremony
That must attend a prince, and understand not
What cares allay the glories of a crown ;
But good kings find and feel the contrary.—
You have tried, my lord, the burden, and can tell
It would require a pilot of more years
To steer this kingdom, now impos'd on me,
By justice of my birth.

Cas. I wish not life,
But to partake those happy days, which must
Succeed these fair proceedings ; we are blest.
But, sir, be sparing to yourself : we shall
Hazard our joys in you too soon. The burden
Of state affairs impose upon your counsel ;
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives, than you
Call age too soon upon you with the trouble
And cares that threaten such an undertaking :
Preserve your youth.

Leo. And choose you our protector ;
Is't that you would conclude, my lord ? We will
Deserve our subjects' faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

Enter a Messenger hastily, and whispers with Casander, who takes Eubulus aside.

Phil. How ! observ'd you that ?—
Mark how Cassander's planet-struck.

Eub. He might have look'd more calmly, for all
that. —

I begin to fear ; but do not yet seem troubled.

[*Aside to Cas.*

Leo. With what news travels his haste ? I
must secure
Myself betimes, not be a king in jest,
And wear my crown, a tenant to their breath.

[*Aside.*

Cas. Demetrius, sir, your brother,
With other traitors that oppose your claims,
Are fled to the castle of Nestorius,
And fortify—

Mess. I said not so, my lord. [*Aside to Cas.*

Cas. I'll have it thought so. Hence !

[*Exit Messenger.*

Leo. Plant force to batter
The walls, and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.

Eub. Good sir, hear me.

Cas. Let it work ; were

Demetrius dead, we easily might uncrown
This swell'n impostor, and my son be fair
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,
Repents her late affront. [Aside to *Eub.*]

Eub. Their lives may do
You service ; let not blood stain your beginnings ;
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it
With hazard of yourself.

Leo. Who dares but think it ?
Yet offer first our mercy ; if they yield,
Demetrius must not live :—my lord, your counsel,
What if he were in heaven ?

Cas. You have my consent.—
You shall not stay long after him. [Aside]

Leo. Sophia's not my sister.
To prevent all
That may endanger us, we'll marry her,
That done, no matter though we stand discover'd ;
For in her title then we are king of Epire,
Without dispute.

Cas. Hum ! In my judgment, sir,
That will not do so well.

Leo. What's your opinion ?

Cas. He countermimes my plot : are you so
cunning ? [Aside.]

Leo. What's that you mutter, sir ?

Cas. I mutter, sir ?

Leo. Best say I am no king, but some impostor
Rais'd up to gull the state.

Cas. Very fine ! to have said within
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,
Was not [with]in the compass of high treason,
I take it.

Eub. Restrain your anger ; the king's mov'd ;
speak not..

Cas. I will speak louder : do I not know him ?
That self-same hand that rais'd him to the throne,
Shall pluck him from it. Is this my reward ?

Leo. Our guard ! to prison with him !

Cas. Me to prison ?

Leo. Off with his head !

Cas. My head ?

Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me, great sir.

[*Talks aside to Leo.*

Cas. How dares he be so insolent ?
I have wrought myself into a fine condition !—

[*Aside.*

Do you know me, gentlemen ?

Phil. Very well, my lord ;

*How are we bound to heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the kingdom !*

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counsel did never blast a prince's ear.

Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,
Nestorius' house, where our proud brother has
Enscons'd himself, they'll entertain him lovingly ;
He will be a good addition to the traitors :
Obey me, or you die for't. What are kings,
When subjects dare affront 'em ?

Cas. I shall vex
Thy soul for this.

Leo. Away with him ! [*exit Cas. guarded.*] —

When kings

Frown let offenders tremble : this flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an usurper. He that will
Be confirm'd great without just title to it,
Must lose compassion, know what's good, not
do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Nestorius's House.

Enter POLIDORA and her Servant.

Serv. Madam, the princess Sophia.

Pol. I attend her highness.— [Exit Serv.

Enter SOPHIA.

How much your grace honours your humble servant.

Soph. I hope my brother's well.

Pol. I hope so too, madam,

Soph. Do you but hope? he came to be your guest.

Pol. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honour This poor roof with his royal presence, madam.

Soph. I came to ask your pardon, Polidora.

Pol. You never, madam, trespass'd upon me; Wrong not your goodness.

Soph. I can be but penitent, Unless you point me out some other way To satisfy.

Pol. Dear madam, do not mock me.

Soph. There is no injury like that to love, I find it now in my own sufferings; But though I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius, Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts, And punish'd me in those joys you have found. I read the story of my loss of honour, Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you Have met your own again.

Pol. Whom do you mean?

Soph. My brother.

Pol. He is found to himself and honour ;
 He is my king, and though I must acknowledge
 He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
 Loved him as you did, madam, with desire
 To be made his ; reason and duty since
 Forb'd me to other knowledge, and I now
 Look on him without any wish of more,
 Than to be call'd his subject.

Soph. Has he made
 Himself less capable by being king ?

Pol. Of what ?

Soph. Of your affection.

Pol. With your pardon, madam,
 Love in that sense you mean left Polidora,
 When he forsook Arcadius : I disclaim'd
 All ties between us, more than what a name
 Of king must challenge from my obedience.

Soph. This does confirm my jealousy : my heart !

[*Aside.* For my sake, madam, has he lost his value ?

Pol. Let me beseech your grace I may have
 leave
 To answer in some other cause or person.
 This argument but opens a sad wound,
 To make it bleed afresh ; we may change this
 Discourse : I would elect some subject, whose
 Praises may more delight your ear than this
 Can mine. Let's talk of young Lisimachus.

Soph. Ha ? my presaging fears !

[*Aside.*]

Pol. How does your grace ?

Soph. Well. You were talking of Lisimachus,
 Pray give me your opinion of him.

Pol. Mine ?

It will be much short of his worth. I think him
 A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,
 That if there be one in the world deserves
 The best of women, heaven created him
 To make her happy.

Soph. You have in a little, madam,
Express'd a volume of mankind, a miracle ;
But all have not the same degree of faith.
He is but young.

Pol. What mistress would desire
Her servant old ? He has both spring to please
Her eye, and summer to return a harvest.

Soph. He is black.

Pol. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him; faint com-
plexions

Betray effeminate minds, and love of change ;
Two beauties in a bed compound few men.
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet so black, but blushes may betray
His modesty.

Soph. His proportion exceeds not.

Pol. That praises him ; a well compacted frame
Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements ;
Vast buildings are more oft for shew than use.
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, ere I could examine
A man from head to foot ; he has no great,
But he may boast an elegant composition.

Soph. I'll hear no more. You have so far out-
done

My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence, and must tell Polidora,
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soul to hear and forgive this ?
In what shade do I live ? or shall I think
I have not at the lowest enough merit,
Setting aside my birth, to poise with your's ?
Forgive [me,] modest thoughts, if I rise up [in]
My own defence, and tell this unjust lady
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there is something nature planted,
That carries as much bloom and spring upon't

As her's ?—What flame is in your eye, but may
 Find competition here ? (forgive, again,
 My virgin honour !) What is in your lip,
 T' intice the enamour'd soul to dwell with more
 Ambition, than the yet unwither'd blush
 That speaks the innocence of mine ?—

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Oh, brother !

Dem. I'll talk with you anon.—My Polidora,
 Allow thy patience till my breath recover ;
 Which now comes laden with the richest news
 Thy ear was ever blest with.

Soph. Both your looks
 And voice express some welcome accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate,
 And heaven hath dropp'd that on Demetrius.
Soph. What means this extacy ?
Dem. 'Twere sin to busy
 Thy thoughts upon't ; I'll tell thee : that I could
 Retain some part ! it is too wide a joy
 To be express'd so soon, and yet it falls
 In a few syllables ;—thou wilt scarce believe me,—
 I am no king !

Soph. How's that ?

Pol. Good heaven forbid !

Dem. Forbid ? Heaven has relieved me with a
 mercy
 I knew not how to ask : I have, they say,
 An elder brother living, crown'd already ;
 I only keep my name Demetrius,
 Without desire of more addition,
 Than to return thy servant.

Pol. You amaze me.
 Can you rejoice to be deposed ?

Dem. It but

Translates me to a fairer, better kingdom
In Polidora.

Pol. Me?

Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no king, you could be drawn to love me
Again? that was consented to in heaven.
A kingdom first betray'd my ambitious soul
To forget thee; that, and the flattering glories,
How willingly Demetrius doth resign,
The angels know. Thus naked, without titles,
I throw me on thy charity, and shall
Boast greater empire to be thine again, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Be not so careless of yourself; the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection,
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But see you, sir, and hear you speak to 'em:
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.

Soph. Be not desperate, 'tis counsel—

Dem. You trouble me with noise—Speak, Poli-
dora.

Pol. For your own sake preserve yourself; my
fears

Distract my reason.

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Lord Lisimachus,
With something that concerns your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His soul is honest; be not, sir, a madman,
And for a lady give up all our freedoms. [Exit.

Pol. I will say any thing; hear Lisimachus,

Soph. Dear brother, hear him.

Enter LISIMACHUS.

Lisim. Sir, I come to yield
 Myself your prisoner. If my father have
 Rais'd an impostor to supplant your title,
 Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for,
 I shall not only, by the tender of
 Myself, declare my innocence, but either,
 By my unworthy life secure your person,
 Or by what death you shall impose, reward
 The unexpected treason.

Soph. Brave young man!—
 Did you not hear him, brother?

Lisim. I am not minded.

Pol. Be witness, madam, I resign my heart,
 It never was another's; you declare
 Too great a satisfaction. I hope
 This will destroy your jealousy.— [To Sophia.
 Remember now your danger.

Dem. I despise it.
 What fate dares injure me?

Lisim. Yet hear me, sir.

Soph. Forgive me, Polidora! you are happy;
 My hopes are remov'd farther: I had thought
 Lisimachus had meant you for his mistress.
 'Tis misery to feel, and not know where
 To place my jealousy.

Re-enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Now 'tis too late!
 You may be deaf, until the cannon make
 You find your sense; we are shut up now by
 A troop of horse; thank yourself.

Pol. They will
 Admit conditions.

Soph. And allow us quarter. [A shout within.

Pol. We are all lost.

Dem. Be comforted.

Re-enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. News!

My lord Cassander, sent by the new king,
To bear us company.

Dem. Not as prisoner?

Ant. It does appear no otherwise : the soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of scorn, and joy to see him so rewarded.

Dem. It cannot be.

Ant. You'll find it presently.

He curses the new king, talks treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's shirt. He's here.

Enter CASSANDER.

Cas. Oh, let me beg until my knees take root
I' the earth, sir. [*kneels.*]—Can you pardon me?

Dem. For what?

Cas. For treason ; desperate, most malicious
treason ;
I have undone you, sir.

Dem. It does appear
You had a will.

Cas. I'll make you all the recompense I can ;
But ere you kill me, hear me : know, the man
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanced
To your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' son. [*Exit Ant.*]

Dem. It is not then our brother? —

Cas. An insolent usurper, proud and bloody
Seleucus. Is no leprosy upon me?
There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act ; I have not in

My stock of blood to satisfy with weeping,
Nor could my soul, though melted to a flood
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.

Dem. How ! an impostor ! what will become
on's now ?

We are at his mercy.

Cas. Sir, the people's hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it.
Have courage then, young king, thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.

Dem. Rise ; our misfortune
Carries this good ; although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with virtue. We'll expect
What providence will do.

Cas. You are too merciful.

Lisim. Our duties shall beg heaven still to pre-
serve you.

Re-enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley, sir.

Lisim. 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.

Pol. I'll wait upon you

Dem. Thou art my angel, and canst best in-
struct me :

Boldly present ourselves.

You'll with [us,] Cassander ?

Cas. And in death be blest
To find your charity.

[*Exeunt all but Soph. and Lisim.*

Soph. Lisimachus !

Lisim. Madam.

Soph. They will not miss your presence, the
small time

Is spent in asking of a question.

Lisim. I wait your pleasure.

Soph. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Lisim. To me? it must be granted.

Soph. If you have

Cancell'd your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart; I beg the name
Of your new mistress.

Lisim. You shall know her, madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the court again; I hope you'll bring
No mutiny against her:—but this is
No time to talk of love; let me attend you.

Soph. I must expect, till you are pleas'd to
satisfy
My poor request. Conduct me at your pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

Enter LEONATUS with a paper in his hand, EUBULUS, Bishop, LISANDER, and PHILOCLES.

Leo. They are too slow; despatch new messengers,
To entreat 'em fairly hither; I am extasied.—
Were you witness for me too? is it possible
I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?
And were you not my father? Was I given
In trust to you, an infant?

Eub. 'Tis a truth
Our soul's bound to acknowledge; you supplied
The absence and opinion of my son,
Who died but to make you my greater care.
I knew not of Demetrius, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.
Your father's character doth want no testimony,

Which, but compar'd with what concerns Demetrius,

Will prove itself king Theodosius' act,
Your royal father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd to both his legacies,
By oath oblig'd to secrecy, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.

Eub. Cassander had no thought you would
prove thus,

To whose policy I gave this aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine
To batter young Demetrius; for it was
Your father's prudent jealousy, that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul
Prophesied his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you to the unsafe protection
Of one whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make himself the king of Epire.

Bish. Your sister, fair Sophia, in your father's
Life was design'd to marry with Lisimachus,
That guarded her; although she used some art
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute
Declared love to Demetrius, which enforced
Macarius to discover first your brother.

Leo. No more, lest you destroy again Leonatus
With wonder of his fate. Are they not come yet?
Something it was I felt within my envy
Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were seeds
Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of empire. Princes, I see, cannot
Be totally eclips'd. But wherefore stays
Demetrius, and Sophia, at whose names
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood!

*Enter DEMETRIUS, POLIDORA, SOPHIA, MACARIUS,
CASSANDER, and LISIMACHUS.*

Eub. They are here.

Leo. Then thus I fly into their bosoms.

[*Embraces them.*

Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,
The wanderings of ambition.—Our dear sister,
You are amazed ; I did expect it : read
Assurance there. [*gives the paper to Soph. who reads it, and delivers it to Dem.*]—The day
is big with wonder.

Mac. What means all this ?

Leo. Lisimachus, be dear to us.—

Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cas. Not I,

I do not look for't ; all this shall not bribe
My conscience to your faction, and make
Me false again ; Seleucus is no son
Of Theodosius.—My dear countrymen,
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful king, prostrate yourselves ; Demetrius
Doth challenge all your knees.

Dem. All love and duty,
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother ;
I am confirm'd.

Cas. You are too credulous ;
What can betray your faith so much ?

[*Takes the paper.*

Leo. Sophia,
You appear sad, as if your will
Gave no consent to this day's happiness.

Soph. No joy exceeds Sophia's for yourself.

Lisim. With your pardon, sir, I apprehend
A cause that makes her troubled ; she desires
To know what other mistress, since her late
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
My faith and service.

Leo. Another mistress ?

Lisim. Yes, sir.

Leo. And does our sister love Lisimachus ?

Soph. Here's something would confess.

Leo. He must not dare
To affront Sophia.

Cas. How my shame confounds me!—
I beg your justice, without pity on
My age.

Leo. Your penance shall be, to be faithful
To our state hereafter.

All. May you live, long and happy,
Leonatus, king of Epire!

Leo. But where's your other mistress?

Lisim. Even here, sir.

Leo. Our sister?
Is this another mistress, sir?

Lisim. It holds

To prove my thoughts were so: when she began
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness
Deserv'd I should esteem her another mistress,
Than when she cruelly forsook Lisimachus.—
Your pardon, madam, and receive a heart
Proud with my first devotions to serve you!

Soph. In this I am crown'd again; now mine for
ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily.
Joy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes;
Polidora's part of me.

Pol. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heaven pour full joys upon you!

Mac. We are all blest;
There wants but one to fill your arms.

Leo. My mistress
And wife shall be my country, to which I
Was in my birth contracted; your love since
Hath play'd the priest, to perfect what was cere-
mony.—

Though kingdoms by just titles prove our own,
The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY SOPHIA.

*There is no Coronation to day,
Unless your gentle votes do crown our play.
If smiles appear within each lady's eye,
Which are the leading stars in this fair sky,
Our solemn day sets glorious ; for then
We hope, by their soft influence, the men
Will grace what they first shined on ; make't appear
Both how we please, and bless our covetous ear
With your applause, more welcome than the bells
Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what else
Can speak a CORONATION. And though I
Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of majesty,
By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,
I quickly may be crown'd a queen agen.*

END OF VOL. III.

